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NEWTON ON BLACKSTONE

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

[ON the occasion of receiving his Doctorate of Laws, Mr. Newton presented to the University of Pennsylvania a first edition of the great Blackstone in whose honor he made the address which follows. — THE EDITORS]

I

THIS is an important day in the lives of all of us in this auditorium. For you who are being graduated, a great university has done all that it could to fit you for the world — it is a debt that you can only repay by being true to her and to her traditions. I would not have you think that the world is waiting for you. You will find it, in Shakespeare's phrase, an oyster, but one that will not open readily — it never did so open. Everyone must open it for himself.

I have recently been reading old Montaigne. The French essayist died in 1592. Shakespeare had not then written his greatest plays, yet Montaigne was complaining that the world had seen its best days, that things were not as they used to be; and he believed

it, too, for an honest man than Montaigne never lived. The English have a comic weekly, *Punch* — it has been functioning now for almost a hundred years; someone said, long ago, that it is not as good as it used to be — to be met by the rejoinder that it never was. There will be cakes and ale again — and ginger hot in the mouth, too. I have had mine and you will get yours and enjoy them, but you must be patient, diligent, and not too easily discouraged. A famous philosopher once said that most apprehension is needless pain, that the things we fear most never happen. There was a song sung by some of us during the war, the refrain of which was, 'It's a terrible, terrible, terrible war, still it's better than no war at all.' And so I say of the world. But, in the words of Walt Whitman, 'I sing myself.'

Several years ago I received an invitation from a person unknown asking me to be the guest of honor upon the occasion of the annual gambol of the Presbyterian ministers of Philadelphia and vicinity. I was to address them upon any subject that might be agree-

able to me. I replied, very pertly, — as is my habit, I fear, — that I must decline the invitation; adding that they would not care to hear my opinion of ministers in general, and of Presbyterian ministers in particular. I supposed that that would settle the matter, but not so. Instantly came a reply. ‘Splendid!’ it said. ‘We now insist upon having you tell us your opinion of Presbyterian ministers; it will be great fun.’ How could I decline? And upon this text I spake. I found the ministers to be capital fellows — when not working at their jobs — and a good time was had by all. And in the same humor I shall make my Commentary upon Blackstone.

But first may I say how fully I endorse all that has been said as to my merits? They have been, if anything, understated. (*Turning to the President of the University*) You will be pleased to know, my Lud, that the proposed action of your honorable self and your Trustees meets with general approval. I am not, I hope, betraying confidence when I say that I have received an anonymous letter signed by all of the leading members of the Bench and Bar of Philadelphia endorsing the action of your Board. This gives me courage further to address you.

When, several months ago, you did me the honor of informing me that it was the intention of the University to confer upon me the degree of Doctor of Laws, I feared myself unworthy of such distinction: I feared that, like the Clown in *Twelfth Night*, I might be thought a dissembler in this gown, for I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor am I lean enough to be thought a good student. But, as Dr. Johnson said when he was praised by his King, it is not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign, and I shall endeavor to prove worthy of the honor you do me. When I become a little more accustomed to the rôle I shall

henceforth play in the world I shall, I hope, be able to speak without notes, but at this moment, conscious that there must be no fumbling in the message that I am privileged to deliver to this distinguished audience, I permit myself the use of pen, ink, and paper — toys, play with which I have indulged myself for many years, and more dangerous than most.

Lawyers, my Lud, together with soothsayers, prophets, preachers, and physicians, are among the learned professions which compel the respect and admiration of society. They form a great trades-union, of which you are about to make me a member, and I thank you for the honor. I am not blind to the fact that, as in a nation of one-eyed men a two-eyed man is king, so, by the mere process of being able to read, the members of this union first secured their exalted position. With the passage of time came wealth and increase of dignity, so that to-day the members of this band, this guild, this brotherhood, do not hesitate to announce to the world their importance by adorning themselves in costly and gayly colored robes, that by their magnificence they may stun the imagination of those who come to them for succor or for advice. Looking at the portraits of the famous Chief Justices and Lord Chancellors which adorn the walls of the National Portrait Gallery in London, I sometimes ask myself whether these men were aware that their air severe was but a mere — veneer; an affectation born of a morbid love of admiration.

There in the front row before me sits my friend Dr. Tait McKenzie, the distinguished sculptor — looking like a scarlet woman in the robes of the University of McGill. If fine feathers make fine birds, as we are told they do, then Tait is the finest bird in this auditorium. I envy him his plumage. In England, too, whence many of our

legal customs come, lawyers do not disdain to cover their heads with a thatch, usually called a wig, now made of the tails and manes of horses. Wigs were introduced in courts of justice in 1670, but something over a century ago a wigmaker invented the modern article, composed of horsehair in the proportion of five white strands to one of black. The advantage of this type is that it retains its curl without grease and requires no powder. It is commonly thought that a head which can wear a wig can hardly fail in the matter of wisdom, and it is a matter of keen regret to me that the great university which has seen fit so signally to honor me has not provided me with one: it is for this reason that I appear before you, if not exactly baldheaded, yet lacking somewhat in the appearance of dignity and wisdom. You will recall, sir, that Charles James Fox, looking at a portrait of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, his full-bottom wig falling bountifully to his shoulders and giving him that appearance of sagacity for which he is remembered, observed, 'No man ever was so wise as Thurlow looks.' And but for the unimpeachable integrity of Charles Lamb we might well doubt his observation that 'lawyers were children once.'

We have it upon the authority of Shakespeare that apparel oft proclaims the man; without the trappings of office a man is, after all, but a forked radish. As such — man, not radish — I venture very respectfully to address you. And even you, my Lud, who have forsaken the uphill road of the man of affairs for the primrose path of the college president — even you, sir, distinguished as you look to-day in the panoply of your high office, how, think you, do you appear in the eyes of your wife appareled in bed-smock and night-cap? A judge may let fly the thunderbolts of the law from the bench, but his decrees do not run in the bed-

chamber. However, it would ill become me to pursue this subject further.

II

I have been moved to inquire, sir, what is this science called the Law? It is not enough to call her a jealous mistress; she is something more than that. Gibbon, who in a few terse words summed up all history as a register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind, was equally exact in describing the law: he called it a mysterious science and a profitable trade. In England it was merely necessary to eat twelve dinners in a foreordained place and company to become *ipso facto* entitled to be called to the bar, in addition to which it was important for a lawyer to bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman; but to-day and in this country a certain amount of actual study is required. One critic has said that whoever wishes to attain a style elegant, but unostentatious, must give his days and nights to the *luminous* pages of Addison. May I not paraphrase the famous remark of Sheridan and say that he who would comprehend the law must devote his days and nights to the *voluminous* volumes of Blackstone?

I have done so, my Lud, and I find that there are three main divisions of the law: common or garden law, which seems to be made rather by the sun and shade than by the reasoning of man; equity, which the learned John Selden said depended upon the length of the Lord Chancellor's foot; and international law, which is a device made of sand, painted to look like iron, but which invariably falls to pieces when subjected to the use for which it is designed. These three branches are capable of many subdivisions, and to these may be added a speedy and effective form of law invented by one Judge Lynch. The use of this law is, how-

ever, frowned upon by old-time practitioners as tending to deprive them of the emoluments of the profession which has been so aptly described by the great historian as a profitable trade.

From time immemorial the followers of well-defined and recognized trades have assembled themselves into groups or guilds, and a few centuries ago, in London, they began to build halls or meeting places in which their mysterious and secret rites might be carried on without molestation. Thus we have to-day the Goldsmiths' Hall, the Fishmongers', the Ironmongers', the Cloth-workers', the Surgeon-Barbers', and many others. In time these guilds became rich, powerful, and arrogant; admission into them came to be and still is regarded as an honor, so natural is it for a man to seek to rise above his fellows. For, as the song says: —

When everyone is somebody
Then no one's anybody.

A most alarming state of affairs. Equality — or democracy, which is another word for it — is a political shibboleth believed in least by those who praise it most. It serves, however, as a subject for the hustings or for an address designed to prevent the digestion of an excellent dinner.

The oldest society or guild was the priesthood; it was composed of soothsayers — or truth-tellers, as they preferred to be called. In ancient Rome it is said soothsayers did not speak when they met; they merely smiled, furtively, at one another and passed on. They functioned for centuries, and their services came to be sought even by rich and powerful kings; but, with enlightenment, the prophecy business, like celestial insurance business, declined. Its declension, if slow, has been sure, and it is followed now only by those whose minds are attuned to the ideal rather than the practical. The guild which has held its power with the

greatest skill and tenacity is that of the lawyer. The functions of other practitioners cease with their deaths, but by the power of mortmain the lawyer is enabled to perpetuate his grasp upon another's property and to continue the collection of fees and the distribution of costs until nothing is left. So dazzling are the operations of the law that one can scarcely bear to look upon them with the naked eye.

It has been claimed that the law, like justice, is blind. We all know that partially draped female figure holding with outstretched arm a balance or scales, her eyes bandaged that she may not see those who appear before her; but the bandage frequently slips, and occasionally the lady has been known to wink. I have found in the course of my studies that the law is a great respecter of persons — this is as it should be; but the chief glory of the law is the method by which it is dispensed. Especially in this country, the administration of the law compels the admiration of the criminal classes of the world, which flock to our shores, where they may operate among us without molestation. Indeed, the habitual exercise of compassion toward the rich and powerful criminal functions with such certainty that it seems hardly worth while to go through the process of trying him. Why should not the criminal be rewarded by a position of honor or emolument, or both, but that the members of the bar would be deprived of the right of exercising the godlike quality of mercy? And is not the law's delay proverbial? The functioning of the law in our courts provides entertainment which sometimes serves to relieve the austerity of the proceedings. Not infrequently one hears an archaic Norman French spoken, usually with an Irish accent, by one who knows not what he is saying or why. Oyez! Oyez!

How favorably situated is the lawyer compared with the physician! A physi-

cian has a rich patient who is taken ill; the physician makes a grievous mistake in his diagnosis, the patient dies, and his colleague, the undertaker, comes into his own. With the lawyer it is not so. When he makes a mistake he asks for a 'refresher,' as fees were formerly called, demands a new trial, and so proceeds *ad infinitum*. For the law is not an exact science like mathematics, which is above all things monotonous. Take the apple problem worked out to a certainty by my distinguished ancestor, Sir Isaac Newton, or the lesser difficulty of the herring that has perplexed so many generations of scientists, which has been stated thus: How many herring can one buy for elevenpence if a herring and a half cost three ha'pence? The problem was finally solved by Einstein, working with real herring at our sisterly University at Princeton. In the higher mathematics the result is always the same; seven plus seven is always fourteen, seven multiplied by seven is always forty-nine. When lawyers multiply they multiply words, and no one can foretell what the result may be.

'The law,' as defined by Lord Coke, 'is the perfection of reason.' It may be so, but lawyers are especially fortunate in that they have it both ways. One makes a fortune by creating difficulties which his brother lawyer makes a fortune by solving. It has frequently been observed that lawyers seldom take their own medicine. One of the greatest of them, Lord Mansfield, once said that the operations of the law were so uncertain that if anyone claimed a property that belonged to him he would give it up rather than face a lawsuit.

III

Several years ago at a gathering of distinguished jurists, in London, a gathering at which I may say, in all modesty, that my opinion was occa-

sionally sought, I was asked what was the most important legal decision I ever made. For a moment I was at a loss — but only for a moment. I then told how I had reversed the decision of a lower court in a matter of great importance. A man had sued for damages sustained in falling into a coal hole which had been left open by the defendant. The lower court, finding that the plaintiff had been intoxicated at the time of the accident, decided that he had no case. The plaintiff was dissatisfied with this decision and came to my court for relief. After carefully reviewing the testimony my decision was: If the defendant was at fault in leaving an uncovered hole in the sidewalk of a public street, the intoxication of the plaintiff cannot excuse such gross negligence; a drunken man is as much entitled to a safe street as a sober one, and much more in need of it.

I remember that Sir Henry Dickens, who died not long ago, the son of the great novelist, was so much struck by the clarity and wisdom of my decision that he asked me if I would not arrange to sit with him at the Old Bailey next morning, he having a number of difficult cases to dispose of. Anxious to oblige him, I agreed, but I had no wig, without which it would be better to appear in court in a state of nature. Finally the Lord Mayor, who happened to be present, graciously offered to lend me his, and I may say in all frankness that it was thought to be very becoming, and its possession, if but momentary, enabled me to concur in Sir Henry's decisions, which were generally considered to be among the most important handed down for many years in that famous Temple of Justice. I offer in evidence a copy of *Pickwick* with an inscription in the late jurist's hand. (*Evidence objected to as not germane; etc.*)

It may profit us to inquire further into the nature of this science called

the Law. It has been described, by one who had in him the makings of a Lord Chancellor, as the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public. But it has also been said that the law is that which is forcefully asserted and plausibly maintained. It's a nice point. Ribald jesters like William Shakespeare and Anthony Trollope have not seemed to understand the law in all its functioning. They refer to the delays incident to its application, as though it were something that could be clapped upon a sore spot, affording the sufferer instant relief. Such is not its nature — it has nothing in common with a plaster; rather it partakes of the nature of that succulent bivalve, the oyster, the shells of which are usually divided equally between those who seek its remedies, the edible portion, meantime, disappearing between or among its practitioners. As the song goes: —

A shell for thee and a shell for me;
The oyster is the lawyer's fee

The Scotch proverb runs: 'The law licks up a'.'

In former times and in happier countries than our own, the will of the king was the law. In the Empire of the Mikado, according to the late Sir William Gilbert, when Majesty speaks, when Majesty says kill the gentleman, the gentleman is as good as dead, and if he is dead why not say so? How eminently satisfactory and conclusive! How much suffering and suspense the beneficiary of the law, if so I may call him, is spared! The sentence and its execution are not two experiences separated by painful anxiety, but a quick translation from a world of suspense and sorrow to Elysian Fields. Mob law is sometimes deprecated, but not always. The learned Mr. Pickwick, it will be remembered, urged upon his friend, Mr. Snodgrass, the wisdom of shouting with the mob.

'But suppose,' suggested the inquiring Mr. Snodgrass, 'there are two mobs?'

'Shout with the largest,' replied the judicial Mr. Pickwick. Thus translating into action the old legal axiom, *Vox populi, vox dei*.

But, sir, I should be less than frank, as Woodrow Wilson used to say when he was about to becloud an issue with words — I should be less than frank if I did not refer to several of the law's anomalies. Ignorance of it excuses no man, we are told, yet it fills a thousand volumes; this gives one furiously to think. Our jury system presents another difficulty. Some time since, while I was endeavoring to unravel the intricacies of income-tax law, — which changes every hour on the hour, and which might more accurately be called an outgo law, — I received a curt personal communication from the President of these so-called United States, desiring me presently to put aside whatever I might be doing and, for a ridiculously small fee, as a jurymen serve my country. As I have been somewhat critical of our jury system, I did not seek to have myself excused, as a wiser man would have done, but at great inconvenience and for some days devoted myself unremittingly to unaccustomed duties.

For some reason I found myself to be extremely unpopular in the courtroom. Many were called but few were chosen, and once only was I among the number; the intelligence of a bountifully built colored (Colored? Nay, why should I not confess it? — black) woman, was almost invariably preferred to mine. The jury, after listening for hours to witnesses who, under oath, invariably contradicted one another, were subsequently charged by the judge and were then sent elsewhere, to discuss the evidence and to reach thereon an unanimous decision. 'It must be unanimous,' the jury was told — and

presently it was. But in Washington, my Lud, where the supreme judges of the nation assemble, — gentlemen trained from youth to the law, accustomed to sift evidence and to render decisions from which there is no appeal, — these learned men are not required to be unanimous in their judgment, but by a vote of five to four, or, more clearly speaking, by a majority of one, make the law of the land. We are now anxiously awaiting a decision from a court of nine men housed in a building covering an entire block or square in the City of Washington, which building has been erected at a cost of thirteen millions of dollars — we await, I say, a decision as to whether or not words have meaning. My guess is that we shall presently be told, very solemnly, that they have not. I do not pretend to understand it. Why should a clot of mustard lodged in the digestive apparatus of one splenetic old gentleman affect the well-being of millions? I once sought an answer to this problem from a distinguished jurist, my friend the late James M. Beck, but his explanation, although delivered with that magnificent aplomb for which he was famous, only served to make darkness visible.

You cannot have failed to observe, sir, the extreme age to which lawyers live. Age does not wither them, nor does custom stale. This for the reason that they have no cares or anxieties of their own; the cares and anxieties of their clients touch them only as the sun touches the flower: it causes them to blossom like a rose. Into this trade, this opulent guild, you are about to induct me, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you, and any little law business which you may entrust to me will meet with all the attention it deserves and for a fee which will surprise you — pleasantly. And, sir, speaking of fees or ‘refreshers’: are you aware that it was once thought insulting to

cross a lawyer’s palm with gold? To save him this humiliation he placed in the hood of his gown a small pocket into which the client surreptitiously placed a rouleau of golden guineas. This is only one of the pleasant little fictions with which grave lawyers divert themselves. Another is that barristers are supposed to work for the love of their profession; they are not, by law, entitled to fees which cannot, legally, be collected.

You may laugh at the delicacy of former times, but he laughs best who laughs last, and lawyers’ fees have become no laughing matter.

The question has many times arisen as to whether there are lawyers in heaven. Pursuing this interesting inquiry, I have discovered that there is *one*. How did he get there? He was refused admission by Saint Peter, but a gust of wind carried his hat inside the gate: he was permitted to fetch it. Instantly he got inside he clapped a halo on his head instead of a hat and mingled with the crowd. A writ of habeas corpus — in plain English, ‘have his carcass’ — was sought, but the motion was overruled. Judges sometimes decline to overrule motions from mere force of habit. For example: Two men, one a judge, the other a plain lawyer, were fishing in a rolling sea; the lawyer became very seasick and in his agony asked the judge to overrule the motion; his plea was denied and the lawyer died.

IV

But, sir, in addressing you I have no reason to suppose that others in my audience are as learned in the history of the law as you are. May I now address a word to them?

Before Blackstone began to deliver his lectures on the law in Oxford, and to publish them, the books available for students were few in number and poor

in quality. The best of them was called by the summary title of *Doctor and Student*, but its full title is *A Dialogue between a Doctor of Divinity and a Student of the Laws of England*. It was published in Latin first, apparently, in 1523, its author being Christopher St. Germain, who was a member of the Inner Temple. It remained the leading textbook right down to the middle eighteenth century. What purports to be the eighteenth edition was published as recently as 1815. It was divided into many sections; the first four are (1) Of the Law Eternal; (2) Of the Law of Reason; (3) Of the Law of God; (4) Of the Law of Man. Section Thirteen explains what Synderesis is, which I suspect very few of you know, and which I shall be glad to explain upon receiving the usual retainer. There are other sections, but these need not detain us.

It would seem (I speak with becoming hesitation, as I have only recently become a Doctor of Laws) that until 1753, when Blackstone began his first course of lectures at Oxford, there was no method of teaching law at all; the student first picked up what law he could: he took his good where he found it. The first edition of Blackstone's *Commentaries* was published in 1765. It is a noble book in four volumes, and, to an extent that cannot be true of any other branch of learning, Blackstone was the founder of modern legal education. If you will take the time to look into an early edition you may perhaps wonder at the complacent optimism with which he regarded the civil law — and even the savage criminal law — as the highest achievement of human wisdom, but I think you will admire his style. It is full and fruity; and we can well believe the truth of the story that he wrote with a bottle of port at his elbow. He wrote his book in lodgings in the Temple, and there is another story of his being frequently disturbed by the noisy guests of an author who

lived on the same landing. One evening there was a knock on Blackstone's door; upon opening it a little girl entered, carrying a jordan — 'Please, sir, Mother begs the loan of a pot of coals.' The little girl thought she was addressing Oliver Goldsmith.

It is a great tribute to Blackstone that his work, revised, and revised many times again, is still the foundation of the student's textbook. But it is important to remember that there is something better than a knowledge of Blackstone, and that is the reputation for having it. If one enjoys such a reputation for learning and always appears to take the law seriously, one's fortune is probably made. Lawyers have to deal with people in affairs which frequently concern their honor and invariably concern their pocket. These are much too sacred for them to permit anything in the way of wit or humor; the average client looks upon a jesting lawyer with as much abhorrence as a man would upon an archdeacon who was facetious at a funeral.

There is — there may be one exception to this rule. Perhaps when one becomes a judge a joke may be permitted, but men do not usually become judges until they are old. May I parody the French saying: 'If the young lawyer only dared; if the elderly judge only could.' I am indebted for these details to a Judge of the King's Bench of the High Court of Justice, a man of such exalted rank that I hesitate to call him friend; he almost certainly would not like it, and I might be accused of boasting of his acquaintance.

But, sir, this is my first brief. I, however, permit myself to inquire how could you know, even with all your knowledge — how could you know, when you advised me of the honor which the University of Pennsylvania proposed to do me, that I had studied my law out of a copy of the first edition of Blackstone's noble book? It is my

intention to ask you, sir, to accept these volumes on behalf of the University of Pennsylvania and place them in its Library. I am aware that my action may be criticized, that it may be likened to my kicking down the ladder by which I climbed to my present exalted position; but having completely mastered this science, having torn the heart out of this mystery, I feel that Blackstone has done for me all that lies within his power; I have no further use for him. Let future generations point to these volumes as those out of which Eddie Newton learnt his law. You, sir, doubtless know but I was surprised to learn that Blackstone, the great legal scholar, was not a particularly successful judge; or it may be that his fellow judges, knowing less law than he and having the power to reverse him, notwithstanding his learning, took delight in so doing — for, after all, judges are but men, and to err is human. But Blackstone's *Commentaries* is a landmark of English literature as well as of the law. It will be found upon the list of one hundred of the most famous books in our language published some years ago by the Grolier Club of New York, and our literature stretches its magnificent length from the time, more than twelve hundred years ago, when the angel visited Cædmon in the monastery at Whitby and endowed him with the power of putting into English verse the story of the fall and rise of man.

Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England* anticipates by some fifty years the famous compilation of the laws of France, usually referred to as the Code Napoléon, which, incidentally, was the work of many men, whereas Blackstone did his job single-handed. One thinks of Dr. Johnson's famous retort when Boswell reminded him that it took forty Frenchmen forty years to compile their dictionary,

whereas Johnson believed that he could do his work, alone, in three. 'Sir,' he said, 'this, then, is the proportion. Forty times forty is sixteen hundred; as three is to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman.' Is it any wonder that the French find little merit in Johnson, remarking that he had the manners of a beadle and the inclinations of a constable? Seventy editions of Blackstone have been printed in English, fifty-six in French, eleven in German, nine in Italian. It has been printed at least once in most of the languages of Europe, also in Chinese. In all, it has been printed more than four hundred times, and by actual count has caused eight million nine hundred and seventy-one members of the bar — that Mutual Admiration Society of which I have become a member — to fall into profound and refreshing slumber. Like causes produce like effects; I must be careful lest my words have the same soporific quality.

It has been a great pleasure to me to prepare this, my first brief. The lines of Pope, assisted by Horace, may occur to you, my Lud: —

And those who cannot write and those who can
All rhyme and scrawl and scribble to a man.

But I am not afraid of being laughed at, for, as Charles Lamb has said, 'one laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market.' I wish that I might write songs, for he who writes the songs of a nation need not care who may make its laws. As I look around me, slumber seems to have sealed the eyes of those whom I hoped might be my auditors. May I arouse them with the words of a song sung by England's most enduring Lord Chancellor?

The law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent,
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, my Lud, embody the law.

COCKROACH SCHOONER

Unconventional Journey. II

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

FOR decrepitude, for sheer noisesomeness, *Cockroach Schooner* may be identified with the New Orleans oyster luggers, the Portuguese sponge fishers, the sampans and the pinkies; but, with all her shortcomings, there is about her that quality of romance which is peculiar to fiction rather than to the humdrum facts of everyday life. Every gaping seam, every groaning timber, every musty odor glorifies her fabulous past; and the captain adds his own stentorian voice, his own sweeping gestures to tell how in the old days she carried upper and lower topsails, a fisherman's staysail as big as her present mainsail, a ringtail and a jib topsail; how the Bishop of Polynesia would travel on no other vessel; how her skipper would carry sail until her lee rail was under green water and the spray from her bows drenched the topsails.

Now she has lost her fine feathers; in sailor parlance, she is a baldheaded schooner. Her stumpy masts carry two leg-o'-mutton sails no larger than those of a twenty-ton lugger; they will never roll her lee rail under, but they steady her, when the sailors are not busy re-patching them, while she chugs along at four or five knots under the power of one of those smelly contraptions of modern ingenuity, a diesel engine.

Because vessels like *Cockroach Schooner* can be picked up for a song in the Antip-

odes, it is the policy of South Sea trading firms to buy them, sail them until the port officials refuse them clearance, then beach or scuttle them. No repairs are permitted.

Even the sails, the standing and the running rigging of *Cockroach Schooner*, are in sad condition; but the captain's orders are to replace no canvas, line, or wire until the old one has carried away. To a sailor this may seem hazardous; but when he has been aboard the schooner he realizes that it makes little difference whether the gear is old or new, for if the shrouds part, the main sheet is carried away in a squall, or even if the vessel is dismasted, it means only that the sailor must look sharp to avoid falling wreckage. The old ship herself will chug along the same as ever, another remnant of her glory gone, but still a good-enough hull for picking up copra among the equatorial islands.

There is no paintpot aboard *Cockroach Schooner*; her masts are gray with age, her decks leak, her galley stove is a wreck. This last, though, only partially excuses the horrible food that the Samoan cook prepares: eggs broken in tepid peanut oil and left at the back of the stove to simmer till breakfast time, when they are served as 'fried eggs'; half-cooked salt beef that has never known a parboiling; potatoes stewed

and then allowed to soak for hours in their own water — many such a nauseating atrocity which, with the anthropophagous cockroaches, the pigs and chickens running loose on deck, the stench from the engine room, the rancid smell of copra, takes much of the romance from a trading-schooner voyage. And yet I would rather take passage on this odorous old vessel, despite her alarming convulsions, her fantastic slowness, than on any luxury ship that ever tossed her head above the sea.

II

The captain is a typical South Sea trading skipper. His navigation is as rusty as the ironwork of his vessel, but his skill and his local knowledge are profound. To be successful at this profession a captain must possess varied talents. He must have sufficient courage as well as skill to be able to take his vessel to within a few yards of a dangerous fringing reef, so that boatloads of copra may be taken aboard expeditiously. He must be a weather prophet, for a shrewd forecast of the probable shift of the wind may reduce by days the length of a voyage. He must be liked by the natives, or they will refuse to trade aboard his ship. He must have an iron constitution to tolerate the execrable food aboard ship as well as the potent, if not poisonous, homebrews which the island traders bring aboard. The captain of *Cockroach Schooner* is masterly in all these qualifications.

Thompson, the supercargo, is a Dane of about thirty-five years, with the manly handsome features so common among the people of his race. He speaks English without a foreign accent, but occasional oddities in his grammar, particularly in the formation of plurals, suggest his nationality, as when he speaks of his feet as 'foots,' his many sweethearts as 'womens.' He

is one of the hardest-working men on this planet, and is never satisfied unless his task is herculean. Being mate of *Cockroach Schooner*, as well as supercargo, he is obliged to be on deck twelve hours in the twenty-four, for this vessel adheres to the old watches of four hours on deck and four hours below. As supercargo he has charge of the traderoom and the cargo. During a single voyage as much as a thousand pounds' worth of merchandise may pass through his hands, in little sixpenny, shilling, and florin sales. He must go ashore at each island to weigh from twenty to fifty tons of copra, all in small lots of a few hundredweight. This copra must be paid for aboard ship; then he must be on his feet, often till ten at night, taking in the money he has just paid out, cutting calico in two-yard strips, weighing rice and sugar, arguing, sometimes fighting, his eyes alert for the pilferings of light-fingered natives as he swears that his cheap rayon print is rare Chinese silk. When at last the natives are sent ashore, the traderoom must be straightened out for business on the morrow; then, if Thompson's watch is from midnight to 4 A.M., as it is every other night, he must go on deck to stand his watch. At four in the morning he can turn in, to sleep till seven, when he must be up for breakfast, then be ready to open the traderoom or go ashore to weigh more copra.

The other white man aft, Father Peter, a French priest, was making his yearly visit to the churches in the Tokelau Islands. I scarcely met him aboard ship, for, following the precedent set by every priest I have seen aboard the island schooners, he was deathly sick. He would sit in his steamer chair under the poop awning, day and night, his face of a greenish pallor, his slightly bulging eyes blood-shot. At times he would rise painfully to stagger to the rail; then he would slump down again, with a silent groan,

the embodiment of woe. Meals he gestured away with an injured expression.

Father Peter has been in the islands for thirty years. He has made this voyage many times, as well as voyages to Wallis, Futuna, and other islands to westward. A voyage means to him weeks of agony, yet, year after year, he embarks — a truly courageous soul!

That he is courageous I knew when, during the long voyage to Samoa, we made his home island, a crumb of an atoll called Fakaofu. We came along the reef at dusk; but the captain steamed close to the breakers, took aboard a caneload of natives, and, having lowered one of the reef boats, swung out the landing stage and had the sailors hand down the priest's luggage. It was dark by the time Father Peter had tucked up his cassock, jammed his topee down firmly about his ears, and climbed into the boat.

'They'll never make it,' I heard one of the Fakaofu natives say. 'The reef is bad to-night.' But the boat was lost in the darkness by then, and anyway we were not greatly concerned, for aboard these island schooners a man by necessity becomes indifferent to danger.

The captain held the schooner as close to the reef as he dared, for if the boat capsized or foundered in the breakers we should have to pick her up, as well as the sailors and the priest. Such a mishap is not at all uncommon. The wind had died down; the roar of the combers came to us like salvos of cannon fire. Ashore we could see a solitary light twinkling among the trees. Once we heard cries from the boat: 'Now's the time! Give way, boys! Pull! Pull!' Then a confusion of shouting voices: 'Look out! Back water! We'll capsize! Oh Lord, the breaker! Back water, damn you, back water!'

'They can't make it,' the captain muttered. 'We'll have to take old

Prayhard round to the north side of the island.'

Sure enough, a few moments later the boat was back alongside, half swamped, the priest's luggage washing about in the bilge. Leaning over the rail, I could make out, by the light of the landing-stage lantern, a set of scared faces peering upward. The father, huddled in the stern sheets, looked up incuriously. I could see by his deathly pallor that he was too ill to care what happened.

The captain told Father Peter and the sailors to climb back aboard, but he left the priest's luggage to splash about in the boat, passed the painter aft, and, making it fast, steamed slowly to a long stretch of reef to northward. There the combers washed lightly across the barrier, so the boat was manned again, and, this time with a Fakaofu native aboard to con them through the shallows, they crossed the reef. In a half hour the boat was back alongside, the sailors hoisting her aboard as we headed for Atafu.

When we returned to Fakaofu the father told me that for six hours, on a sand cay about ten feet square, alone, with his soaked luggage about him, he had waited for the Fakaofu native to wade along the reef to the village and bring a canoe. It was dawn when the priest reached the village, but he had arrived in time to hold early-morning Mass.

III

When I first met Thompson he would not let me enter the traderoom. For years he had been dealing with the slippery-fingered Samoan and Tokelau natives; he did not realize that we natives of the Cook Islands do not steal except when there is considerable provocation. Nowadays Thompson lets me enter the traderoom at any time; he even gives me the keys so that I may rummage among the bolts of Japanese

print, the packages of firecrackers, and the cases of trade beef, alone! This flatters me, so I never take anything without jotting it down in the book.

When I had boarded *Cockroach Schooner* at Puka-Puka all my luggage had been placed in this room, so, the first afternoon out, I asked Thompson to let me remove a few things to my cabin.

'I'm too busy,' he said as he leaned against a boat davit, smoking a cigarette. It was one of the few times I had seen him idle.

'You don't seem to be exerting yourself.'

After puffing his cigarette he mentioned that something might turn up at any minute, you never could tell, and, anyway, it was his watch on deck. At the same time he reached in his pocket to bring out his keys and hand them to me.

'You'll be able to find your junk,' he said, without any intimation that it might be unsafe to let me enter the traderoom alone.

I took the keys, separated the big brass one from the others, and went to the traderoom.

It was a mess inside. A number of packing cases with 'Made in Japan' marked on them, cases of trade beef, — or, rather, trade meat, — salmon, soap, kerosene; a few bags of coolie rice, a few of flour and sugar. At the traderoom door stood a large case, about three feet high, containing Chinese safety matches.

'They should be called "Very Safety Matches,"' I thought as I climbed over the case. 'It's only with great patience that you can light one of the damned things.'

My own luggage was at the far end of the room: two shiny tin suitcases and a camphorwood chest — 'junk,' as Thompson had said. To reach these articles I had to pick my way through a tangled disorder of remnants, from the

last voyage, that seemed to have been cleared from the shelves with sweeps of the arm. There were lengths of *kakau*, which is a kind of cheesecloth, heavily starched to make it appear substantial, 'smell soap,' bush knives, cheap perfumery in bottles so ancient that half the contents had evaporated while the labels had long since fed the cockroaches, fly-specked packages of sewing cotton, fishhooks, marbles, breakable combs and unbreakable hardtack: in a word, a conglomeration of the shoddiest stuff that can be bought — the usual trade goods on any island schooner. The place reeked with naphthalene, for on each voyage many pounds of it must be flung about the traderoom. It is the only way to assure that some of the dress goods, a few of the labels, will remain undevoured by cockroaches and silverfish.

Thompson's cash registers were on the floor in their usual place: four galvanized-iron buckets. One of them was three-quarters full of silver shillings and florins, about £400, I estimated. In another bucket was some £300 in notes, while the remaining two buckets were nearly empty. It must be explained that at the beginning of a voyage Thompson puts his entire cash in two of the buckets, from £600 to £1000, and this he uses to buy copra; but when the natives come aboard to purchase goods he deposits their money in the other two buckets — at least, he generally does, though when trade is brisk he makes mistakes. Thus, at the end of a voyage, if trading has been successful, most of the cash has been transferred from two of the buckets, through the hands of the customers, to the other two buckets; and by counting what is left in the original two buckets, and subtracting this sum from the amount of cash he started off with, he can tell the head office instantly the amount of his sales. Clever man, Thompson: mathematical mind.

Just to have the feel of so much money once in my life, I reached into the two full buckets, one hand among the pound notes, one among the silver. It felt fine, particularly the notes, so I brought out a whole handful of them and examined their steel engravings of Maori warriors and provincial Englishmen, they being New Zealand notes.

'Hi! What you doing there?' Thompson's voice came suddenly from behind me. 'I might of knowed I could n't trust you in here.'

I turned and grinned brightly. 'I just wanted to see what it's like to handle large sums of money,' I explained.

'I was n't meaning the money!' Thompson shouted in a cutting tone. 'Stand back! Can't you see you're bothering the traderoom hen?'

I was still in a kneeling position. Raising my eyes, I looked straight in front of me to meet the injured stare of a nice old speckled barnyard hen! She was sitting (or setting) as pretty as a picture, presumably on a batch of eggs, in a nest made from the rumpled outside yards of a bolt of #1689 striped shirting. Her pin-point eyes snapped. She made a clucking noise and pecked at me, but I was out of range.

'Stand back!' Thompson shouted again, this time climbing on the case of Chinese safety matches in a threatening way. 'What d' you mean by bothering that hen? Lord, if the captain hears about it!'

'Hears about your keeping a hen in the traderoom?'

As I said this it occurred to me that there was something unseemly about it all: me kneeling there with my hands full of New Zealand notes, the hen clucking and pecking, Thompson more worried about the fowl than the money.

'It's not like keeping a woman in the traderoom,' I added. 'Not so bad, is it? Anyway, you're in charge here, not the captain.'

'It's *his* hen, you idiot!' the supercargo cried, jumping down from the case of matches and advancing toward me. 'He'll have a fit if he hears you have been bothering her!' Abruptly he stopped, turned his head to the doorway, and 'Clear out, quick!' he whispered. 'I hear him coming!'

Footsteps sounded along the alleyway. I started to my feet.

'Hi!' Thompson growled. 'Put that fistful of notes back in the bucket before you go!'

Blushing like a Tolstorian hero, I hurriedly thrust the money back where it belonged; then I scrambled to the door, there to meet the captain.

Luckily he was in a fine mood. 'Is she all right?' he whispered to the supercargo. 'Sh!'—scowling. 'I heard loud voices in here. I would n't do that. It might disturb her. This is the critical time, you know!'

The captain smiled, turned, and tiptoed back to the cuddy, followed by Thompson. I climbed over the case of matches and hurried to my cabin, having forgotten all about the luggage.

'We oncet had a traderoom hen that hatched out sixteen chicks,' the captain said that evening as we sat over our after-dinner cups of tea.

The supercargo nodded affirmation.

A sentimental note came in the captain's voice when he added that they were as sweet little chicks as you ever laid eyes on.

'Did you raise them successfully?' I inquired.

The captain shook his head. 'Every last one died,' he said, with a sigh—'killed by the cockroaches!'

I stated that I could well believe it, and went on, virtually without exaggeration: 'One attacked me last night with peculiar ferocity. It was tough and go for a while, but finally I managed to jam him between my heel and the bulkhead; then I dispatched him

with the big war club Parson Sea Foam of Puka-Puka gave me. It is not at all difficult to imagine such a monster devouring a chick.'

'Oh, you got me wrong,' the captain explained. 'The cockroaches did n't eat the chicks; the chicks ate *them*. I suppose the cockroaches gnawed holes in their crops, or something of the kind. Anyway, I'm sure they all gnawed their way out; but the chicks could n't stand it — they died.'

IV

At Atafu, one of the three inhabited islands in the Tokelau Group, islands we were visiting on the voyage from Puka-Puka to Samoa, I went ashore with Thompson; but it was only to wish myself back aboard ship again. Screaming hordes of children followed me wherever I went. There were no smiling Polynesians standing in front of their houses with cool drinking nuts or strings of shells for the stranger, such as one meets with in the eastern islands; but here were inherently mercenary natives who had learned from the Samoans the subtler arts of mendicancy. The Samoa and Tokelau people boast that they are the only Polynesians who have words for 'please' and 'thank you.' To me this exemplifies their moral pattern: the Tahitians, Rarotongans, and Puka-Pukans have little use for these words; they are not beggars.

The day ashore was not entirely without amusement. Every now and then a native would approach me — abjectly, I am sorry to say — and greet me with the Samoan *talofa* ('I love you'). Aware that otherwise I should be insulting him, I would express my love. Then his face would glow. 'Ah!' he would cry. 'I love you and you love me! We are friends! Please give me your blue silk shirt, for I, your friend, am shirtless!'

'I am sorry that you are shirtless,' I would reply; 'but I will not give you my blue silk shirt.'

'*Famolémolé!*' ('Please!') — the mellifluous syllables flowing off his tongue lickerishly.

'Never!'

'Ah, then you do not love me,' the native would sigh, lowering his head in complete dejection; then brightly, hopefully: 'But perhaps you will give me your white-man's straw hat?'

'No; I will not give you my white-man's straw hat.'

'Alas! Now I know that you do not love me!' he would groan, his eyes gently reproachful, doggishly expressive of unrequited love and innocence. But presently, in a tone suggestive of a child capitulating, condescending, agreeing to eat the spinach so long as the cake has been forbidden: 'But at least,' he would say, 'you will give me a little tobacco for my pipe which has long been cold.'

Whereupon I would demonstrate my love by taking from my pouch enough tobacco to fill his pipe. I would not hand him the pouch, knowing that he would slip it in the folds of his *lava-lava*, murmuring that I may love him a little after all, but that I might also give him a box of matches . . . and the silver pencil he sees in my shirt pocket. It was endless. I was glad to sail from Atafu back to Fakaofu, where Father Peter has inculcated a happier condition on his followers.

There are six hundred people in Fakaofu, all crowded on a tiny reef islet of about five acres. But the place is kept spotlessly clean, the air is purified by the steady southeast trade, and a grove of coconut and breadfruit trees beats back the glaring tropic sun to leave the village obscured in shadows that are contrasted delightfully by the dashes of sunlight here and there about the brown thatched huts.

To the east lie five miles of clear blue

lagoon; to the west the sea; to the north and south a continuation of the reef and shallows, broken by tiny coconut islets and sand cays. The people have chosen the nearest of the latter for their cemetery: an acre of sand, gravel, and bleached coral boulders fringed by a scanty growth of bush, and that is all. The gray coral headstones are a part of the islet itself, as are the bones of the ancient people. I wonder if there is a lonelier resting place for the dead.

I have visited well over a hundred South Sea islands, but never one remotely like Fakaofu. In the first place, it has been built up with a wall of coral slabs that gives it the appearance of a mid-ocean citadel. From the sea one crosses the reef and a hundred yards of shallow water to arrive at an unmortared wall twelve feet high, with breaks here and there where rough steps lead up to the village. On the lagoon side, enterprising villagers have built tongues of land outward from the islet, and here have made their homes, giving that side of the islet the appearance of a line of wharves. Father Peter's home, a doll's house eight feet wide by twelve long, stands on pilings over the lagoon, beyond the line of wharves. It is joined to the islet by a wooden footbridge. Attached to the outer end of the house is an affair that reminds one of a telephone booth. The father becomes eloquent when expounding its convenience.

Fakaofu has little of the appearance of a South Sea island; it reminds one more of a robber baron's fortress, or the walled villages Charles Doughty described so vividly. One can almost fancy 'the camel pacing under us with shuffling steps in the silent and forsaken ways.' But when the wind swings round to the northwest, squall clouds hump their backs above the horizon, and, after a few warning blasts, an equinoctial storm roars down

on the island, then, I fancy, one becomes too well aware of his isolation on a crumb of land in the loneliest of oceans. The people say that when big seas come from the northwest they thunder along the reef, wash across the shallows to beat the coral wall, and fling spray the length of the islet.

The Fakaofu church, or cathedral, adds yet another quality of strangeness to the place. Occupying a large part of the seaward side of the islet, chalky white, graceless, its lancet windows boarded up, its tapering spire rising above the highest coconut trees, it harmonizes with its background of fragile green islet about as well as would a steel structure on a wedding cake. In the latter eventuality the wedding guest would worry lest the cake be wrecked; likewise, one fears that Fakaofu's frail walls or coral blocks will bulge out and break, the islet itself will wash away, leaving the great ungainly cathedral towering, desolate, in the midst of the lonely sea, for the waves to batter, the frigate birds to make their roosting place, for tourists to ogle from the decks of passing ships — as misplaced as the Great Arch of Ctesiphon would be on Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Perhaps some church dignitary in England, on being informed that so much money was at hand to build a church at Fakaofu, decided, after reference to an indexed book of plans, that Type 124 B, Series G, would do, and so this monstrosity appeared.

V

The next day was a lazy one, drifting off the island. No copra was taken aboard, for the seas were heavy along the reef; even Thompson could 'hit the bunk,' as he inelegantly put it, with one of the captain's gory-story magazines. Sometime during the afternoon, while lying in my berth, I heard footsteps in

the cuddy, the creak of a chair; then the captain's voice: —

'Hm! Mr. Thompson!'

'Yes, Captain' — followed by footsteps from the supercargo's cabin to the cuddy.

'Hm! Mr. Thompson, how is she this morning?'

Thompson: 'I'm a little worried, sir; she has n't been off her nest for two days.'

Captain: 'Ah! Maybe they're hatching! Hens stick to their nests, you know, when the little devils are pecking out.'

Thompson: 'It's about time. Hi! Steward! Go see if they're hatching!'

'Yes, sir,' came from the cabin boy as his footsteps pattered along the alleyway.

There was a moment's silence before I again heard the captain's voice. 'Better give her a feed, Mr. Thompson,' he said. 'Take her some bully beef and biscuits.'

Thompson: 'Make it rice, Captain; she ain't exercising, you know.'

Captain: 'That's right; curried rice, eh?'

Then the cabin boy, shouting: —

'They're hatched! Nine white ones and a black one!'

Captain: 'Ha! She's hatched 'em, eh? I knew she would!'

'They're all hatched but two, Captain!'

There followed the sound of hurrying footsteps; then the captain's voice calling: 'Get those chicks out of the traderoom right away, Mr. Thompson! Asphyxiation, you know — very dangerous!'

A moment later he thrust his head in my doorway. 'They're hatched,' he said, grinning from ear to ear.

That morning the hen and chicks were removed to the captain's cabin, where they remained for three days. My cabin being next to the captain's, I could hear the old hen clucking to her

chicks, the scrape of her feet as futilely she tried to scratch bugs and things from the cabin floor, the peep of the chicks, lively at first, but feebler, I thought, after the first two days.

'They're not doing so well,' the captain said, the third morning at breakfast. 'Seem to be drooping.'

'Have they got water?' Thompson asked.

The captain gave him a withering glance. 'What a question!' he growled. 'Don't you think I know how to bring up poultry? They got water, and they got salt beef, and they got rice and biscuits, and they got salmon bellies and pea soup and everything else a growing chick needs!'

'How about grit?' I suggested.

The captain sat up, brought his fist down on the table, and 'That's it!' he cried. 'They need grit!' He glanced indignantly at Thompson. 'Why did n't you bring some grit aboard?' he asked. 'Don't you know that poultry's gotta have grit if they're going to digest properly?'

'There's that bag of sand we was going to use for the decks,' Thompson said.

'That's the wrinkle!' the captain cried. 'To the devil with the decks! Have it brought down before you go ashore, and scatter it over the floor. I'm going to let the chicks out of my cabin; give 'em the run of the ship. They need more exercise.'

So the cuddy floor, the alleyway, and the cabins were well sanded, while Mrs. Hen and her chicks were allowed to run *ad libitum*.

The captain would shake his head as he watched a little chick trying to swallow a big cockroach. 'It'll be the death of them,' he would mutter. 'I've seen it happen before, and I've never known one to survive. If the Fakaofu natives would only take good care of them I'd send the lot ashore — but I can't trust 'em.'

About the fifth day the first chick showed signs of trouble.

'He's off his feed,' the captain muttered gloomily. 'More'n likely one of those big cockroaches is gnawing his gizzard.'

The little fellow was huddled in a corner, disconsolate, his head sunk down in his wishbone, his eyes closed most of the time, though now and then he would open them to blink at us in complete dejection, peep feebly, then seem to huddle back more forlorn than ever.

Sadly we watched the little fellow, and we shook our heads.

'It's a shame,' the supercargo said. 'That chick's as good as dead.'

'Yes; he's going fast,' said the captain.

And so he was. Next morning he had disappeared from the ship — his little corpse had been devoured by the cockroaches, I suppose. Only nine were left to zigzag about the cabin floor, and one of them, Blackie, as the captain fondly called him, did n't look too bright.

VI

Drifting at sea is the best part of a South Sea schooner voyage. During the second dogwatch the captain brings the vessel close to the reef; then the engine is stopped, a single sailor is put on watch, so that there will be someone to call the skipper at midnight, and the old schooner is left to her own resources. This suits her to a T, for there is nothing she likes so much as getting her beam snugly to the trough of the sea; then wallowing and grunting and groaning, and rolling one side under the nice cold water till it laps over her back; then rolling the other side under. Sometimes she tries to roll all the way over, and though she is too fat and heavy in the bilge for that, she has a try at it anyway, with an appalling creaking of ribs and groaning

of timbers. Then 'Hold everything!' shouts the captain, grabbing for his glass, if he has one; 'She'll roll her sticks out of her!' grumbles the supercargo; 'Can't you keep your old scow steady?' snarls the first-class passenger. I don't think that a barnyard porker can get more real sensual enjoyment from a hog wallow than a South Sea schooner gets from the trough of the sea.

We were ten days at Fakaofu, drifting off the island each night, for work was slow, with the seas so heavy on the reef that on most days no more than a few boatloads of copra could be taken aboard. I spent only the first night ashore, for mosquitoes were numerous, the other nine nights aboard *Cockroach Schooner*, in my berth with a volume of Captain Lecky's *Wrinkles*, playing cribbage with the skipper, or on deck with Thompsen.

'Come on deck,' the supercargo would say, with one of his most agreeable smiles. 'It's a fine night, and I've got two steamer chairs on the port side where you can put your foots on the rail.'

So I would feel in my pockets for my pipe and tobacco, and, finding them there, I would follow Thompsen on deck, where we would lean back to stare unappreciatively at the miracle of starlight on the long Pacific swell, to swap stories of our adventures in the four quarters of the world.

'Pretty soft,' I said to Thompsen the last night we were drifting off Fakaofu. 'On watch you have nothing to do but sit in a steamer chair, smoke, and look at the stars.'

'I can't do it except when there is passengers with me,' he replied.

'How's that?'

'It's not safe. I might go to sleep.'

'I'll stand your watch some night, if you wish; then you can get in a good night's sleep.'

'You stand *my* watch!' Thompsen

exclaimed. 'Any time I can't stand my watches I'll go ashore and raise poultry!'

'You don't have to go ashore to do that.'

'That's right,' he chuckled, with a sudden change of mood; then he went on: 'The poor little devil! There's only one left, and he's about gone! Death's a funny thing, ain't it? It seems to make the whole ship gloomy the way they pass out. . . . Well, mister, it's eight bells; I got to call the old man.'

'And then turn in?'

'Not a hope.'

The captain came on deck and moved to the binnacle. I could see that his face was drawn, the picture of distress. He started the engine and we steamed slowly toward the island. We could just make it out where clumps of the higher coconut trees rose in low relief above the horizon; but the great white cathedral stood out like a cliff of chalk, etiolated, looming misty white in the starlight. There was a dim red glow from her open doorway; we knew that Father Peter was holding midnight Mass for the labor gang we were to take to Samoa. Before we were halfway to the island the glow disappeared, leaving the great building as vaporous, as filmy white as the skiagraph of a tomb.

Gradually the islet rose higher above the horizon, the line of reef appeared in silver-white flashes of foam, the sea smoothed, the roar of combers came loudly across the quiet water. Then the beach appeared, a gleaming strand, the reef spread out in a foaming barrier that rose and fell and spilled itself out in the shallows. By one o'clock we were a cable's length away. The captain rang for slow speed ahead, ordered the helm up; then he steadied

her and we steamed slowly along the reef.

'There they are!' the lookout shouted suddenly.

Leaning over the rail and peering forward, we could make out a dozen canoes loaded with natives, while bundles, rolls of mats, chests, and baskets were piled high above the gunwales. In another moment they were alongside. Yelling men caught the ropes thrown to them, tossed luggage on the ship's deck, clambered aboard; their canoes seemed to be in a confusion of outriggers and cross-booms that crashed against one another, flew in the air to all but upset the fragile crafts.

I watched the canoes till they were lost in the darkness; then I turned and entered the cuddy. The captain was standing by the table, his legs braced apart, his eyes lowered, his arms hanging limply by his side. When he glanced at me I could see that something was wrong.

'What is it, Captain?'

He shrugged his shoulders, sighed, and pointed to a fuzzy little body on the floor beside him. 'The last one,' he muttered sadly.

We were silent for a little space; then, with a sudden flash of inspiration, 'Never mind, Captain!' I cried. 'As soon as I get ashore at Samoa I'll send aboard a whole flock of poultry!'

'Will you?' he asked, turning his head and smiling a little. 'A rooster is all I need; the hen's still good for another batch of chicks.' He turned, in much better spirits, and moved toward his cabin. 'I *would* like to have a try at raising another batch of them,' he said when he had reached his cabin door. 'Make it a nice young red rooster, eh? It'll please the old hen!'

Four days later we were in Apia, Western Samoa.

(To be continued)

AUTOMOBILES THAT FLY

BY MALCOLM B. RONALD

I

ABOUT thirty-three years ago the Wright brothers solved the problem of flight in heavier-than-air machines. Ever since then crackpot inventors and imaginative writers have predicted, from time to time, that in a few years everybody would be flying in the same casual way we now use automobiles. Such glowing forecasts have proved erroneous, because no work has been done by trained scientists with adequate means for research until recent years.

There are now very definite reasons why such a prediction would be in order. As a matter of fact, it is likely that within ten years the solid citizen who buys an automobile will have the option of buying a ground gripper or one that can fly.

To explain the significance of modern design trends in the field of aircraft for the private owner, I must trace the development of aircraft in the past. There are reasons why all airplanes up to and including present conventional designs have not been adapted to widespread operation by private owners.

But here is something that should surprise you. The best airplanes in 1914 were *easier* to fly than the best commercially available to-day. They were not, however, *safer* to fly. Little was then known of aircraft structural engineering. The machines of that day were flimsy affairs and apt to fall apart in the air. They were so under-

powered that the difference between their top speed and the minimum required to sustain flight was not much more than ten miles per hour. The stall was an ever-present menace, and this, with the tailspin which frequently follows it, remains to this day the *bête noire* of the novice pilot. Yet it is an aerial phenomenon about which little is known by the non-flier. The term 'stall' does not refer to the engine. The stall results from a loss of speed. It can happen with or without power.

Asking a question is possibly the best way to explain the stall. If a ton of miscellaneous junk is suspended two hundred feet in the air and suddenly cut loose, what will happen? The answer is obvious. The ton of junk will fall rapidly and heavily to the ground. But what will happen if an airplane and a ton of junk are both suspended two hundred feet in the air on separate cables and are cut loose simultaneously? It is probable that nine out of ten non-fliers can't answer that one. The airplane will beat the ton of junk to the ground and will hit harder, because it will be going faster. The reason: an airplane is streamlined; junk is not.

The point I want to bring home is that an airplane does not fly by any process of magic; it is sustained because of natural laws. The chief essential is forward speed. An airplane must have a certain minimum forward

speed any time it is in the air. If it does not, it is just a ton of streamlined machinery. The minimum velocity required to keep an airplane in the air depends upon the design of the individual ship. It varies from about thirty-five miles per hour to ninety or more for some racing planes.

The airplane can be controlled, and its weight is so distributed that it will fall nose first after it is stalled. As soon as its vertical descent is at a velocity which exceeds the minimum requirement for sustained flight, the pilot can ease back on the control stick and put his craft in level flight.

But it so happens that the stall is complicated by another aerodynamic phenomenon — the tailspin. If, when an airplane loses its flying speed and is thus stalled, any change is made in the direction of flight, either by the pilot operating the rudder control or by a gust of wind from the side, the plane is likely to fall into a spin. In beginning a spin, an airplane falls to one side for two or three hundred feet, the nose constantly dropping lower. This preliminary is known as 'falling off.' When the nose is well down, the ship starts spinning about an axis that approximates its longitudinal axis, though slightly to one side.

II

Flying is only thirty-three years old, but some fascinating legends have grown up about it. One of the most dramatic is the story of the first pilot who discovered how to bring his ship out of a spin. When the World War started, nobody knew the answer. One day an American pilot in the Lafayette Escadrille told his mates that he was sure he knew the way to recover from a spin. He proposed to bet his life that his theory was sound; he informed the squadron that he intended to put his ship in a deliberate spin and then bring

it out. Everybody came to watch. He climbed his plane to five thousand feet and started a spin. His mates stood on the ground, craned their necks, and watched the ship as it fell earthward, its wings gyrating wildly. Cigarettes in their hands were forgotten; several suffered burned fingers. Then the little wartime craft suddenly ceased its wild spinning. It leveled off.

A few minutes later its pilot landed, rejoined the others, and told them that the way to recover from a spin was to push the stick ahead instead of holding it back to lift the nose. The name of this man even now is lost in the antiquity of the war. As a matter of fact, I suspect that several early-day pilots discovered the way to get out of spins at about the same time. But one must salute those early pilots who knew that spins could happen, did not know how to get out of them — and flew anyway.

The stall and tailspin are now thoroughly understood. Performed at safe altitudes where there is plenty of room to recover, they are among the simplest of manœuvres. But despite that fact they still take a heavy toll among novice pilots. Here is the reason: —

When an airplane is turned while in the stalled position, a spin is almost certain to result. Another aerodynamic law, combined with that fact, breeds treachery. *An airplane in a turn stalls at a higher speed than one flying straight.* So the pilot can go into a turn with just enough speed to maintain flight and control while flying straight, but stall when he gets into the turn because of higher speed required to support his ship while turning. As he is already in a turn, the requirement for a spin (a turn while stalled) is satisfied. The ship 'falls off.'

Unfortunately accidental spins are far more likely to happen near the ground, where they are usually fatal, than at high altitudes, where they are

harmless. An amateur flier, in making a forced landing, is likely to try to stretch his glide. If, in hunting a place to land, he turns while gliding with the nose too high (and his speed too low), his ship may suddenly 'fall off' with very little warning. Another manœuvre by beginners that helps to fill cemeteries is the steep climbing turn after a take-off into a fairly strong wind. In that sort of accident the plane goes into a spin *with its motor running*. When turning with the wind, there may be a momentary loss of speed. If the turn is made while climbing steeply, a spin can start with breath-taking suddenness.

But it can be said for the conventional plane of to-day that if 'given its head' it will not get its pilot into trouble. It is when the novice, alarmed by an unexpected development, starts mauling the controls that stalls and spins result, usually with fearsome swiftness.

While the spin is the most treacherous danger for novices, it is not the only hazard. Another is weather. In flying across country one can pass from good to poor flying weather in a relatively short distance. In some parts of the country fogs have a way of closing in under the unwary pilot. Landing in a fog is just another way of gambling with that black-robed gondolier of the Styx.

A third limitation which must be recognized by the careful pilot is the possibility of engine failure. One should always fly high enough so that he can easily glide to a big enough field to make an emergency landing. But the increasing reliability of aircraft engines has stimulated the tendency of all pilots to gamble on the engine. However, the best engines do stop, now and then. If a pilot finds that there simply is no place to set his ship down when that happens, the results are likely to be unfortunate.

I have written at some length on the more grisly aspects of flying, but I do not mean to present a distorted idea of the hazards. A careful pilot, properly trained, knows what he is doing and will not allow his ship to stall or spin accidentally. He will not be caught napping or trapped by fog; nor is he likely to crack up if forced to land.

Flying in the sort of craft now available for amateurs leaves everything up to the pilot, so far as safety is concerned. The operator of the ship must be reasonably skilled, his judgment must be accurate, and he must understand the rudiments of meteorology. But a good pilot is safer flying across country than is a good automobile driver on a cross-country jaunt over crowded highways.

The automobile driver may be possessed of great skill and good judgment, but he is operating a machine which is at the mercy of every moron who may dart out from a blind side road without stopping or looking at the main highway. No matter how good the driver may be, a drunken idiot in another car can suddenly swerve across to the wrong side of the road and kill him in a head-on collision.

The man in the airplane has the whole sky for a highway. His safety or danger is dependent on his own abilities. That advantage in safety for the airplane cannot be disputed. And it is on this foundation that the safe flying machine of the near future will be built.

III

The demand on the pilot's skill in maintaining safety is not the only hurdle for the airplane to take before it wins wide acceptance. Flying is often frightfully inconvenient. The plane must be kept at an airport several miles from home, and, except in the larger cities, service to and from the airport is erratic. The airplane

owner must soil his hands and clothing in greasing rocker arms and in taking care of the numerous other chores required to keep a ship in flying trim. He must keep his mind on his job when he starts the engine; if he grows absent-minded about that detail the propeller may do an admirable job of mechanical homicide. The amateur flier must concentrate on his pastime. He must forget such irrelevant details as dinner hours; when he gets home he must patiently endure the wrath of his spouse, who has kept dinner waiting for forty-five minutes.

There are many heroes who will go through that sort of thing to enjoy golf, tennis, or even ping-pong. But few will do it for flying. I happen to have been touched in the head on the subject of aerial navigation when very young. I never got over it. To me the drumming symphony of power from a roaring airplane engine is the finest music. When I sit in the cockpit of a ship, 'sock the stick full ahead,' and 'pour the coal to her,' I experience tremendous elation. We take off over a sweet clover field; the ship jumps in the rising air current. Then we cross a stream; the ship dips. A puff of wind drops a wing; a mere touch on a rudder pedal and we are again flying level. The ship seems a thing alive.

Possibly my attitude toward flying is somewhat abnormal. At all events, I discovered long ago that the vast majority do not feel as I do. Their acceptance of flying will be on a utilitarian basis, or not at all. I fully understand the inherent prejudice that many people feel against leaving the ground. But of late many millions have also developed a prejudice against having their brains bashed out in automobile accidents.

In 1914, airplanes were crude contraptions, replete with wires that vibrated and set up tremendous re-

sistance in the air. They were powered with wheezy engines that were more suitable for running washing machines. But the possibilities of aircraft as an instrument of war were so apparent that the best engineering brains of the world were set to work and told to make airplanes that would be deadly weapons. These men were given unlimited money. Nobody counted the cost. All that was asked was airplanes which had speed and the ability to perform.

Thus was born the prototype of the modern military plane. Engines comparable to those of the present were turned out. Instead of the box-kite effects which had been designed, the engineers made clean-looking ships. They learned that wires exacted a tremendous penalty from performance; they cut down the number of wires. The three-wheeled landing gears which sprawled under the primitive cloud-wagons of 1914 were replaced with two-wheeled landing gears and a tail skid. The change made them get off the ground faster and perform better in the air; it also made them harder to land, but that was ignored in the interests of getting ships that would help to win the war.

We now have air liners without any wires exposed to the air stream except the radio aerial. They race along at 200-plus miles per hour. The reason — design trends born in the war period have been carried to a logical conclusion.

In the building of aircraft for operation by experts, the war experience was pure gold; but it set up engineering practices which made the production of machines really suitable for the amateur extremely dubious. Before the war, builders of airplanes had been starving; by turning their attention to military machines they found ample funds at their command, so naturally they have been concentrating on the

building of military craft ever since. Planes for private fliers have been mere adaptations of military equipment. Some changes were made, of course; but the underlying design trends were all away from foolproof operation. Convenience was ignored. The army did not want convenience; it wanted planes that could climb like homesick angels. That meant that the amateur flier was given an airplane which was deadly unless he knew exactly what he was doing all of the time — and there was too much to know. It was inevitable that the casualty rate should be high.

IV

At the bottom of most spectacular advances in the mechanization of civilization have been found individuals possessed of a great degree of stubbornness. A handful of men declined to be stopped by the jeers hurled at the horseless carriage; now we have the automobile industry.

The same kind of obstinate pioneers have been at work on the problem of making flying the safest means of personal transportation, and their efforts are now nearing the fruition stages. Two methods of making flying safe for the individual are running a race. One embraces changes in the present-day airplane; the other abandons the whole airplane principle of flight and depends upon an entirely different method of sustentation. Strangely enough, the man who pioneered in the building of air liners also led in the creation of the airplane for individual use.

Shortly after the war William B. Stout conceived the idea of an all-metal transport plane that would be an economic success because of its weight-carrying capacity. Henry Ford finally became interested in his efforts, and the result was the development, by Mr. Stout, of the Ford tri-motor ships.

Among those who fly, the Ford planes are now known as 'Tin Geese,' but the term is not one of derision. Though the Ford Tri-motor is not much compared with the air liners of to-day, it blazed the trail in air-line transportation.

Having laid the groundwork, Mr. Stout lost interest in the building of air liners. But five years ago he created a highly significant ship, which he termed the 'Stout Skycar.' It had a three-wheeled landing gear and was virtually stall- and spin-proof; any normal individual could learn to fly it with two hours of instruction. I would not go on record as maintaining that the Skycar could not be spun; but an accidental spin would have called for monumental carelessness.

Mr. Stout never put his machine into production, because it was of all-metal construction and could have been sold only on a quantity-production basis if the price were to be kept within reason. The country was in the depths of depression, so Mr. Stout turned to the more lucrative pursuit of working out scientific streamlining for automobiles.

But in 1933 another stubborn pioneer appeared upon the national aviation scene. Eugene Vidal was named head of the Aeronautics Branch of the United States Department of Commerce. That governmental agency, by promoting research, played a big part in the development of air-line transportation; and Mr. Vidal thought the government should also sponsor research in the field of private flying.

Like all pioneers, Mr. Vidal is blessed with a great capacity for enthusiasm. At the outset of his career as head of the Aeronautics Branch, he spoke in glowing terms of foolproof airplanes to be sold for \$700, so that flying would be made safe and cheap for everybody. His remarks brought down wrath upon his head from those

engaged in the manufacture of conventional airplanes for private owners. They accused him of branding all current airplanes as unsafe and thus tearing down the industry he was supposed to assist. So Mr. Vidal refrained from future releases for the newspapers, but he went ahead with his programme of sponsoring the development of a foolproof airplane.

As a result, the Hammond plane has been built. It is an aeronautical descendant of the Stout Skycar, and recent tests in Washington indicate that it cannot be spun. Inspectors of the Aeronautics Branch will soon be flying Hammond foolproof planes. (The term 'foolproof' is not altogether accurate, however; for no mechanical contrivance ever built was foolproof.)

Reduced to its final analysis, the process of flying an airplane is one of error and correction. The difference between a skilled pilot and a novice is that the former makes fewer errors and corrects them more rapidly. The Hammond plane is so designed that the errors a reasonably intelligent amateur would make do not get him in trouble, as can be the case with the conventional airplane. The accidental tailspin, treacherous slayer of amateur fliers, is made impossible, and the machine is so built that it handles on the ground as easily as an automobile. The conventional airplane is designed for efficiency in the air; it is tricky on the ground.

V

An obstinate Spaniard, Juan de la Cierva, has done much pioneering in the task of making flying safe for the average individual. He concluded that flying can never be safe until the necessity for a given minimum forward speed is eliminated, and he conceived the idea of capitalizing on the phenomenon of auto-rotation, which produces the tailspin by conventional air-

planes. The autogiro, with its familiar windmill mounted above, was the result.

The rotor, as the windmill is called, cannot possibly stop so long as the autogiro is in the air. No position in which the machine can be put will stop the rotor. It is kept in motion by natural forces, not driven by the engine; and it continues to exert lift no matter what the forward speed of the autogiro. That brings the end of stalls and spins. The autogiro is also capable of vertical descent, which eliminates the problem of forced landings; it can be landed on any small level spot.

Cierva did not find success easily. He first conceived the autogiro in 1919, when a comparatively minor flying error by a skilled pilot destroyed a tri-motor bomber he had built at a cost of \$32,000. He constructed model after model of his autogiros. Instead of leaving the ground, they rolled over and cracked up. It was not until January 9, 1923, that his first autogiro flew; it left the ground for a few minutes at the Getafe airdrome, near Madrid. He had demonstrated a new method of heavier-than-air flight just a little short of twenty years after the Wright brothers first flew an airplane.

But the autogiro proved to have many faults. Originally it was a compromise; it had stubby wings which supported ailerons, the conventional lateral airplane control, and it also had airplane controls on the tail. Airplane controls, like the plane itself, depend on forward speed for their efficacy. The hybrid autogiro could descend with no forward speed, but its controls were almost without effect when it did so. It was thus at the mercy of every gust of wind.

A few years ago Harold F. Pitcairn, a Pennsylvanian, became interested in the autogiro. He acquired the American patent rights, manufactured autogiros himself, and licensed other manu-

facturers. It was found, however, that autogiros cracked up with monotonous regularity. These crack-ups did not injure the occupants, because the autogiros landed with little or no forward speed; but crashes did raise havoc with the pocketbooks of autogiro owners. The fact that they could crash and walk away from the wreckage was not enough consolation when every crash cost between one and two thousand dollars.

Furthermore, the autogiro required an engine of several hundred horsepower and could fly only about ninety miles per hour, carrying two passengers. Pilots of airplanes contemptuously termed autogiros 'egg beaters,' and the whole idea appeared to be a colossal flop. Anybody but two such stubborn individuals as Cierva and Pitcairn would have quit in disgust. But they did not. They stopped making autogiros for sale to the public, however, and concentrated on research to cure the faults of the machine. Altogether, more than ten million dollars has been spent on its perfection. Cierva has devoted seventeen years to the study of flight by means of autogiros, and Pitcairn has been working on them for nine years.

This fidelity to an ideal has produced a machine which appears to hold great promise. The desertion of airplane principles is complete in the current model, known as the direct-control autogiro. It has no wings, and requires no control surfaces on the tail, but retains an abbreviated tail unit to make flight smooth at high speeds. It is guided in all planes of flight and at all speeds by tilting the rotor. By this new idea the autogiro sponsors claim they have provided positive control at all speeds and in vertical descent as well as after the machine is on the ground.

In eliminating airplane controls, the autogiro makers also stepped up its efficiency. A recent American model

has a top speed of 115 miles per hour, using only ninety horsepower, and it carries a pilot and one passenger. Few airplanes can beat that ratio of power to speed and weight-carrying capacity.

But the sponsors of the autogiro were not satisfied to make it virtually crash-proof. They set out to eliminate the inconvenience which has always attended flying. They made the new autogiro with a rotor which can be folded backward along the top; then they added a wheel at the rear and put in a clutch so that the autogiro can be driven as an automobile. The machine they have now developed can be kept in the owner's garage instead of at an airport. So far its top speed on the ground is only twenty-five miles per hour, but it is reported to be almost as easily controlled as a car.

As a vehicle for use on roads it is primitive; but the fundamentals of a startling development in transportation have been laid. The designers say that speeds of forty miles per hour on the ground, with roadability equal to that of an automobile, will soon be possible. The current model is about half again as long as an automobile, but no wider. In appearance the fuselage (body part) bears some resemblance to a modern streamlined automobile, except that it tapers more to the rear and has three rotor blades folded back along the top. Its propellers do not turn when it is on the road.

Its inability to stall or spin and its controllability on the ground and in the air are not its only tricks. The new autogiro can leap into the air vertically; thus it can be taken out of a small patch of ground surrounded by obstacles. By a hydraulic device the rotor blades can be set at an angle against the air, which produces no tendency to raise the machine. Thus an overspeed in rotation of the rotor, which is started by the motor and *disconnected* for flight,

is attained. Then the rotor clutch is thrown out and the blades are returned to the angle, which produces lift. The autogiro leaps into the air. Jumps of twenty-five feet have been made in calm air. With the aid of a slight wind it is possible to rise almost vertically for one thousand feet.

VI

Will either the spin-proof airplane or the direct-control autogiro prove to be the automobile of the air? If so, which? These questions can hardly be answered with any degree of certainty. Both developments have highly promising aspects; neither has yet withstood the acid test of everyday use.

In some respects the autogiro appears likely to get the call. But it must be remembered that the original hybrid autogiro was widely ballyhooed as the solution to the problem of flight for the average individual; on the basis of demonstrations under ideal conditions, it appeared to be the answer to an amateur flier's prayer. Instead, in daily use, it proved to be quite impractical. If the new direct-control machine does not have any hidden faults, it will have the advantage of being able to make forced landings almost anywhere.

On the other hand, the new stall-proof plane can descend in a steep flight path in case of emergency. It can use a small field, because the three-wheel landing gear makes it possible to

stop the plane in a short space through the vigorous application of brakes. The conventional airplane cannot stop suddenly after a forced landing, because if the brakes are applied too severely it will nose over and wind up on its back, which is disconcerting to the operator, to say the least. The Hammond airplane can be stopped as suddenly as an automobile. As it lands at only about forty-five miles per hour, it is apparent that it can land in such a small space as to nullify somewhat the advantage of the autogiro in making vertical landings — that is, touching the ground with no forward speed.

The new autogiro is roadable; it can be driven like an automobile on the highways. But there are no insuperable difficulties in the way of building an airplane with folding wings that could also be driven on the highway. The idea of airplanes with folding wings is not new; such ships have been built in the past to facilitate storage in limited space.

Sufficient progress has been made in the development of foolproof flying machines so that there is little doubt that within a few years a well-proved flying automobile will be available. I believe that by 1946 conservative citizens will be using automobiles that can fly. The preliminary groundwork has been laid. All that remains is the problem of refinement, and a decision, based on experience, as to which type of flying machine will be the most practical and the safest for the casual flier.

NOTES ON AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

BY RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

I

FROM my earliest childhood I was conditioned to American newspapers. As far back as I can remember, I see myself waiting around impatiently every Sunday morning to be allowed to enter my grandmother's room because, as head of a numerous family, she had first call on the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, and experience had taught me that it was wise to get hold of the comic section directly at the source, so to speak, — that is, on my grandmother's breakfast tray, — before it got lost on its way to other breakfast trays all over the house.

Needless to say, I was not interested in any other part of the *Herald*, but in so far as a small French boy can be subject to the influence of the press, there is no doubt that the adventures of Buster Brown, of Alphonse and Gaston, and of Little Nemo made more impression on me than my Bible storybook or the Fables of La Fontaine.

Later on I began to read the more serious parts of the Paris *Herald*, and still later on, alas, during the so-called boom years, the financial page. But it is only since I have come to live here that I have realized that there is the same difference between an American newspaper printed in Paris and one published in New York as there is between a Continental American and one living in the United States.

In fact, it is as difficult to understand a real American newspaper as it

is to understand America itself, and although I am professionally obliged to devote a great part of my waking hours to it I am not quite sure, after five years of practice, that I have really mastered the art of newspaper reading in this country. Because it is an art indeed, and one which calls for as much discrimination, careful planning, and luck as diamond cutting or trout fishing.

Americans who visit France either tell disturbing stories about the corruption of the French press or are thoroughly amused by something which seems to them rather quaint and amateurish. A French paper, with its eight to twelve pages; its apparent indifference to the sacred value of hot news; its habit of putting on the front page a story about Louis XI with a big headline and on page five or seven, in very small type, the most disquieting announcement of impending revolution; the personal manner in which events are reported, and, above all, the disrespectful treatment of advertisements — all these Gallic idiosyncrasies baffle the American and he never ceases to wonder how the French reader, whom he believes to be normally intelligent and curious, can possibly content himself with something which is at once as light, as evanescent, and perhaps as deceitful, as a *soufflé surprise*.

The answer to this is that reading a French newspaper also requires an edu-

cation, and I should be glad to answer any question on the subject, but the purpose of these notes is the American press and I will deal with that for the moment.

II

To begin with, there is the physical aspect of an American newspaper.

I am writing this on a Sunday afternoon. The room in which I write presents a typical scene of American home life. First the chambermaid, and then my wife, and finally I myself have tried to reestablish some semblance of order in the chaos which prevailed in this room this morning. We have not fought in vain. The 110 pages of the *Daily News* have been recaptured and placed on the bookshelf, more or less out of reach of my two-year-old son. The magazine section of this altogether colorful publication, which I read last night in bed and which was under the bed during the night and the best part of the morning, is now safely pinned down between the gray and red telephone books. I cannot throw it away yet because I think I remember seeing a feature story in this section which I may want to look over, although I cannot recall just now what it was about.

The twelve sections of the *New York Times* (214 pages) have been piled up on the table after several roundups. Their position is not secure because when the baby comes back from the park he may feel that he wants to look them over once more to make quite sure that, as the *New York Times* proudly asserts, none of these twelve sections is a funny one. Besides, I *must* read carefully about thirty articles which I just had time to glance at this morning. There is also the ever-present danger that someone will want to look up the radio programmes or the shipping news. My wife has not even nibbled at the book reviews and the classi-

fied ads. The *Herald Tribune* is in the baby's room complete, with the exception of the page on which is the crossword puzzle. This my wife has already hidden for future consideration during the rest of the week.

On the whole, and although the day will soon be gone, the family has not even started on its great weekly chore of reading the Sunday papers. The chances are that it never will, and that to-morrow morning when the Monday papers are there and the maid says, pointing at these piles of pulp, 'Sir, may I throw *those* away?' I shall say, 'Yes,' with a confused sense of despair and muffled guilt.

III

It is a strange thing that the American people, who enjoy a world-wide reputation for being eminently proficient in inventing devices which will save time and useless fatigue, have developed a form of newspaper which is by far the one that requires, on the part of the reader, the greatest personal effort, ingenuity, and fortitude. This does not mean that American newspapers are not good. In fact I believe that, judged by the standards of journalism all over the world, they rate very high — at least the best of them. But the fact remains that as a practical means of information they seem to be unduly hampered by their faithfulness to certain outworn formulas and by a lack of recognition of the tempo and temper of their public.

The problem of journalism is not limited to the selling of newspapers. It also includes the question of making the public read what it buys. When someone tells me, 'I read the *Times*, or the *World Telegram*, or the *Evening Journal*,' what he actually means is that he buys the paper every day and that under very favorable circumstances (on a twenty-four-hour railroad

journey, for instance, or when sick in bed) he does read perhaps ten per cent of what is printed on each page.

Of course, everybody cannot be interested in everything. I for one will never read about baseball, especially since I have found out that the Giants are not gigantic and that the Cardinals are not princes of the Church. But even then, even if you limit yourself to the subjects which interest you personally, the obstacles that are put in your way create an impression of curious weariness.

One of these obstacles is the method of presenting the news. Herein perhaps lies the greatest difference between an American and a French newspaper.

Let us suppose that one of the dictators — and I don't care which — is murdered to-morrow. This, in France, will probably be front-page stuff, in spite of Louis XI, and the story will run something like this: 'It was one of these exquisite autumn days. The sun was sinking slowly behind the purple mountains. Its last rays were caressing (*ses derniers rayons caressaient*) the shining helmets of the mounted guards surrounding the car of the man who for so many years has been the idol of his countrymen. No one could imagine that this man, who, at that moment, was smiling and bowing to an ecstatic crowd, would in a very few seconds take his place in the Elysian Fields. But human destiny, etc. . . . History has been made and undone many times in such a way, and, as Pascal said apropos of Cleopatra's nose, etc. . . . Suddenly a shot was heard. A man whose eyes were shining like those of a panther . . .'

In other words, the French newspaper writer will lead you up dramatically to the climax in such a way that when you get there your pulse will be up around 120.

His American confrere, on the other hand, will knock you out cold in the

first paragraph, thus: 'Dictator Blank was fatally shot at 5.16 p.m. by an assassin while driving through the main thoroughfare of Zed. His assailant, who gave his name as Enrico Levinsky, 213 Brutus Avenue, was taken into custody by the police.'

From then on the story will have a tendency to repeat itself with slight variations, incidental details being added here and there as the columns unwind, like a string of sausages. This method of mechanical amplification has obvious advantages, especially for the editor. With a pair of scissors he can cut the story at any point, because, provided he leaves the headlines and the first paragraph, everything worth knowing will be there.

The French reporter *tells* a story; the American *covers* it. One must choose the details and present them in such a way that a definite impression will be created; the other is asked to collect the greatest possible number of facts as if he were assembling the material for an article in an encyclopædia. Both methods have their advantages and their inconveniences, but I will venture to say that the American system produces an impression of dullness which is sometimes very disheartening.

I know that the justification usually given for this method is that journalism is not, and should not be confused with, literature. This may be a wise rule, although it has never been quite convincing to me. Various experiments which are being made by American editors, such as those of the *New York Times* with their admirable Sunday summaries of the events of the week, prove that there is a tendency to escape from the sacred formula of the sausage string.

The French newspapers are usually blamed for allowing the editorial policy of the paper to throw its reflection on the presentation of the news. This, in American journalism, is considered

the worst possible offense and a deadly sin against the God of Objectivity. But is this ideal attainable?

Some time ago President Roosevelt pointed out that partisanship had a tendency to make itself felt by devious means which he seemed to feel were worse than frank misstatements. He alluded to the headlines which can emphasize or tone down an event. He spoke of the omission of unpleasant news. The President — he admits it himself — is an idealist, and I am afraid that his criticism will not be heeded.

The truth is that nobody, not even a newspaper man, can possibly be impartial. It is not human, and the only result which is achieved by the most honest efforts in this direction is platitude. Besides, is not the cult of journalistic objectivity founded on a misunderstanding? Is there not a distinction to be made between prejudice and interpretation?

I remember a discussion I had with the publisher of an important news magazine. 'We believe in facts,' he said to me. 'Our whole policy is based on the accurate, complete, and, if necessary, crude presentation of facts and nothing else but facts.'

I argued that there were many categories of facts, and that to treat them all as birds of a feather, which could be caught on the wing and served side by side without any dressing, was really a waste of time. That Joe Louis knocked out Sharkey is a fact sufficient unto itself, but when it comes to informing the public as to the issues of a political campaign or the developments of a civil war in Spain or elsewhere, it will do no good at all merely to record facts, because what the readers ask for is interpretation and comment. In other words, there is a whole class of facts which are of less value than the analysis of these facts.

The proof that this is so can be seen in the extraordinary prestige enjoyed

by the columnists, by certain foreign correspondents, and in general by whoever on an American newspaper is in a position to sign his name, and who, to everybody's knowledge, is giving his own opinion.

This development of the personal aspect of American journalism strikes all foreigners. It fills the gap left open by the scarcity of newspapers exclusively devoted to the expression of political opinion such as exist in France in vast numbers. It serves to break the uniformity of straight information, which, in spite of all good arguments that can be made in its favor, may become a self-defeating enterprise when other means of disseminating news, such as the radio, make further progress.

Of course I do not suggest that Walter Lippmann, General Hugh Johnson, or Dorothy Thompson should be invited to report shipwrecks, murders in Hollywood, and dancing marathons; but I think it would be much more interesting if the ordinary news reporter were given a little more leeway, if he were not held down to rigid formulas, and if he had a chance to show his individual talent.

In these paradoxical United States, where the movie public likes to know that the usher who tears his ticket at the door of Radio City Music Hall is called Mr. Smith, and that he rides in an elevator piloted by Mr. O'Flaherty, I feel that such an instinctive sentiment of revolt against the anonymity of our dreary mechanical age should be encouraged. Quite frankly, I would often and willingly be left in ignorance of half of the details of what happened to know a little more about the private opinion of the witness.

IV

The front page of an American newspaper is a beautiful sight. Neat and well-tempered in the high-class sheets,

boisterous and flamboyant in the others, it is as engaging to the avid reader as the sight of the open sea to the born sailor. It is exhilarating and full of promise. It is appealing and pure. Breezy headlines tell you of the prevailing winds, and when you have set sail and run along these vast expanses of paper and ink, guided and reassured by the subtitles which, like tinkling bell buoys, chart out your course, you experience a great sense of expectancy and adventure.

But woe to the foolish navigator who, forgetful of the treachery of these seas, ties up his rudder and trusts these happy beginnings! Suddenly the whole front page turns black before his eyes. With a dull thud he has struck bottom: 'Continued on page 37.'

Anguish takes possession of his soul and his mind becomes a blur. It is not the first time that this has happened to him. He has met with such crashes before, but he has never hardened himself to the shock.

He knows too well what page 37 will look like — the ordeals of navigation in the Sargasso Sea of advertising. When he gets there, temptation and ambush will surround him on all sides. It is not for his good that he has been lured to page 37, but because the sirens and the sharks have bet on the chance that he is no Ulysses, but just a sucker.

Personally, I often refuse to turn to page 37. I prefer to ignore the end of the story and to start on another on the front page. I resent this feeling of being trapped. I like to think of myself as consistent, man enough not to be sidetracked into building a 'New Dream Home' for \$3798 or buying a cake of soap because it is good for the skin of the Quintuplets, when all I want to know is Mr. Hitler's latest contribution to the peace of the world or Mr. Landon's to the reelection of Mr. Roosevelt.

V

I know that to touch on the sacred institution of advertising in America is nothing short of sacrilegious. I know too that French editors turn green with envy when they see the amount of advertisement that their American confreres are able to push down the throat of the docile public under the guise of informing it of what is going on in the world.

On the other hand, the primitive condition of advertising in France is a constant source of amazement to the American visitor. When he is told that, if it is so, it is because the French do not *believe* in advertising, he remains skeptical or feels sorry for the French. Such an admission, he thinks, only demonstrates the backwardness of an antique race or a lack of initiative on the part of those who are responsible for its enlightenment. It is a shameful fact — but a fact — that the French do believe that they could continue to live even if they never read another line of advertising in their papers. They actually imagine that, left to their own devices, they would still be able to eat, drink, sleep, wash, dress, travel, and amuse themselves.

I am quite aware that such a conception is deplorable, especially viewed from America, where the arts of advertising and publicity, compared with the other manifestations of human activity, are held in such high esteem, not to say reverence. One is inspired with a sense of awe at the realization that if to-morrow, by some unspeakable magic, all advertising were taken out of the newspapers a large portion of the American civilization would probably collapse. The immediate results of such an event would make the worst days of the depression look like a lost Paradise. Think of this great nation suddenly giving up washing their teeth, removing useless hair, or sleeping on

mattresses because nobody would be there any more to tell them why and how they should do those things. . . . Perhaps they would die en masse, poisoned by acids and germs, or starve because they had forgotten that this strange-looking fruit with no name stamped on it is nevertheless an orange, and that something made out of flour, but which does not have the taste and the consistency of a sanitary poultice wrapped up in Cellophane, can still be considered as a loaf of bread.

Luckily, thanks to the national faith in pragmatism, which teaches us that when a thing works it is not only good but moral, there is no danger of such a calamity ever striking America. The principles of advertising are as firmly established as those embodied in the Constitution.

Still, and in spite of my pragmatic respect for things being the way they are, I candidly confess that if a dictator came along and reduced drastically by decree the acreage planted in the American dailies and magazines by the ad-

vertisers I should not mind very much.

It may be that I like newspapers and that I do not like advertising. On the other hand, I know people who would not dream of buying a newspaper except for the advertising.

The newspaper man is supposed to tell the truth. The advertiser is implicitly excused if he does not. Both work through the same medium and are completely interdependent for their mutual subsistence. It is a strange paradox, an unholy alliance, but, as is so often the case in life, the irregularity of the situation has ceased to worry any but the overpunctilious.

I am not one of those, I hope, and besides I have not intended to write a thesis on the monumental subject of reforming the press. Any newspaper man who would think of such an undertaking should be fired. The real motive of these remarks is that it is sometimes less exhausting, on a Sunday afternoon in New York, to write about the newspapers than to read them.

THE STUFF OF DREAMS

BY HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

SHAH first met Sadie Thompson in the apple tree.

He was lying far out on a branch in the sun, his taffy-colored paws tucked under his chest, his golden ruff a halo around his flowerlike little face. The red-gold plume of his tail flowed back along the limb. In all the spring morning there was no sound except the twittering of birds. The warm sweetness of the earth drifted up to him. His eyes closed.

Something scrambled under the fence at the back of the garden. Shah's eyes flew open. He stared, incredulous. She was coming across the yard, Shah's *own* yard, invading it, mincing and dainty, a half-grown black kitten with high white boots and small yellow eyes, as expressionless as marbles. She was larger than Shah and her fur was very short and sleek.

She made straight for the tree, climbed it with impressive, ripping bounds, and approached Shah on his branch, heedless of his frightened hissing. He backed away as far as the limb would permit, but she came on steadily. The orange of Shah's eyes was drowned in black. He arched with enormous tail.

Reserve was unknown to Sadie. She loomed over him. She breathed on him. She sniffed along his quivering and appalled whiskers, her blackness very smooth beside his golden fluffiness. Her tongue rasped on his coral nose, worked along his cheek, and up to his tufted ear.

Somewhere, at some other time, another tongue had licked him so. Another paw had lain across his back. And it had been pleasant. His terror subsided and he relaxed, bowing his head to the onslaught.

When he had been washed until his bright fur stood up in long, damp spears all over his body, Sadie settled on the limb beside him and did her nails. Her tail hung down behind her, long, black, and elegant.

Shah looked at it. Sadie was n't noticing. Her wrinkling nose was buried in the spread toes of a hind foot. Shah reached out a tentative claw and hooked the tail. Sadie nibbled on. Emboldened, Shah patted her face and shrank back when she put down her leg and rose. But she only moved along the limb, pausing to look over her shoulder at him.

'Prrrt!' she said.

Shah pattered after her, enchanted.

She dashed down the tree trunk, head first, and sprang to the ground. Shah was admiring but embarrassed. After a moment of indecision he peered down the vast wall of the trunk. It had a great many smooth places, and the ground was so far away! In sudden obstinacy Shah turned, lowered himself over the limb, and backed down ignominiously, clinging to the friendly bark, his furry stomach pressed close against it. The ground received him at last and he hurried after Sadie.

She ran along the garden path to a

tangle of grass and bushes at the back — a dank, cool jungle. Shah's eyes were very big as he pushed through behind her. She squeezed under the fence, and Shah, following, entered a new world of space and sun and weeds.

While he hesitated, bewildered, Sadie made a black streak into the air after a bug, missed it, came down without a sound, and melted into nothing behind a clump of grass. Shah brightened and his whiskers moved forward. He crouched and sprang, his little body an orange flame in the sun. They met, head on, and, clutching each other, rolled among the weeds. Sadie's hind feet encountered Shah's chin and she kicked it with steady rhythm. Her fur filled his mouth.

Sadie tore herself free at last and fled. Shah bounded after her, tail high.

The grass blurred greenly past him and gave place to low, gray mounds. Shah halted with a little bounce. Gray dust settled on him and strange odors came to his nose. Sadie was prowling, long and sinuous, on the top of one of the mounds. Her tail twitched and her whiskers quivered.

Shah sniffed and was backing away in distaste when a thin, sweet smell, drifting on a breeze, drew him forward again. He set his paws down carefully, avoiding bits of broken glass, a doll's wig, and a heap of lemon rinds. Flashes of sunlight jumped from tin can to tin can, and something stirred under his paws. He spat sharply, but the smell drew him on, up the mound, to where a condensed-milk can lay on its side. A little trickle of milk came from it.

'Mrrrt!' Shah called.

Sadie came in a scrambling run. Her eyes glittered. Shah drew back graciously and waited until her round, black head was bent over the rich find. Then he joined her; red cheek against black, they lapped up the thick sweetness.

Shah withdrew first, leaving Sadie

the last drop. He shook out his ruff, and, sitting down, was lifting a paw to his whiskers when his nose caught the first whiff of something which stirred him to the very tips of his toes. His paw dropped. He rose; moving with the stiffness of one hypnotized, he went straight up the mound of ashes and down the other side. His nose had not deceived him. There it lay, his for the taking, brown and shiny, dried by wind and sun, washed by rain, but still pungent — an exquisite fish head!

Shah gazed upon it in silent rapture. Never, in all his life, had such a gift been laid before him. Never before had his nose been blessed with such an odor — succulent, soul-stirring, beautiful. A high, tenor purr began in his little chest. Sadie was forgotten. His ears were deaf to the sound of a low, excited yowl. He realized nothing until Sadie shot under his chin and crouched, growling, over his treasure.

Shah's ears flattened against his head in shocked surprise. Then they lifted and he stepped forward, confidently, to share. It was over in an instant! Claws raked his nose and he fell back, blinded with pain, his mouth opening in a soundless shriek. He shook his head and wiped at his nose with a trembling paw, but the pain would n't come off. The sound of snarling continued.

When Shah could see, he moved a prudent distance away and sat down. His whiskers drooped miserably and his eyes were very big.

The change in Sadie was beyond belief. She was no longer the motherly little cat, nor the gay companion, but a stranger from whose body came a sickening, brassy odor of hatred. Her eyes blazed and her tail lashed the ashes into a semicircle of dust.

Even as Shah watched, her teeth sank deep into the fish head with a crackling sound. Shah's mouth watered. Outraged, he saw her lift his per-

sonal property from the ground, saw it sticking out on either side of her head, crisp and tempting. Its fragrance almost overcame him.

Still crouching, Sadie turned with a weaving motion of her head and was gone — back along the way they had come. Her tail was not jaunty now. It slithered behind her, close to the ground. Shah hurried after her, keeping at a safe distance. She darted under the fence into his own garden and Shah cried out at the added insult.

In the middle of the garden, on the new grass, Sadie laid Shah's fish head down with tenderness and gloating. Shah stood still. Sadie walked around the prize, glancing out of the corner of her eye at the anxious little figure beyond. Her whiskers twitched and the corners of her mouth curled upward. Then, elaborately unaware of him, she inserted a paw beneath the jewel, flipped it into the air, batted it a foot or two in Shah's direction; and when he stepped forward, all eagerness, she sprang upon it, growling.

The black pools of Shah's eyes blazed. His whiskers stood forward until they almost met before his stinging nose. The watered silk of his flanks, burning red and orange in the sun, trembled with the explosions of his breath.

Sadie danced before the fish head in curves and arabesques. She curled around it. She killed it with pomp, restored it to life with ceremony. She was a black feather, a drift of smoke, an exclamation point of delight. And all the while her eyes glittered at Shah's agony.

He was pacing back and forth now, unable to endure that sight, unable to tear his eyes from it. The brush of his tail drooped behind him. Another drop of blood was gathering on his nose.

At that moment George, Shah's own Scottie, came around a distant corner of the house. Shah's tail swept upward

and the furrows of anxiety on his forehead were smooth stripes again. He opened his mouth in a long wail for help. George, always the gentleman, removed his nose from the trail of his own affairs and waved his tail in response, but he had not understood, and after a moment went on his way. Shah's tail dropped slowly down.

The game continued.

The noon sun shone in benign indifference. The little heat waves over the garden were saturated with the smell of fish, and insects, emerging from under stones, toiled through the wilderness of grass in search of it. Shah's tongue trembled over his lips as Sadie paused in her frolicking to bite into the dream of dreams. It crunched brownly, and Shah wailed aloud.

The door of Shah's kitchen opened and the cook's voice issued from it. Sadie, startled, turned to look, leaving the fish head unprotected for the briefest of moments. In that moment Shah was a silent golden streak across the grass. His teeth met between bones and he fled, straight for that open door, and through it into the warm kitchen. He crept into the steamy darkness under the stove and waited there, breathless.

Presently there was a commotion in the kitchen. Windows were thrown open and the cook's voice was shrill. Her lumps of feet shadowed back and forth in front of Shah's hiding place with increasing rapidity. They paused. There were grunts, a thump, and heavy breathing near the floor. Shah's heart pounded in his throat, but he remained motionless. Then his eyes and the cook's met over the fish head.

A hand, at the end of a fat arm, came under the stove, groped, caught Shah by the scruff of his neck, and dragged him out. His treasure was wrenched from his jaws — though not before he had left long red marks on the cook's arm. He hit the floor, hard. The

kitchen door was jerked open, and the fish head sailed through it in a splendid arc. Shah raced through the door after it, but he was too late. The triumphant Sadie was already climbing into the apple tree, carrying the fish head.

He followed her grimly, but without hope.

She clambered on, far up into the topmost branches, wedged the fish head into a little crotch, and bunched herself on a limb just below.

Shah began his vigil slightly farther down. Neither looked at the other. Above them the fish head was a brown triangle against the tender green of new leaves.

Shah had eaten nothing since the few drops of condensed milk that morning and his inside was a large and drafty emptiness, but he made no move to descend. One taffy paw was tucked under his chest. The other extended along the limb, and upon this, after a while, he rested his chin. His golden whiskers lay back along his cheeks until their curving tips touched his ruff. His tail hung down, and his orange eyes were fixed, unblinking, on the brown triangle above.

Sadie was two solid black circles melting together against the sky — a large one, and a small one with ears. Her yellow eyes stared at nothing.

The kitchen door opened and a familiar and beloved voice called out words that Shah knew.

'Shah!' it said. 'Come! *Dinner!*'

Shah's head lifted and the emptiness inside him began to ache, but he remained where he was. He gave one beseeching little cry when the door closed, but that was all.

The shadow of the tree trunk grew longer. A breeze stirred among the leaves and blew away a swarm of gnats which had been jigging around Shah's head. There was a sudden fluttering as a pair of robins invaded the tree, hopping from twig to twig, chattering.

Shah and Sadie looked up hungrily, but continued glued to their branches. The leaves whispered above them. From far away a sound of hammering came to them on the wind. The air was sweet with the smell of grass and heavy with wood smoke. Shah's coral nose quivered. His emptiness was a sharp pain now, and he shifted uneasily on his branch. Sadie did not move.

The beloved voice called again, from an open window, and Shah called back desperately. The porch door opened at once, and She came out, hurrying across the garden to the apple tree. Shah's chest fur trembled with the hopeful beating of his heart. His little face, furrowed with hunger, peered down at Her.

'Shah — my foolish! What is it? Come down! Come, Shah, *dinner!*'

Shah did n't wail, this time. He squalled, pink mouth wide, ears back.

Sadie stared but said nothing.

'Come, Shah! Dinner!'

'Eee-yow!' Shah screamed, clinging to his branch. His emptiness roared in his ears.

After a time She went away.

The brown tree shadows slowly deepened to blue and a chill crept into the air. Shah wrapped his tail around him for warmth. The leaves hung motionless, and the robins, with a final twitter, swooped away. Sadie was a motionless black lump. In the west the wings of the sunset trailed scarlet across a lemon-yellow sky, and the breath of the fields was a white mist. Lights came on in Shah's house.

Something moved in the gloom below. She had returned — with a ladder. Shah mewed hysterically, peeking over his branch. The ladder scraped against the tree trunk and was still, but the tree shook a little, and Her voice came nearer, speaking to Shah. At the sound of it Sadie uncoiled and stretched upward, swift and black. Shah heard the lovely crunch as her teeth met in the

fish head. Unseen leaves rustled violently, higher up. Shah followed instantly.

His heart sank as he climbed, for Her voice was suddenly angry. '*Bad!*' it said. But he went on up, little and orange and determined.

Sadie had settled down again, beside the fish head. There was no comfortable place for Shah and he was forced to lie upward along a branch and hold with his claws.

After a moment he looked down. She was on the ground again, and taking away the ladder in an unpleasant silence. Then Her feet swished across the grass. The kitchen door was a sudden oblong of light — then darkness.

The first stars were flaring above him when Shah heard, far in the distance, the terrifying wail of a fire siren. It grew louder every second. All the doors of his house opened and there was running in the driveway. Out in the road passing cars drew hastily to one side with a squealing of brakes; there was more running, and a babel of voices.

Two long cones of light swept down the highway and the screaming wail came with them. They swung ponderously at the driveway entrance and crept in, drawing behind them something long, and high, and red. It clattered. The wailing died away to a whine and ceased. An engine throbbed — stopped. In the silence Her voice spoke, alone, apologetic.

There was laughter, and more clattering. The cones of light moved, turned, and focused on the suddenly golden tree. Shah's claws almost lost their grip.

People tramped across the grass carrying another ladder, very long, very red. Other people made a semicircle of grinning faces on the edge of the light.

The ladder reared into the air and grew longer and longer. It squeaked, and Shah's ears pricked forward nervously. His eyes widened in terror as the uppermost prongs of it reached a level

with his face and remained there, not resting against anything. A dark shape in a glaring red hat detached itself from the group below and began to mount the ladder, which swayed. The figure came steadily higher, nearer and nearer to the paralyzed Shah. It said something to the people below in a voice quite like George's — a definite bark — and the ladder squeaked again.

Just over Shah's head there was a stealthy, frightened movement. It was very slight, but Shah heard it and looked up. Sadie's branch was empty! She had gone only the night knew where — and she had left the fish head behind!

Everything else was forgotten. Shah was a whirlwind among the leaves.

When a large masculine hand closed on the scruff of his neck he scarcely knew it. Crisp brownness filled his mouth, pricked his throat until his eyes bulged, drowned his nostrils with its exquisite pungency. His teeth met in crackling succulence. His ecstatic purr was strained through scales and delicious, crumbling bones.

Shah came down the ladder dangling from the hand, not hearing the cheers which burst the darkness. Into the circle of light Her hands reached to take him — Her dear hands that understood. He nestled into them, exhausted but trusting.

One of Her fingers touched his treasure gingerly. Her eyes were close, peering. Her voice said: —

'Good heaven! A *fish head!*'

There was a pause during which Shah's round eyes looked up at Her happily, glistening with pride.

'So that was it!' She said at last. And She laughed — an odd, quavering little laugh. Shah was lifted suddenly and held close under Her chin, and together they went away, out of the blinding light, to the warm shelter of the kitchen.

The fish head was buried in the hollow of Her neck — safe at last.

PLANNING IN AN ECONOMY OF ABUNDANCE

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

ALTHOUGH all the known examples of the species have had their origin in war or hold as their objective the preparation for war, it is widely believed that a collectivist order could be organized for peace and for plenty. 'It is nonsense,' says Mr. George Soule, in *A Planned Society*, 'to say that there is any physical impossibility of doing for peace purposes the sort of thing we actually did for war purposes.' If the state can organize for war, why can it not organize for peace and plenty? If it can mobilize against a foreign enemy, why not against poverty, squalor, and the hideous social evils that attend them?

It is plain enough that a dictated collectivism is necessary if a nation is to exert its maximum military power: very evidently its capital and labor must not be wasted on the making of luxuries; it can tolerate no effective dissent or admit that men have any right to the pursuit of private happiness. No one can dispute that. The waging of war must be authoritarian and collectivist. The question we must now consider is whether a system which is essential to the conduct of war can be adapted to the civilian ideal of peace and plenty. Can this form of organization, historically associated with military purposes and necessities, be used for the general improvement of men's condition? It is a critical ques-

tion. For in answering it we shall be making up our minds whether the hopes invested in the promises of the collectivists are valid, and therefore entitled to our allegiance.

We must remind ourselves again, not only why collectivism is necessary in war, but why war is so favorable to collectivism. In wartime the political conditions fix the 'imperatives' which Mr. Stuart Chase lays down in *The Economy of Abundance*: 'the scrapping of outworn political boundaries [*vide* Belgium, Greece, and the neutrals] and of constitutional checks and balances, where the issues involved are technical [*sic*]; centralization of government; the overhead planning and control of economic activity.' Under the system of centralized control without constitutional checks and balances, the war spirit identifies dissent with treason, the pursuit of private happiness with slackerism and sabotage, and, on the other side, obedience with discipline, conformity with patriotism. Thus at one stroke war extinguishes the difficulties of planning, cutting out from under the individual any moral ground as well as any lawful ground on which he might resist the execution of the official plan. The dissenter, the conscientious objector, the indifferent and the discontented, have no rights which anyone is bound to respect, and if they are

dealt with leniently it is because the war administrators have scruples or regard the opposition as negligible. In the degree of their interference with the prosecution of the war, they have no more standing against military authority than has been enjoyed by the victims of Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler. The polite name for all this has been found by Mr. Soule, who puts first among 'the lessons from our war planning' and names as one of the four basic conditions, if we are to plan successfully for peace, that 'we must have an objective which can arouse general loyalty and enthusiasm.'

War easily provides such an objective, and it is incomparably suited to the creation of a collective sentiment in which all lesser purposes are submerged. For the sentiment is specific and intelligible to everyone. The cry that the enemy is at the gates, even the cry that beyond the deserts and mountains of Africa lies the promised land, can be understood by all. This is a very different thing from blowing the bugles and summoning the people to the abundant life to be achieved by 'capacity operation of its plant, on the balanced load principle.' Anyone can imagine an enemy and hate him; but the concept of an abundant life is merely the beginning of an interminable argument. This is the reason, based on a deep psychological necessity, why the socialist propaganda has always relied more upon an appeal to class war than upon the vision of a socialist society, why the effective leaders from Marx to Lenin have always derided as 'unscientific' and 'utopian' any detailed concern with the nature of a socialist society. Their intuition has surely been sound. For it is the war spirit that most readily imposes unanimity for collective action among masses of men. When men are at peace, they have an incorrigible

tendency (if you like collectivism), a noble tendency (if you dislike it), to become individuals.

For reasons of this sort, war provides an excellent climate for the administration of a planned economy. It is no less favorable to the planners when they face the crucial problem of deciding what specifically they will plan for. 'We must have,' says Mr. Soule, 'an objective which is capable of being so concretely defined that it can decide questions as to how much we need to produce and in what order of importance the requirements are to be arranged.' In wartime, or when a nation is totally committed to preparation for war, Mr. Soule's planners go to the general staff for a schedule of war machines, ammunition, fuel, and spare parts, uniforms, food, and medical supplies, barracks and the transportation needed in order to train, equip, and supply an army of a specified size. With the demands of the general staff before them, they can take an inventory of their available supplies of men, materials, and technical skill. They can estimate the indispensable requirements of the civilian population. From these more or less known factors the planners can calculate the proportions and the priorities in the expenditure of men and materials and money.

II

An overhead planning and control of economic activity is feasible because the plan is calculable. It is calculable because there is a specific purpose to be achieved, the supply of a military force of known size with known requirements out of known resources, and to this concrete objective all other needs must conform. The planners know definitely what goods are needed and in what amount. There is no problem of how much can be sold. There is only the problem of how much can be produced.

There is no worry about the varying tastes of voluntary consumers; the consumer is rationed. There is no such thing as a choice of occupation; labor is conscripted. Thus, though war economies are notoriously inefficient, they can be administered by the method of overhead planning and control because, theoretically at least, there are no unknown factors, and there can be no resistance; it is possible, therefore, to calculate the relation of the means to the end and execute a plan whether people like it or not.

It is from military planning of this sort that all directed economies have derived their basic principles. One has only to examine their subsidies to agriculture, their policies in respect to the import of raw materials, the strategic design of their capital investment, — as, for example, the Magnitogorsk-Kuznetsk Combine in Russia, the Italian ‘battle of wheat,’ or Dr. Schacht’s management of German foreign trade, — to see that military considerations supply the directives of the planning. Like their predecessors in wartime, these politically managed economies are not planned initially by Dr. Schacht’s office or its Italian equivalent or by the Russian Gosplan. These civilian planning bodies take their orders both for their objectives and for the specifications for attaining them from a higher authority — the general staff.

Without such specific directives it would be impossible to plan. Yet in the popular discussion of planning this crucial point is rarely appreciated, and it is naively assumed that the planning boards determine the character of the plan. They can no more do that than an architect can plan a building until he is informed whether it is to be a church, a factory, a tenement, a garage, or a gambling casino. Even when he knows that, he has to be told whether the church is to be a cathedral or a

mosque, whether the garage is to hold one Ford or a fleet of omnibuses. If he knows what is wanted he can plan a building. But no planning can tell him what is wanted. That decision must come from someone higher up than the planner: in a society it must come from the sovereign.

The question whether an economy can be planned for abundance, for the general welfare, for the improvement of the popular standard of life, comes down, therefore, to the question of whether concepts of this sort can be translated into orders for particular goods which are as definite as the ‘requisitions’ of a general staff. An objective like ‘the general welfare’ has to be defined as specific quantities of specific goods — so many vegetables, so much meat, this number of shoes, neckties, collar buttons, aspirin tablets, frame houses, brick houses, steel buildings. Unless this can be done there will not exist the primary schedule of requirements from which to calculate the plan. The general staff can tell the planner exactly how much food, clothing, ammunition, it needs for each soldier. But in time of peace who shall tell the planners for abundance what they must provide?

III

The answer given by Mr. Lewis Mumford, in *Technics and Civilization*, is that ‘a normal standard of consumption’ can be defined by biologists, moralists, and men of cultured taste; that the goods necessary to support it can be ‘standardized, weighed, measured’; that they should be supplied to all members of the community. He calls this ‘basic communism.’ It is not quite clear to me whether he believes that the goods listed in this normal standard are to be furnished as they are to soldiers out of a public commissariat or whether he proposes to guarantee

everyone a basic money income sufficient to buy a 'normal' quantity of goods. If he has in mind the providing of rations of standard goods, then, of course, he has considerable confidence in his ability to determine what is good for the people, small respect for their varied tastes, and an implied willingness to make them like what they ought to like. Conceivably this could be done. But I should suppose it could be done only under the compulsion of necessity: that is, if goods were so scarce that the choice lay between the official ration and nothing. On the other hand, if he has in mind a guaranteed minimum income which may be spent freely, then he has no way of knowing whether the consumers will have his own excellent tastes, and go to the stores demanding what he thinks they should demand. But if they do not wish to buy what he would like them to buy, then his planners are bound to find that there is a scarcity of some goods and a glut of others.

The difficulty of planning production to satisfy many choices is the rock on which the whole conception founders. We have seen that in military planning this difficulty does not exist. It is the insurmountable difficulty of civilian planning, and although advocates like Mr. Mumford, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Soule have never, I think, faced it squarely, they are not unaware that it exists. They show that they are troubled because they denounce so vehemently the tastes of the people and the advertising which helps to form those tastes. They insist that the people have foolish and vulgar desires, which may be true enough, and that altogether better standards, simpler, more vital, more æsthetic, and more hygienic, ought to replace them. I agree. But I do not see how the purification of the public taste is to be worked out by a government commission. I can see how and why the general

staff can decide how soldiers should live under martial discipline; but I cannot see how any group of officials can decide how a civilian population shall live nobly and abundantly.

For the fundamental characteristic of a rising standard of life is that an increasing portion of each man's income is spent on unessentials; it is applied, in other words, to things in which preference rather than necessity is the criterion. If all income had to be spent on the absolute necessities of life, the goods required would be few in number and their production could readily be standardized into a routine. Now it should be noted that all known examples of planned economy have flourished under conditions of scarcity. In the war economies of 1914-1918, in the collectivist régimes in Russia, Italy, and Germany, the supply of necessary goods has never been equal to the demand. Under such conditions, as during a siege or a famine, the communist principle is not only feasible but necessary. But as productivity rises above the level of necessity the variety of choice is multiplied; and as choice is multiplied the possibility of an overhead calculation of the relation between demand and supply diminishes.

IV

We may approximate an idea of the order of magnitudes in this field by remembering that during the year 1929 the American people spent approximately ninety billion dollars. I have sought in vain to find even a loose estimate of how many different kinds of goods and services they bought. But one can obtain some sense of their infinite variety by thinking of the goods offered for sale in a big department store, by glancing at the names of the corporations listed on the stock exchanges, by thumbing through a city directory and a telephone book, by

looking at mail-order catalogues and the help-wanted columns and the advertisements in the newspapers. The variety of goods and services offered in the markets of America defies description. Now, of the ninety billions spent, some twenty billions went into the purchase of food. This meant a highly varied diet. But even assuming that food is the most nearly calculable of human necessities, the one that can, by simplifying the public bill of fare, be rationed successfully among large bodies of men, there would have remained in 1929 variable expenditures of about seventy billions.

By what formula could a planning authority determine which goods to provide against the purchases of thirty million families with seventy billions of free spendable income? The calculation is not even theoretically possible. For, unless the people are to be deprived of the right to dispose of their incomes voluntarily, anyone who sets out to plan American production must first forecast how many units of each commodity the people would buy, not only at varying prices for that commodity, but in all possible combinations of prices for all commodities.

Within limits, some narrow and others almost indefinitely elastic, more articles of one sort will be bought at a low price than at a high price. Let us suppose, then, that the planning authority wishes to make a five-year plan for the production of automobiles, and that by means of the familiar mathematical curves used by economists it determines that at \$500 a car the people will buy ten million new cars in five years. The planners could then calculate the amount of steel, wood, glass, leather, rubber, gasoline, oil, pipe lines, pumps, filling stations, needed to manufacture and service that many additional automobiles. This would be theoretically feasible. The problem would not differ essentially from planning

to supply an army; the industrial system would be planned to produce ten million automobiles. There would be a single, specific quantitative objective as the premise of the plan. But such a planned economy would be for monomaniacs.

So let us suppose that the authority has also to plan the construction of houses. The task immediately becomes more complicated. For now it is no longer possible to stop at determining how many houses the people will buy at, let us say, \$3000 a piece. It is necessary also to decide how they will choose, and in what proportions, between a new car at \$500 and a new house at \$3000. With cheap houses available, some will prefer them to cars; others will prefer cheap cars to houses. The planners would have to predict the choice. They would then find, of course, that since houses also require steel, wood, glass, they would have to recalculate the plan drawn up when they had only automobiles in mind.

But that would not be the end of their difficulties. For there would be a party saying that housing is more important or, as Mr. Mumford would put it, more vital than joy-riding; that therefore cars should cost 20 per cent more, or \$600, and houses 20 per cent less, or \$2400. The planners would have to consult an oracle; they could have no objective criterion by which to determine whether freedom of movement or stability of residence was more conducive to an abundant life. But suppose they listened to Mr. Mumford, and agreed to raise the price of cars and reduce the price of houses. Everything would have to be recalculated and replanned. For now there would have to be less rubber imported, but more cement produced domestically; there would have to be less filling-station equipment and more bathroom fixtures.

In line with the decision to favor a

settled as against a nomadic way of life, many other activities would have to be replanned. There would probably be more demand for radios and carpet slippers, less for movies and roadside eating places. The state would either have to provide more subways and buses to take the man of the family to work, the woman to the market, and the child to school, or have to move factories, shopping centres, and schools nearer to the home. The authority would have to calculate these shifting demands correctly in order to do away with the chaos and waste of competitive individualism. It would require some mighty arithmetic. As a matter of fact, a regiment of Einsteins could not make the calculation, because the problem is inherently incalculable. For even if we make the fantastic hypothesis that the planning authority could draw up reliable estimates of what the demand would be in all combinations of prices, for all the thousands of articles that Americans buy, there is still no way of deciding which schedule would fit the people's conception of the most abundant life.

Out of all the possible plans of production some schedule would have to be selected arbitrarily. There is absolutely no objective and universal criterion by which to decide between better houses and more automobiles, between pork and beef, between the radio and the movies. In military planning one criterion exists: to mobilize the most powerful army that national resources will support. That criterion can be defined by the general staff as so many men with such and such equipment, and the economy can be planned accordingly. But civilian planning for a more abundant life has no definable criterion. It can have none. The necessary calculations cannot, therefore, be made, and the concept of a civilian planned economy is not merely administratively imprac-

ticable; it is not even theoretically conceivable. The conception is totally devoid of meaning, and there is, speaking literally, nothing in it.

V

The primary factor which makes civilian planning incalculable is the freedom of the people to spend their income. Planning is theoretically possible only if consumption is rationed. For a plan of production is a plan of consumption. If the authority is to decide what shall be produced, it has already decided what shall be consumed. In military planning that is precisely what takes place: the authorities decide what the army shall consume and what of the national product shall be left for the civilians. No economy can, therefore, be planned for civilians unless there is such scarcity that the necessities of existence can be rationed. As productivity rises above the subsistence level, free spending becomes possible. A planned production to meet a free demand is a contradiction in terms and as meaningless as a square circle.

It follows, too, that a plan of production is incompatible with voluntary labor, with freedom to choose an occupation. A plan of production is not only a plan of consumption, but a plan of how long and where the people shall work, and what they shall work at. By no possible manipulation of wage rates could the planners attract to the various jobs precisely the right number of workers. Under voluntary labor, particularly with consumption rationed and standardized, the unpleasant jobs would be avoided and the good jobs overcrowded. Therefore the inevitable and necessary complement of the rationing of consumption is the conscription of labor, either by overt act of law or by driving workers into the undesirable jobs by offering them starvation as

the alternative. This is, of course, exactly what happens in a thoroughly militarized state.

The conscription of labor and the rationing of consumption are not to be regarded as transitional or as accidental devices in a planned economy. They are the very substance of it. To make a five-year plan of what a whole nation shall produce is to determine how it shall labor and what it shall receive. It can receive only what the plan provides. It can obtain what the plan provides only by doing the work which the plan calls for. It must do that work or the plan is a failure; it must accept what the plan yields in the way of goods or it must do without.

All this is perfectly understood in an army or when in wartime a whole nation is in arms. The civilian planner cannot avoid the rationing and the conscription, for they are the very essence of his idea. There is no escape. If the people are free to reject the rations, the plan is frustrated; if they are free to work less or at occupations other than those prescribed, the plan cannot be executed. Therefore their labor and their standards of living have to be dictated by the planning board or by some sovereign power superior to the board. In a militarized society that sovereign power is the general staff.

But who, in a civilian society, is to decide what is to be the specific content of the abundant life? It cannot be the people deciding by referendum or through a majority of their elected representatives. For if the sovereign power to pick the plan is in the people, the power to amend it is there also at all times. A plan subject to change from month to month or even from year to year is not a plan; if the decision has been taken to make ten million cars at \$500 and one million suburban houses at \$3000, the people cannot change their minds a year later, scrap the machinery to make the cars,

abandon the houses when they are partly built, and decide to produce instead skyscraper apartment houses and underground railroads.

There is, in short, no way by which the objectives of a planned economy can be made to depend upon popular decision. They must be imposed by an oligarchy of some sort, and that oligarchy must, if the plan is to be carried through, be without responsibility in matters of policy. Individual oligarchs might, of course, be held accountable for breaches of the law just as generals can be court-martialed. But their policy can no more be made a matter of continuous accountability to the voters than the strategic arrangements of the generals can be determined by the rank and file. The planning board or their superiors have to determine what the life and labor of the people shall be.

Not only is it impossible for the people to control the plan, but, what is more, the planners must control the people. They must be despots who tolerate no effective challenge to their authority. Therefore civilian planning is compelled to presuppose that somehow the despots who climb to power will be benevolent — that is to say, will know and desire the supreme good of their subjects. This is the implicit premise of all the books which recommend the establishment of a planned economy in a civilian society. They paint an entrancing vision of what a benevolent despotism could do. They ask — never very clearly, to be sure — that somehow the people should surrender the planning of their existence to ‘engineers,’ ‘experts,’ and ‘technologists,’ to leaders, saviors, heroes. This is the political premise of the whole collectivist philosophy: that the dictators will be patriotic or class-conscious, whichever term seems the more eulogistic to the orator. It is the premise, too, of the whole philosophy of regulation by the state, currently

regarded as progressivism. Though it is disguised by the illusion that a bureaucracy accountable to a majority of voters, and susceptible to the pressure of organized minorities, is not exercising compulsion, it is evident that the more varied and comprehensive the regulation becomes, the more the state becomes a despotic power as against the individual. For the fragment of control over the government that one man exercises through his vote is in no effectivesense proportionate to the authority exercised over him by the government.

Benevolent despots might indeed be found. On the other hand, they might not be. They may appear at one time; they may not appear at another. The people, unless they choose to face the machine guns on the barricades, can take no steps to see to it that benevolent despots are selected and the malevolent cashiered. They cannot select their despots. The despots must select themselves, and, no matter

whether they are good or bad, they will continue in office so long as they can suppress rebellion and escape assassination.

Thus, by a kind of tragic irony, the search for security and a rational society, if it seeks salvation through political authority, ends in the most irrational form of government imaginable — in the dictatorship of casual oligarchs, who have no hereditary title, no constitutional origin or responsibility, who cannot be replaced except by violence. The reformers who are staking their hopes on good despots, because they are so eager to plan the future, leave unplanned that on which all their hopes depend. Because a planned society must be one in which the people obey their rulers, there can be no plan to find the planners: the selection of the despots who are to make society so rational and so secure has to be left to the insecurity of irrational chance.

In the next number Mr. Lippmann will discuss the collectivism which has been gradually adopted by democratic states. — THE EDITORS

IN THE TIME OF CHANGE

ALL things must change: the vision pass,
The shadow lengthen on the grass,
The ship go down behind the sun,
The passion of the heart be done.
The flower droops: we cannot stay
The lovely miracle of May.

But in the time of change, a rare
Illumination fills the air.
There is a shift, a holy pause
Between what is and what once was.
The senses quicken with delight;
The scene grows pure upon the sight.
Our fixity is lost; the eyes
Look out with passionless surprise,
And in that instant we may see
The shape of an eternity.

THEODORE ROETHKE

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

BY WILSON FOLLETT

‘It is of vital importance that we should be able to distinguish between growth and decay. For the difference between growth and decay in language there is fortunately a convenient test, and that test is meaning, the purpose for which language was originally invented.’

— LORD DUNSANY

I

THE beloved Dean Briggs, when teaching teachers, used to remind his hearers that young boys grow somewhat as colts do, ‘one end at a time’ — a remark which he repeated for his readers in a wise and unconventional little book, *College Life*. The saying applies with equal aptness to some other young and growing things, and preëminently to the vital language which we inherit.

For the English tongue, looked at in one way, is still in the formative gristle of its youth. It alone of the world’s languages is making rapid and prodigious gains in all parts of the world. When Shakespeare was born, English was spoken by few if any more than 4,000,000 persons — about the population of New Jersey — and by many of them it was spoken in dialectal forms so various that groups living thirty miles apart could hardly understand each other’s speech. Two centuries later English was spoken, and spoken with general intelligibility, by more than that number in England’s North American colonies alone. To-day, less than another two centuries later, English is either a native or an acquired language of close to 200,000,000 persons — nearly twice as many as use its nearest competitor among the Western tongues. Manifestly it is in process of

becoming *the* international language. In still another two centuries, at the present rate, a working knowledge of English can hardly be much short of universal. We who speak it to-day are heirs, but we are also ancestors.

It is not to be imagined that this future increase can take place, any more than the past increase has done, without noticeable changes throughout the structure and vocabulary of the language. These changes, in so far as they serve the ends of mutual intelligibility, will be growth, and they will prove once more the seemingly unlimited capacity of English for the renewal of its youth.

But in so far as they fail to serve that end of intelligibility they will be decay. And in some particulars English is observably decaying even while it grows. Young it may be, but it is old enough to exhibit both processes going on at once. It is decaying in the precise sense of the motto which I have borrowed from Lord Dunsany: that is, by the test of meaning, the purpose of language. And it is decaying as it has grown, one end at a time. Specific abuses of the language spring up everywhere at once for no decipherable reason and rage like epidemics for a period of years or decades. Every

period develops its own characteristic vagaries in the use of English. They spread unchecked until they are as inescapable as a fashionable piece of slang or the season's newest popular tune.

II

The *New York Times*, take it month in and month out, is about the best edited and the most nearly proofread of the larger metropolitan dailies in these States. As such a paper, it is constantly administering pleasant electric shocks of surprise to the reader who notices not only what is said in print, but also how it is said. One of these gratifying little surprises turns up in 'The News of the Week in Review,' issue of August 9, 1936, in the summary of the third week of civil war in Spain. It occurs in a passing reference to 'one of the few uncensored dispatches that have come from that section of rebellion-torn Spain which is controlled by the government' — a piece of English at which I, for one, stare with astonishment and almost with incredulity.

You notice nothing especially odd or noteworthy about it? Then you must be one of those fortunate and equable persons who, while they read, are plagued by no borrowed troubles or ulterior associations. There is, I assure you, something very remarkable about the locution which I have quoted (and of which, incidentally, I have inserted an exact parallel in the sentence preceding this one). What is remarkable about it is that *it is grammatically correct* — a technical old-fashioned way of asserting that it says exactly what it means.

Look back at the quotation for a moment. Focus your attention on the bearings of the word 'have.' 'One of the few uncensored dispatches that *have* come . . . ' There are fifty chances to one, possibly fifty chances to a fraction of one, that this quite correct

plural 'have' was first written as an incorrect singular 'has.' That it was not finally so printed in the *Times* must strike the observant as a rhetorical marvel of its week. It is a phenomenon almost in the class of white blackbirds. For the logical-grammatical construction involved is so commonly mishandled in current American speech and print that no one has a right to anticipate anything but mishandling of it. As an actuary might put it, the normal expectancy of correctness is nil.

Please do not imagine that I am indulging myself in a bit of fantastic exaggeration here, in a lame attempt to be funny. As a wide, miscellaneous, professionally observant reader I am testifying with all sobriety (a) that I sometimes go for weeks without coming upon a single correct specimen of the sort I have quoted from the *Times's* Sunday editorial section, and (b) that when I do find one among the hundreds of corrigenda I never fail to notice it and rub my eyes to make sure. (Such a thing it is to be equipped, or cursed, with the proofreading eye.) Perpend, now: —

In the same week to which I have referred, some twoscore leading anti-New Deal Democrats gathered in Detroit to fulminate a policy for the 1936 presidential campaign. The invitation which brought them was sponsored by a former Governor of Massachusetts, a former Senator of Missouri, a former Secretary of State of the United States, and other notables. It said in part: 'We are agreed . . . that the reëlection of President Roosevelt and his perseverance in his collectivist policies presents [present?] *one of the gravest problems which has [i.e., have] ever confronted the free American citizen.*' (The italics, here and below, are mine except as noted.)

I pick up, after everybody else has laid it down, that overwhelming demonstration of the abiding popular love of life and long novels, *Anthony Ad-*

verse. In Book One, Chapter One, the second sentence, I read: 'To stand south of this ridge looking up at the highway flowing over the skyline is to receive *one of those irrefutable impressions from landscape which requires* [i.e., require] more than a philosopher to explain.'

And here is Philo Vance, the 'puckishly pedantic' amateur detective created a decade ago by S. S. Van Dine (Mr. Willard Huntington Wright). His annual feats of insight have been followed by breathless hundreds of thousands of us. Vance is an Egyptologist, a linguist, a connoisseur of the arts, a general aesthete, an apostle of Oxford culture to the cisatlantic heathen. As a grammarian he carries his puckish pedantry to the extreme of saying: 'There has [not 'have'] been any number of precedents.' He is a perpetual rebuke to every form of mental slovenliness. Well — to *nearly* every form. In that one of the stories which the creator of Vance has chosen as his own favorite the ineffable Philo illuminates the benightedness of the professional sleuth in these words: 'The altered technic of our elusive culprit when dealing with Ada is *one of the things that is* [meaning 'are'] obscure.' Elsewhere he reports: 'It was just beneath one of the racks which *holds* Professor Garden's assortment of chemicals,' (There are several racks of chemicals, as has been previously explained.) And so he speaks in various other contexts, habitually though not invariably.

By the majority vote of what is being printed — a criterion which either Vance or his inventor would be quick to despise — he is quite right to speak so. If you are going to read current writing at all, you are going constantly to read about one of the most beneficial policies that *has* been formulated during the depression, one of the most amazing historical novels that *has* appeared for a generation, one of the few economic

axioms that still *defies* assault, one of those outstanding achievements that *distinguishes* modern surgery, one of those exceptions that *proves* the rule, and so forth and so following. The weekly news magazine *Time* is conspicuously addicted to this particular solecism, though it contains some of the most skillful if mannered reportorial writing now being done in America. You will find instances in almost any issue of the metropolitan dailies, from the *Times* of New York to the *Times* of Los Angeles. You will find them in the *Evening Transcript* of Boston, in Mr. William Allen White's *Emporia Gazette*, and in fact about anywhere you care to look, including some of the most respectable weekly and monthly magazines and many books published by houses supposed to be distinguished for exacting editorial standards. Translators are even prone to introduce this grammatical vagary in rendering passages logically and correctly written in the original — a clear enough demonstration of the clutch the wrong usage has on our way of thinking, or not thinking.

For it is the thinking behind the sentence that is clearly at fault. A Washington political commentator writes: 'This is one of the most crucial dilemmas that *has* [i.e., have] ever confronted the American electorate.' A trifle of analysis would show that he really intends two assertions: (1) Dilemmas have confronted the electorate, and (2) This is one of the most crucial of them. He is describing a plural class (the most crucial dilemmas) and placing the present situation in that class (this is one). The pattern of his thought becomes instantly clear if we recast the sentence thus: 'Of the dilemmas which have confronted the American electorate, this is one of the most crucial.' But does the writer pause for that trifle of analysis? Very seldom. For the most part he leaves it

to you and me, his readers, to sort out the confusion between (1) his plural subject (in this case 'dilemmas that'), which he has left hanging in mid-air by forgetting to give it any verb which can possibly go with it, and (2) his singular subject ('one'), which has stuck in his mind and illogically overridden the other subject's verb in addition to its own. The result is a shining example of what a great rhetorician has called 'words thrown out in a general direction.' When you inspect that result with care you discover that its sole rational meaning is that which you supply for yourself. The words as they stand mean nothing.

III

The error to which we have just been paying our respects seems to be uniquely dominant among the stigmata of our own immediate time — a good enough reason for putting it first and devoting some attention to it.

There are, to be sure, verbal breaches of sense and meaning which occur far more frequently in printed matter of the day; but none that I know of occurs with such stupefying uniformity. It is, for instance, a much more common mistake to use the word 'apparent' (applicable to that which seems true whether it is or not) in place of 'evident' (used of that which both seems to be and is true); but the correct distinction between them is also very common and therefore calls no attention to itself when made. The chance to confuse 'apparent' with 'evident' or 'infer' with 'imply' probably occurs a thousand times while the chance to make the mistake we have dissected is occurring a hundred; but the point is that the first chance is accepted only five hundred times out of the thousand, whereas the second is accepted ninety-nine times out of the hundred. The difference is that between a common locution rather often mishandled and a

not so common one mishandled pretty nearly always. Of the two, it is obviously the second which points to the more serious disintegration of thought, and hence of language.

We have been dealing, in fact, with one of those solecisms which betray (not 'betrays,' if you please) a weak spot in the mind itself — a fault not so much of mere ignorance as of functional atrophy. Speaking in a general way and allowing for exceptions, we can affirm that just that difference exists as a rule between mistakes in the choice of words — diction — and mistakes in the combination of words, or what used to be called grammar. The wrong word most often denotes only a broken link in one's acquired information; but the wrong grammar usually denotes a lack of either intelligence or the will to use intelligence. It is the record of a mental blind spot.

An obvious and frequent exception springs from the attempt to add degrees of comparison to words which, being already absolute in meaning, do not lend themselves to comparison. The commonest such word, no doubt, is 'unique,' properly applicable to that which is deemed to be the only one of its kind. Nevertheless, 'a crime so contradictory, so baffling, so ingenious, so unique,' writes S. S. Van Dine. Nothing can very well be onlier than only. The implacable Ambrose Bierce paid his respects to another such absolute word, 'immortal' — and at the same time said his say about the chronic over-exuberance of many a book reviewer — in his remarks about *The Christian*, Hall Caine's best seller of a quaint forgotten day. *The Christian*, Bierce proclaimed, was regarded by many thousands of his fellow citizens as 'a distinctly immortal work than the immortal-est work of the week immediately preceding the date of its publication.' 'Unparalleled,' 'unexampled,' 'incomparable,' 'omnipotent,' 'omnipresent,'

and 'opposite' are, by their very nature, similarly defiant of logical comparison. 'Singular' is an example of such a word long ago so chipped and defaced by careless handling that it is of virtually no use to a careful writer; that is, one who takes pains to say what he means and seriously desires to be understood. 'Singular' has come to mean anything from unique (its basic sense) to fairly striking. What debases such words is the lack, not merely of mental furniture, but of a mental process — the same deficit which produces 'bad grammar.'

Both sorts of error represent, of course, linguistic decay. Both, in the degree of their prevalence, turn a spotlight on language at some point where it is tending to slough off meaning. And their prevalence is getting to be a very widespread phenomenon indeed. Also, it is increasing at an unheard-of rate, or so I am admonished by a life-long habit of attentive observation. At no time since English became a fully modern language, with dictionaries and codifiable standards of usage, has there been so high a percentage of slovenliness, laxity, and downright anarchy in its public use.

The appalling per capita production of printed matter increases beyond all possibility of exercising any adequate supervision over more than a tiny fraction of it. A larger and larger share is turned out by incompetents or by competents working in too great haste for care. Copy is ground out by thousands of long tons for reasons which would have made little sense to anyone a short span of history ago — for instance, that newspaper and magazine advertising may have a certain proportion of ostensible reading matter to dilute it. Proofreading becomes a lost science, and editorial standards once taken for granted as the decent minima by every reputable publisher survive to-day in but a few places as brilliant and conspicuous exceptions. It is

still possible to find happy paragraphs, columns, pages, chapters, and whole volumes written in clean, clear English, without a trace of jargon, fumbling, or other debasement; but — the incriminating fact — it is no longer possible to take them for granted or to come upon them without a certain gratified surprise. To produce or to demand sound English means, as never before, to stand fast against the general tendency of the time. The very texts of the English classics are often so carelessly followed in popular reprints that they come to the reader reeking with corruptions. No one is supposed to notice, and, as a matter of fact, hardly anyone protests.

If at this juncture you will glance back to the excellent motto at the head of these paragraphs, you may find yourself looking down a long, lighted vista of reasons why it is well for it to be there.

IV

Inspect at random a few typical consequences of what it costs the language to teach it to a whole generation of its users on the system of leaving out its entire underpinning of concrete, teachable facts and principles.

How long is it since you have encountered the expression 'the lion's share' in the only meaning which makes a grain of sense? The lion in the fable took all there was to take, according to the inveterate nature of lions. But when we see the phrase in print to-day it is ten to one that we construe it as meaning merely the larger share, or anything over half. A recent volume of miscellaneous information (*Uncommon Knowledge*, by George W. Stimpson) listed 'the lion's share' in its legitimate meaning, and a reviewer in the *New York Times Book Review* cited the item as a fascinating oddity. There you have the perfect obituary of a once useful and vivid allusion.

Perhaps we cannot insist that the young shall not go through the eighth grade until someone has rubbed their noses in the world's classic fables. But why should eight, twelve, or sixteen years of schooling produce a graduate still capable of breezy familiarities with lions he is not acquainted with? It should be second nature to him not to allude at all without knowing what it is that he alludes to. If his education in English has not done that for him, one may reasonably ask what, then, it has done and wherein it is entitled to the name of education.

Common on editorial pages and elsewhere are references to a dilemma described as being 'between the devil and the deep,' to which, as often as not, the words 'blue sea' are added. In most minds there is probably evoked the image of a monster with horns, barbed tail, and devil's pitchfork; in fact, pert writers often play such knowing variations on the phrase as 'between His Satanic Majesty and the cerulean profound.' A popular author, Mr. Arthur Somers Roche, wrote a serial story entitled *The Devil to Pay*, and a Hollywood corporation bought the title to use with an entirely different story. In both connections it was intended to have, and no doubt did have for most persons, the same innocuously profane suggestion. 'The devil to pay' is mostly used to point to untoward consequences; it has about the same force as 'a peck of trouble.' Sometimes it is rendered as 'hell to pay' — which is supposed to be more vigorous, but is really the most grotesque of mistranslations. For this 'devil' has no connection at all with hell, and 'pay' is not the verb we meet in the phrase 'to pay the piper.' 'Pay' is Old French *peier*, Latin *picare*, and it means to smear with pitch, to seal with tar and oakum, or the like. 'Devil' is nothing more infernal than a seam, peculiarly difficult of access and peculiarly subject to

leaks, along the waterline of a wooden vessel's hull. The full nautical expression is 'the devil to pay and no pitch hot.' It signifies, not unpleasant impending consequences at all, but an already hopeless situation — a virtual impossibility, like having to make bricks without straw. A close enough translation would be: 'It has got to be done, but there is no way of doing it.' Similarly, 'between the devil and the deep' means, not a dilemma or choice of evils, but a desperate predicament. The man is already overboard and drowning.

Language of nautical origin seems, indeed, uncommonly liable to perversion when fetched ashore, especially if it dates from the era of wooden ships and iron men. 'Knot' is used at least half the time, even by ship reporters, as if it were a unit of distance; 'The speed was reduced to seventeen *knots an hour*,' we constantly read. But the knot is essentially a *rate of speed per hour*. (Any description of the old-fashioned log line in a nautical glossary will tell you precisely how and why it became so.) Saying 'seventeen knots an hour' is like saying 'seventeen per cent per hundred.'

Landlubbers continue to 'cast' two-ton anchors — good Scriptural English, but a relic of the time when most vessels were so small that their mud hooks could be tumbled overside by hand. (See 'Emblems of Hope,' in Conrad's *Mirror of the Sea*.) Modern anchors are simply 'let go.' There is also a picturesque quasi-nautical saying, used to characterize any cramped space, 'not room enough to swing a cat.' Dickens based a famous humoristic passage on a landlubber's misapprehension of 'cat.' He succeeded so amazingly that the misapprehension is now all but universal. Probably few but seamen hear the phrase without visualizing a feline animal held by the hind legs. The sort of cat intended was,

of course, that which has not nine lives but nine tails.

Again, in 1935 when Mr. Sopwith's *Endeavour* was raising an old international issue with the *Rainbow*, we were treated in at least two great metropolitan dailies to the spectacle of expert special writers repeatedly calling the starboard tack the port tack and vice versa. It is perhaps natural enough for the landlubber to think that a vessel beating under sail is on the starboard tack when she is headed to starboard of the wind; but, alas for intelligent conjecture, it was decided by seamen centuries ago the other way about. She is on the starboard tack when the wind is to starboard of her — that is, when she is going to port of it.

Vice versa itself, by the way, is subject to some fairly queer mismanagement. (E.g., 'The company may either take up the option or *vice versa*' — which means, presumably without intending to, that the company may take up the option or the option may take up the company.) But probably the most curious fate which has overtaken any of the Anglo-Latin expressions is that of *reductio ad absurdum*. Let it not be said that such phrases, being Latin, have nothing to do with the correct use of English. They are indeed Latin, but they are also English; and *reductio ad absurdum* is the one clear, terse, standard designation in English for a certain indispensable logical process, a method of proof.

As everyone with a smattering of plane geometry knows, *reductio ad absurdum* is the formula which names all the logical possibilities of a given case and then disproves all but one of them, which one, being insusceptible of disproof, must be the truth. *Reductio ad absurdum* is, then, reduction to a surd — that is, to the irreducible. But it is oftenest warped, by reason of a false verbal association, to mean 'reduction to an absurdity.' It has, in

fact, been so often subjected to that distortion as actually to be listed in Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with that meaning and no other. It is commonly misapplied to the process of showing that statements are self-contradictory or mutually destructive, and hence absurd and untrue. But the *reductio ad absurdum*, properly so-called, is a reduction not to nonsense but to sense. It is a method of ascertaining truth, not of ridiculing error.

Even this wresting of a good locution from a useful purpose is outdone by the popular treatment of another quasi-proverbial piece of Latin, *Exceptio probat regulam* — 'The exception proves the rule.' The meaning of 'proves' here is, of course, that of the Apostle when he adjures us to prove (that is, test, search, weigh, appraise) all things and hold fast that which is good. A less ambiguous rendering for modern purposes would be 'The exception tests the law' or 'The test of a law is whether it has exceptions.' In other words, the supposed law which turns out to have valid exceptions is no valid law. (Note in passing that the modern newspaper-headline use of 'probe' has almost exactly revived the sense of its Latin original, *probo*.) But the saying has been stood squarely on its head as a result of confusing the older, primary meaning of 'prove' with its later, more familiar secondary meaning of attest, confirm, establish. Result: a generation which actually believes that laws derive a sort of mysterious extra sanction from being violated — that a rule is hardly worth its salt unless one can adduce a few lawless phenomena which fail to conform to it.

This way of blurring clear issues has infected the mental life of our time at a hundred points besides our shiftless irresponsibility about language. The only cure is some form of educational discipline capable of escorting a whole generation of us at once out of the

muddled state in which exceptions confirm the rule and into the lucid state in which they shatter it.

V

The foregoing handful of expressions are strictly typical of an enormous class, and they represent what is being done to our language on a colossal scale. Every one of them has a basic meaning which is clear-cut, sensible, useful, and, one might almost say, inherently inevitable. This basic meaning is in every instance entirely communicable by teacher to pupil, by writer to reader, by speaker to audience — by anyone who happens to know to anyone who happens not to. Yet every one of the expressions cited has been wrested with wanton carelessness from the meaning which it fits like a new glove and forced on to some opposite meaning which it fits like a stolen coat. And our official mentors in English as a professional group have done a good deal less to check the damage than the best of them as individuals would have liked to do. The teacher has been for the most part too enmeshed in grandiose theories of his task — theories mostly forced upon him — to find much time or strength for these lowly realities which merely affect the future integrity of the language.

If we are not to look to public education in language for the training of a generation grounded in civilized awareness of clear, cogent English, there is nowhere at all for us to look. But education can never produce this all-important result without committing itself to two basic necessities, both now very much out of fashion. The first is to concentrate its teaching on simple, precise, concrete facts and principles which can actually be taught to everyone who is teachable, with plenty of old-fashioned practical attention to the blunders which are commonly made.

The second, vastly the more important, is to demand throughout the mental attitude which despises all vague half-knowledge as the most insidious and repulsive form of ignorance.

Bring a youngster to the point where it is a mental impossibility for him to parrot 'the lion's share' without instinctively asking himself 'What lion am I talking about, and what was his share?' and you have that youngster essentially educated in his attitude not only toward language but also toward other matters of some importance. You have fortified him in a habit and a principle which will still be with him when he is a journalist, a public speaker, a dictator of business letters, a writer, a teacher in his turn, or simply a citizen whose influence on linguistic standards is that of one belonging to a generation of (we trust) more discriminating consumers. Do that for him, and you can see and measure what you have done and know that it is good. Do it for a school generation, and you can presently read your self-justification in the improved general average of public utterance, printed and spoken.

The schools, in so far as they fail to produce this result, fall short of the very smallest attainment which has any right to be called success, however startling may be their proficiency in coaxing adolescents to have precocious bright thoughts about the ethics of Ibsen. Instruction in English becomes yearly more pretentious, ornate, high-flown, and costly; the general standard of published English becomes yearly more decadent and down-at-heel; and the contradiction seems to strike hardly anyone as odd, incriminating, or even suggestive.

The more advanced liberalists even jeer at Lord Dunsany's distinction between decay and growth. They actually defend and welcome the first as if it were the second. They tell the ob-

jector: 'There is no standard of correctness except the consensus of usage. English has always grown by sloughing off old meanings and constructions and taking on new. More than half its growth has come from popular sources, through the very processes which you classify as ignorant error. Why should we care what a given expression once meant or what some hidebound purist thinks it ought to mean? If practically everybody has adopted a certain way of speech, is not that the best possible argument for using it without apology?' To which question the answer is, of course: 'Not when that certain way of speech happens to destroy without replacing sense and meaning.'

English changes, to be sure; it coins new meanings which replace or supplement the old. 'Resentment,' for instance, meant to Sir Thomas Browne a warmly responsive recognition, and 'resent' had nearly the modern sense of 'appreciate.' That primary meaning has abdicated in favor of a more specific secondary meaning. But the growth brought no confusion, for the new meaning was generally understood before the old one vanished. Writers did not use the word to mean nothing whatever, or not half knowing what they meant, as important educators and publicists use words to-day when they remark airily on exceptions that 'prove' rules, or as the 1936 Republican platform and candidate do when they refer to acts which 'flaunt' (flout?) the Supreme Court. Nonsense does not become sense either by illustrious personal sanction or by wide popular adoption. 'Heat Wave Grips East' would still show the same inherent absurdity, that of saying that a wave is a fist, even if every writer in Christendom should suddenly take to muddling his metaphors.

So long as English is English its legitimate development (which nobody wants to curtail) is bound to take place

within an articulated framework of law and tradition. This framework can be called a set of limitations and a useless interference with evolution by anyone minded to hunt up perverse names for it. (So, for that matter, might the skeleton of the human body be called.) The point is simply that this framework, always slowly changing in details, is there. A subject plural in sense still clamors for a verb plural in form, and meaning is unsatisfied until it gets it. Pronouns demand antecedents and a measure of agreement with them. Metaphors profit just as much by consistency as in Whately's day, or Quintilian's. Literary or historical allusions continue to make sense when based on something, and lunacy when based on nothing or the wrong thing. Words fall short of communication, the purpose of words, when employed on the Wonderland system of making them mean whatever you choose. Nouns and verbs make just as poor adjectives as if the modern newspaper headline had never been devised.

The changes which occur within this framework of idiom and tradition are growth. The changes which ignore or defy it are decay. And the test of tests for any specific change or threat of change continues to be what it has always been: Does it temper and sharpen language as an apt instrument for the expression of meanings, or does it soften and blunt it?

VI

A question of the greatest moment for the times is this: What has the teaching of English been doing with its unparalleled opportunity to make itself count against this alarming erosion of standards?

Why, it has chosen this of all times to cast off its moorings and let itself drift away into a false liberalism, thereby encouraging the very tenden-

cies against which it ought to be making brisk headway. In the existing situation there is just one way in which the teaching of English could give a good account of itself. That way is by bending every energy on the training of a new generation equipped to know good English when it sees it, revolted by the dearth of it, and quick to abet it as both consumers and producers. In no other conceivable fashion can linguistic decay be arrested. The goal is a perfectly practicable as well as an obvious one; but teaching has fallen into the hands of theorists who adopt other views of its function.

English is now more and more an 'inspirational' subject, and most of its professors are ingeniously engaged in supplying lessons in the theory of flight to those who have not yet learned to walk. Pupils who cannot be trusted to give a plural subject a plural verb are now coached in the tricks of dramatic construction, the æsthetics of literary criticism, the canons of the short story, and the composition of free verse, all in the name of 'self-expression.' Exact information which really can be taught is despised as soul-deadening and discarded in favor of subtle discriminations which cannot be taught to most and do not need to be taught to the few.

Grammar, instead of being revitalized as the indispensable science of saying what one wishes to say, is flung out bodily for no better reason than that some pedagogues once taught it as a kind of dismal algebra of language and made it an arid drill in parsing.

The inevitable result is a wholesale production of illiterates with certificates of culture. The liberal idea in education has now been dominant for long enough to bring a generation of American readers and writers from the school-room to active maturity. It is, I think, no mere coincidence that their arrival has been signalized by a general decay of standards in written and spoken thought — a decay the like of which, for rapidity and diffusion, was never seen before.

We pay, and the superb language we inherit pays, a heavy penalty for the fact that, educationally, the American mind has gone soft where it most needs to be hard — that is, in the linguistic and other cultural studies. In more and more classrooms English is treated as a subject about which everything is to be felt and nothing known. Until some force reverses that emphasis, nothing can make an end of the present disastrous confusion between linguistic growth and linguistic decay.

A BOOKSELLER COUNTS HIS BOOKS

BY RICHARD F. FULLER

THE Christmas season is in full swing. The Bookstore is bustling with more visitors than we have in any other fortnight of the year: customers with Christmas lists in their hands surge speculatively from counter to counter. The selling fever has infected our entire staff.

My buyer keeps popping into my upstairs office saying, 'I've had to order five hundred more of *Gone with the Wind*,' or, 'We'll need a hundred more of *Drums along the Mohawk*, and *An American Doctor's Odyssey* is going fast — I'll have to reorder to-morrow.' This constant demand for the best sellers makes me wonder: First, where is the money coming from to pay for all these orders? (Is the depression really over?) Second, what about the fifty thousand other titles we carry in stock? And third, why are we so foolish as to carry those fifty thousand other titles if no one seems to want them?

This led me to make an analysis of our sales. Instead of finding, as I expected, that the majority of our gross sales in dollars is represented by the best sellers, I found a very different story. Of our own list of best sellers, the first six in fiction and the first six in non-fiction represent only from 10 to 15 per cent of our total sales each week. The variation of 10 per cent to 15, one week against another, will depend on whether or not we have had a special campaign on some new leader. I then took the sales of the entire list of best

sellers (some fifty titles) which appear on 'What America Is Reading,' the national chart of best sellers conducted by the *New York Herald Tribune*, and was surprised to discover that the dollar volume of the entire list (of course my six best in fiction and six best in non-fiction were included) represented only 18 per cent of my total sales for that week.

My curiosity next led me to analyze the remaining 82 per cent of sales. I had long known that my Scientific and Medical Department represented about $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total volume; that the Religious Department — which includes, in addition to current religious literature, Bibles, Prayer Books, and Hymnals, and (for some reason which I cannot fathom) maps, guides, globes, and so forth — was good for another 7 per cent. This figure will undoubtedly be increased by the very large sale, which we confidently expect, of *The Bible: Designed To Be Read As Living Literature*. It is interesting that for the first time in our 108 years of bookselling we are now treating the Bible as a new book and reporting it as one of our six best sellers. Unquestionably, if you will now look at the 'What America Is Reading' chart, you will see *The Bible* close to the top.

Periodicals, including subscriptions, amount to another 7 per cent; surprisingly large, perhaps, considering the fact that news stands are so prevalent throughout our city. Probably the sale

of English periodicals not usually found at news stands accounts for this.

Our Rental Libraries produce another 8 per cent of our total volume. The few pennies a day per book do roll up when there are some four thousand titles from which to choose. This department started ten years ago and has grown steadily, taking its licking, of course, as did everything else in the book field because of the depression, but holding its percentage of the total. As a bookseller, I recognize that Rental Libraries may be an economy for the public, but oh, how unfair to the authors when from twenty to forty people get the pleasure and benefit out of one copy and the poor author the royalty on only one copy! Publishers, authors, and booksellers talk about this unfairness, but I fear that, like Mark Twain's 'weather,' nothing will ever be done about it.

Dictionaries alone produce another 2 per cent, the great majority being the G. & C. Merriam publications. Reference books, which include cookbooks (and there are hundreds, with Fanny Farmer well in the lead), produce another 3 per cent.

If my arithmetic is correct, these various classifications, together with the best sellers, account for about 50 per cent of our total volume.

But what of the remaining 50 per cent? We know that publishers spend 90 per cent of their advertising money on less than 10 per cent of their titles. We know that only a few hundred authors out of some ten thousand ever have the pleasure of seeing their books appear on the 'What America Is Reading' chart. We know that the vast majority of titles shown us by the publishers' travelers are purchased by us — not in large quantities, to be sure, but in fives, tens, even occasionally in twenty-fives.

There are several reasons why books do not make the best-seller grade. It

may be that the fashion in books at the moment — and there is just as much fashion in books as in clothes — does not coincide with the time of publication. Sabatini's earlier historical novels, when first published in this country, sold only a few hundred copies each, because there was no 'fashion' for historical novels; but, when the fashion changed, these same titles were re-issued and then sold into five figures. It may be that the reviews are non-committal. This is the worst possible catastrophe that can happen to a book; a slamming review or a difference of opinion by reviewers often increases sales. Or it may be that the publisher had too little faith or too sound business judgment (depending on whether you are the author or the publisher) to spend a lot of money advertising the book.

Again, it may be that the title is wrong. A title hard to remember or to pronounce has killed many a book. A really great book, in my opinion, published a few years ago under the title of *The Old Man Dies*, never reached its deserved market because the public turns away, subconsciously perhaps, from 'Old' or 'Death,' except in a detective novel, and the combination of the two words was just too much. Willa Cather's name is big enough to carry any title, as it did with *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, but — there is only one Willa Cather. It is just in the last few years that 'Murder' could be used successfully in the title of a detective novel.

Or it may be that the publicity is wrong. Every publisher to-day maintains a publicity department whose job is to find ways and means of calling the attention of booksellers, newspapers, and the public to a particular book. Some books and some authors naturally lend themselves to publicity, but, with the terrific competition of at least four times as many titles published

each year as can be properly marketed by the booksellers, publicity departments cannot be expected to ring the bell for very many titles. It may be that the jacket is wrong. Publishers spend much time and money on the jacket with the hope that it will catch the eye of the bookstore browser. Here, again, the competition is tremendous, and a book which receives little or no advertising in the newspapers and magazines, and has a poor jacket, is doomed.

With some ten thousand titles published each year, it is obvious that booksellers cannot give adequate attention to all those which rightly deserve promotion. Publishers and authors complain bitterly at times that if the booksellers were really on their toes many more copies of this or that title could be sold. This is undoubtedly true so far as any one title is concerned, but a bookseller can concentrate, with some degree of success, on only a few titles at a time. This, of course, pleases a few publishers and authors, but naturally produces caustic remarks from those who are not thus favored. If, however, a bookseller concentrates too heavily on a few titles, he finds at the year's end that many titles are no longer salable because their chief sales argument of being 'just published' no longer holds. Because the life span of a book is greatly reduced by the pressure of speed in American living, it is the exceptional book which is not forgotten two months after publication. That terrible date — December 31 — sounds the death knell of 90 per cent of all books published during the year.

Even when new books are published with the right title, jacket, publicity, and in fashion, the ripple they cause does not, in many cases, extend much beyond the author's acquaintances. In some cases a small bookseller will get excited about a book and sell five

times as many copies of that title as will be sold by the large booksellers. Very often we have sold from 5 to 10 per cent of the entire edition of a book (our normal sale would average about 1 per cent) just because it delighted us to the point of special promotion. As nearly as I can tell, these new books which do not become best sellers nevertheless do account for about 40 per cent of our total dollar volume.

The remaining 10 per cent of our sales are the good old standbys which sell year in and year out. Dickens still leads the field of the older writers, although even his popularity, so far as sales are concerned, grows less each year. Kipling sales increased somewhat this past year, probably owing to his death. Hardy is a very steady seller, with his *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* outselling any of his other titles. Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* still retain their popularity. The call for Stevenson is reaching the diminishing point, and the poor bookseller who stocks Meredith has a permanent investment. There is still a constant demand for the poets. In the juvenile field, *Black Beauty*, *Heidi*, *Pinocchio*, and the Alcotts, in their many editions, are safer than government bonds as stock items. *Alice in Wonderland* sells both as a juvenile and as a grown-up, and I am sure that this title, if carried in our Scientific or our Religious Department, would sell even there.

My analysis of sales, however, has restored my confidence that we are on the right track in carrying those fifty thousand other titles; that we are doing our part in the distribution of *all* books; that the book world is not really dominated by best sellers; and, finally, that the vast majority of our authors, who never 'make' the best-seller charts, can find some consolation in the fact that booksellers are still 'carrying on.'

THE MOLE

BY ALAN DEVOE

THE cool earth pressed down upon him, and was under him, and bore upon his tiny flanks. The Mole rested. In the damp darkness he was motionless, save for the twitching of his small snout. With his snout and with his pink tail, like a worm, he apprehended the universe. And with, of course, the little skull holes that were his ears. In this threefold way he knew the world, and it was to him a pungence of roots and a cold darkness, through which now and again a shudder ran. And when this shudder came it was communicated from the earth through the Mole's ear holes and through the nerves of his naked little tail, and he felt an impelling urgency in his thick-toed forefeet and fell to digging with all his might.

The Mole stirred now, under the sod. The earth tunnel was cool, for it was night. In the summer days the tunnel grew hot, hot and airless as an oven, and the Mole dug deep downward in torment. But now in the nights it was cool, and the walls of the earth tunnel were damp. The Mole crouched half erect and swayed from side to side, testing the blackness with his snout, feeling in his small skull a blurred message of discomfort.

To the Mole the message had no meaning. He felt it, so to say, only as a kind of unpeace. In his subterranean universe, which was without sight and without hearing, there were but two states of being, and these were

peace and unpeace. Sensibility of the one state or of the other was the most that that tiny brain mechanism could compass. And now the Mole crouched in the damp tunnel, the claws of his clumsy forefeet working spasmodically, his snout waving and quivering in the darkness, his head full of a misty message of discontent. The Mole was hungry.

The stubby little forefeet began flailing faster now, in a motion like the breast stroke of a swimmer, and a little wake of ridged soil streamed out behind the Mole's pink tail as he labored. His tiny ribs swelled with quick deep breaths of the underground air, and now and again he pawed away adhering crumbs of dirt from his muzzle and gave vent to an infinitesimal sneeze. In unrelenting and furious concentration he bored the earth. Presently he stopped. There was a tremor in the earth. It was no great shudder of the ground, but a vibrance so delicate and tiny that only to the Mole, with his ears pressed against the tunnel wall, could it have been apparent. It was the passing of a beetle.

Faster and faster the Mole worked his legs, until he seemed to move like one of those spasmodic tin monkeys that children jiggle on a stick. In the darkness and silence he quivered with awareness — awareness of what he could not see, of what he could not even hear — awareness that registered simply as a faint, faint pressure on his tym-

panum, filling him with obscure desire. He hunched his thimble-wide shoulders and thrust himself forward into the earth with fierce resolve.

Presently, in a tangle of crab-grass roots, he uncovered the beetle. It was a small black beetle, with orange spots on its wings, and it lay now kicking on its back on the floor of the tunnel. The Mole nuzzled it, unseeing, and held it with his forefeet, and gripped it tightly with his sharp pin-point teeth. Quickly, like a receding tide, the vague aching unpeace departed from the Mole. A blessed content settled upon his small body and permeated it to the tips of his toes and the extremity of his pink tail — such a content as he had felt on that spring day when, tunneling fast and far from home in the grip of an uncomprehended impulse, he had found in the steamy underground beneath the delphinium bed a female of his kind, or such a content as he was wont to know

when, exhausted from tunneling, he fell asleep. These were the apexes of the Mole's life. Unhurriedly now he sat half erect in his soundless world of unending night, nibbling, and full of grave content.

Above him, in the Otherworld, stars shone and moonlight lay across the garden. Hawk moths hovered on dusty wings about the beds of white and crimson phlox. And there was, too, a man in the moonlight. He leaned upon a garden spade, and stared at the sod and at the tortuous ridgings in it. Intently he watched, holding his breath, and then he thrust his spade edge into the earth with a great blow.

And, as the spade edge struck, so slight was the transition, so blurred and uncomprehending the consciousness which it erased, hardly it seemed that death had really happened, under the stars.

TOWN TRIANGLE

BY ALLEN H. WOOD, JR.

AUTOMOBILES rush past it — pedestrians ignore it — tax assessors deprecate it! Hemmed in by modern highways, the Triangle is probably regarded by many as a community disgrace.

Nature allocated this swamp, together with several others, to a territory which eventually became one of Boston's finest suburbs. Other marshy tracts in the district have been blotted up gradually by the advance of civic development; only this three-cornered piece remains. Hands have not changed its natural characteristics. It is the same now as it was when unbroken forest swept across the state, and aborigines snared rabbits and heath hens where now gleam the granite and plate glass of cities.

Trees border the swamp and conceal its wetter parts. Very little of the actual fen is visible to a casual glance, except when the scythe of frost has bared the trees. In winter, strips of ice attract neighborhood children. Otherwise, the remnant of earlier days abides quietly in the midst of houses and traffic.

There is a small group of naturalists who do not consider the swamp undesirable: they are grateful for its presence. They dread the inevitable day when the first steam shovel will belch mephitic smoke across the cat-tails, and destroy a cherished patch of fringed gentians with its clanking jaws — when joe-pye weed, jewelweed, alder, and pine are supplanted by raw, scalped

soil and the lengthening skeletons of Construction. They wonder how long the old chestnut, with its red-shouldered hawk's nest, will stand — and the pine stump which shelters a pair of screech owls each spring.

Not all the swamp is lowland and damp. There are higher sectors where maple and pine grow together, and a small grove of chestnut, now decimated by blight. Two small brooks gurgle through the place. Their view of the sun is restricted to the swamp, for on either side the waters have been confined to prosaic conduits. Wild flowers grow here in abundance, and winds have transported seeds of cultivated plants from near-by gardens. Coreopsis glows in widening patches; foxglove rears tall stalks of pendent bells, and the ubiquitous tiger lily has made its appearance lately. Autumn finds purple boltonia and orange-red helenium matching the brilliance of fall tints in the colorable swamp-maple leaves.

Early in the year, spring green is dusted over the Triangle; a pale yellow-green which is superseded, later, by the heartier jade of fully developed foliage. The swamp is at its wettest. Brooks are bursting with rapid water which surges over banks and wanders gayly through the alders and maples, sucking at their roots with temporary insistence. Last April we discovered the nest of a woodcock at the edge of a large clump of alders where the overflow had been halted by a slight rise. Four dun

eggs, faintly mottled with brown, were in the scraggly structure on the ground. The bird chooses these miasmal spots in which to nest, for the moist soil contains an army of worms — the woodcock's principal dietary item. Progress through the swamp in spring is not always easy. Although rubber boots offer some protection, they soon become weighted with gouts of mud and impede walking. However, the tangy smell of green things growing, the warmth of the new season, and the pleasure of being on the first field trip of the year readily discount attendant inconveniences.

The next discovery was the nest of a white-breasted nuthatch. If the Collector had not seen the bird emerge from a hole, we should have passed without suspecting that a nest was anywhere in the vicinity. The bird makes its home in old woodpecker holes, bird boxes, and sometimes excavates a nest-hole in a decayed post or stump. Here the nuthatch had found a hole at the base of a maple — a cavity that began at ground level and dipped downward. Six pinkish eggs, each with a few speckles of lavender and red, were eight inches below the ground, on a base of shredded bark and feathers. It was fortunate that the overflow had not inundated that part of the swamp, or the hole would have become a miniature well, and the eggs been destroyed.

A pair of hawks were in the chestnut grove. They were repairing the bulky platform which had been their nest for several previous seasons. Within a week the female would take her marital affairs seriously, and lay the first of three large, blotched eggs. Two chickadees had taken possession of an old birch stub which protruded from the water. In its hollowed crown they were packing pine needles and moss, upon which, sometime in May, the small eggs would be cushioned softly. Crows had

eggs in a pine, and as we clumped back to the car we barged into the rootlet-lined nest of a blue jay. The raucous female shattered the swamp's quiet with her harsh cries; we could hear them long after we left the place.

May had been torn from calendars, and the first week of June was ending, before we returned to the Triangle. Now foliage was fully developed, and April freshets had returned to the brooks. No longer did water rush angrily over the banks, but ambled slowly between them, as though reluctant to forsake the gold of the sun and the green of the swamp for perpetual night in the waiting conduits.

Breeding season was at peak. Nests were finished, eggs laid, and males singing in favorite trees. One section of the swamp cradles an acre of goldenrod, tussocks of grass, and ironweed. Various warblers find this spot to their liking. The first nest was that of a chestnut-sided warbler. It was situated in one of the ironweeds. The plant-down and bark-strip cup contained four creamy-white, brown-dotted eggs. The male had been singing near by in a sapling maple. Had we not seen him, we should have classified the song as that of a redstart. This species delights in imitating notes of other warblers, and is an accomplished mimic. In the maple where the warbler had been singing, a redstart had utilized a crotch in which to build her nest. It was seven feet from the ground and held a single egg. The egg was cold and one side of the nest torn. Possibly a house cat had passed recently.

One of the most beautiful birds that breed in the swamp is the golden-winged warbler. Several pairs nest here each June, usually in the goldenrod. Northern yellowthroats nest in the same locale, and sometimes it requires careful examination to distinguish between the two nests. Homes of the goldenwings contain grapevine bark in

the side walls and bottom, and little lining. The nest is bulky for such a small bird. Yellowthroat nests are compacted of finer materials and lined with grasses, hair, or both. Eggs of the two species are similar in many instances.

The field of goldenrod abuts a copse of maple which merges with a thick growth of hardwood and a few conifers. In these woods, perched precariously on the side of a knoll, a huge rock teeters. Some day an earth tremor may dislodge the glacial monolith, and it will plunge savagely into the swamp. A lacy cap of moss and ferns crowns its top; its sides wear a beard of gray lichens and the patina of age. Beneath it we found the nest and eggs of a black and white warbler. The nest was tucked into the ground and composed of interlaced leaves, rootlets, and dried grasses. Fluffy tan fern wool served as a lining. There were four eggs, creamy-white, and peppered with chestnut and lavender. Faint wreaths of purple haloed the larger ends. A jut of the rock sheltered the nest from rain and violent winds. It was a beautiful specimen of bird architecture in an ideal

spot — as long as the imminent downfall of the rock did not take place.

Before we left the swamp, an up-ended quarter moon was pouring pale light on the treetops, and a sleepy thrush just ending its evening song.

July, the fourth of the month, found us in the Triangle again. The swamp was entirely dry and ablaze with flower color. Bird songs were fewer than in June. We found a nest that has remained in our memories as the most exquisite we ever examined. It was the nest of a goldfinch, built around the stalk of a milkweed plant. Small it was, and as dainty as a hummingbird's. Spider web and plant down were the only materials used. The structure was as symmetrical as though woven on a loom, and the mechanics of suspension on the stalk a feat of engineering skill. There were five eggs in the nest, bluish-white and unmarked.

Each time we leave the Triangle we wonder if it will be there to greet us again. For the welfare of a thriving community, we know that it must be absorbed in the maw of progress. Yet its passing will leave an echo in the hearts of those who know it intimately.

CONTINUITY AND SURVIVAL

BY HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

I

How far does the past enter into and become and be part of the present? This query may be put as to the universe or as to the earth and all terrestrial nature. It may be put as to the human race or some portion of it. It may be put as to an individual.

If the past be divided into minute temporal cross sections, any present will consist almost entirely of its immediate past, and the preceding present likewise of its immediate past. But we know that changes have occurred and that the earth and all that lives upon it offer a different aspect from a hundred million years ago; also that the human race is not the same as it was in comparatively recent times, and that an individual alters every moment. It is an obvious inference that no past and present are the same; while, on the other hand, the close approximation of each momentary past to its directly succeeding present indicates a continuity of process from the remotest period. This continuity, as Whitehead urges, is carried into the future by the very nature — the creativity — of the present. That is to say, every present is an activity which presses forward into its immediate future: fastens the future to itself and to some extent determines what it is to be.

Can one segregate the past into currents of causative antecedents with respect to any given event? The 'present' of the universe has the whole

inclusive past as its antecedent, and I see no objection to adding the word 'causative.' The present of our earth has for its past whatever the earth has been, and also whatever concurrent factors may have shaped it. These extend beyond the solar system through the stellar universe perhaps with diminishing cogency. The present of the human race upon the earth looks first to a phylogenetic past of men and organisms passing into man. But the effect of the whole terrestrial environment upon this course of evolution must be included, and the influence of the sun and of what stars besides. So the present of a living man, besides some confusedly discerned lines of ancestry, embraces as its past whatever helped to make those very numerous forbears what they were.

With the individual, as with the universe, it is the immediately antecedent phase that most completely corresponds with and constitutes his present, which in turn lays its tentacles upon the future close at hand. The individual's past falls into divisions according to degrees of cogent and direct antecedence. Such divisions, however, are for convenience's sake, and do not imply either essential difference or mutual exclusiveness. Many factors might fall in one division as well as another. I call them natural, historical, social, and individual. 'Natural' refers to the whole antecedent

past, in the course of which some doubtful lines of ancient organisms evolved and developed until rudimentary men, and finally *homo sapiens*, emerged, with a human brain.

The historical past of the race, and so of our individual, is the last chapter of the story. Its brief course shows little physical change in man, but enormous cultural development. It is a tale of slow beginnings, and then of the checkered progress — or process — of civilization. Does the period indicate a growth of intrinsic mental faculty? 'Intrinsic' is the questionable word. The historical period brought incalculable experience to the race; and experience seems to turn to faculty, and thus become part of the most veritable mental growth we know of. Human life combines the mental with the physical. The historical period can hardly be denied its biologic effect upon mankind.

A third division of an individual's total past is the 'social' — the constant effect upon him of the family, the tribe, the class group, or the more widely coördinated nation. Such influences affecting our individual are of historical growth and trail their antecedents. They are history in its present impact.

These natural, historical, and social factors, through which is cast the genesis of the individual, will not cease to work upon him through his life. Under their influence the resultant self will progress and grow, constantly absorbing its prior stages. One may think of this self as an association of the coöperating and mutually conditioning psychic and physical faculties forming the whole man. While it is not easy to imagine them functioning in one and the same act, they are connected and interdependent. All of them are disciplined by their prior activities. These prior activities enter into our faculties as elements of aptitude and growth,

and also form an admonishing background for future conduct. Needless to say, this background is itself enfolded in an unlimited concourse of antecedents and concomitants. There is no discontinuity; an identity, or core of identity ever growing, maintains itself. Earlier stages are carried on within this process, which is an unbroken becoming — *ein Werdendes*.

II

Such a conception of a self follows the current views of nature, wherein science finds process and ever process, but makes no denial of a reality within the unceasing activities discerned. Be it far from me to deny a continuing reality within the living process making the man. It is hard to think of change without something that changes, of thought without a thinker, or of consciousness without a self. If I can find a physical or physiological continuity behind me, I am more directly assured of a continuing vital and spiritual oneness — that I am still the child, the youth, the man, that I have been. Thoughts and feelings which were me so ardently in my earlier life still work. They were my immediate experience and continue as elements in my faculties. They are more than memories. My parents' care and love live still in me and my responsive love — a responsiveness which has been mine through life. I recognize the early curiosities roused by people and by whatever flew or ran or crawled. Love of nature's beauties, her clouds and sunsets, her marvelous growths, was a passion that has never left me. I note my youthful impatience ever for wider ranges of study — it has always been my foible to seek to compass too much. My first attempts to formulate my ideas and the substance of my studies come back to me. These early essays are still me, and so are the books which

followed on and on. The legal discipline involved in writing my *Treatise on the Law of Private Corporations* (1882–1884) continues. The convictions finding voice in *Ancient Ideals* (1886–1896) are still mine, merely modified in their concrete pointings. Nor have the efforts put into my later work lost their effect. These energies of thought and feeling were not merely experiences of the time, but were to prove lasting extensions of the mind.

There is passion in all intellectual labor. These books were not the fruit solely of mental effort and enlarging scholarly equipment. They issued from a purpose involving my whole nature. Religious faith was in them, and love of art, of every form of harmony perfected in power. My life helped to fashion them, a life which from boyhood always was in love with some living embodiment of loveliness.

The loves and griefs and eventual fulfillment of these elements of my nature were never, as it were, one part of me, while my work was another. Everything worked together to put life in my books and direct my more personal devotions. The gift of loving has never fallen from me, although modifying with the decades, like other natural powers.

The catholic effect of the general factors of human evolution enters the constitution of each individual; but, out of whatever matrix of causation he has sprung, he will carry on his individuality. Resulting from such a manifold of influence, his nature will hold a universality of effect, and will continue as a unified result of all the currents it absorbs. It will never be fully represented by any phase of thought or feeling. Yet its moving pivot will be the conscious nucleus set momentarily upon a present activity of experience.

The self holds types of character

and feeling as well as ways of thought which become habits. An integrating force, when it exists, will be a central personal purpose, tending to become clearer and to broaden in requirement and scope. It may absorb the man's entire facultative nature, make his conduct consistent, and give unity to his life.

Not every strong purpose is to be commended — not that of the miser or of the man who drives all things into the net of his personal aggrandizement. A criterion is needed, and perhaps may be found in the history of the human race. This offers various lessons, not easily reconciled. But it points to the building up of societies both as a fact accomplished and as an end to be desired — family, tribe, eventually nations. The last, with all their horrors, — call them shortcomings, — are the present obvious means of promoting the welfare of their millions. The purposes of individuals should be such as can be carried out with benefit, or without preponderating ill, to others. No individual can live by himself or for himself alone.

Thus the commendable purpose is one that may bring some spiritual or material good to others, in such way as to promote the harmonious conduct of society and make for reasonableness and persuasion. The dominance of these qualities over violence and compulsion is a goal not to be lost sight of, however remote or even impossible it seem. A purpose which even in some small particular may make for this should bring peace to him that holds it. Individuality is integrated and life gains oneness through a feeling of justification, however fragmentary or thwarted the actual accomplishment. The human accomplishment is in the endeavor itself, so far as concerns the man. His happiness will be to relate his will to a broader purpose compassing a universal goal. No harm can

come to him as he realizes 'that to them that love God all things work together for good' — the good which lies in love of the divine will.

III

Whether these thoughts belong to the argument for the continuity of the self from infancy to age, they fall in with any realization of the agencies involved in the making of man. Along with the pressure of all the elements of nature, effective and prophetic forms had continually come into action through the evolution of organisms and the final discipline and cultural growth of the historic centuries, when *homo sapiens* was entering upon his destiny. Throughout there had been progress from lower to more efficient organic forms, with a striking development (in the later geologic periods) of corporeal bases for psychic energies, all pointing to the growth of mind. It is fatuous to find merely material chance or material determinism where the total infinite process proclaims purpose, a purpose making for the increase of mental and emotional energy — a growth of mind or soul. The goal lies in the coming of spiritual harmonies to power and sovereignty. Human ideals have always acclaimed such, though animal rapacity keep the goal but a goal — a Kingdom of Heaven, as it were. The Kingdom of Heaven cannot be stormed; gentleness seems a likelier approach.

And now if it be true that purpose integrates an individual and maintains his identity, is it not clear that the working together of the causes that have produced him and set him on his way is reason enough why his own conscious purpose should conform to the immanent purpose of their action — a purpose pushing ever to more articulate expression through the energies of organic life? Ardent and loving accord

with that insistent and determining plan is the supreme and inclusive sanction of his conduct; within it there can be for him no failure.

If the world is atomic, its atoms are related in their action. In the sphere of life, organisms are the units. They are all individual and all mortal. But their conduct is concerned with other organisms and linked to the world at large. The counters with which organic creation makes its moves are mortal individuals.

Mortality is the keynote of life upon the earth. Instead of deploring the passing of individuals, better recognize this principle as the means by which human interest is constantly renewed. An endless life would weary of experiences apparently changing but generically recurrent. Young people maintain the zest. Organisms of mind and body are obviously unsuited to eternity. Be it given us to see this, even through tears of blinding grief.

But something may be saved; part of the perishing is but apparent. The yearnings and convictions of the ages have busied themselves imagining how this can be. Worlds of intangible spirits have been made, helpless, wretched spirits, and then immortal souls. In mortal life, mind usually is occupied with an obviously perishing body. This is so revolting that the mind devises ideal escapes, sets itself to thinking out (alas! so largely through material analogies) the immortal life of a disembodied soul, an *anima separata*. Is this whole tale a vast futility?

There are no isolated deeds, 'dead and done with' when once they have taken place. Every act has indefinite relations and unlimited repercussions. There is no end to any fact; such seems the dynamic make-up of the universe. The corpse of a man passes into untracked combinations. But organic evolution has clearer pointings, showing the continual emergence of psychic

faculties in bodies better adapted to their exercises. The mental elements push forward, enlarging their scope and becoming more distinctive. They are still mainly occupied with the demands of the body. Yet in savagery as well as through civilization there will always be a remnant in whom the exercise of mind is of supreme value. Such men are intellectual lights to themselves and their spiritual kin. They advance religion, philosophy, ethics, science, and art. The course of organic evolution issuing in *homo sapiens*, followed by the tragically checkered history of civilization, looks to an eventual dominance of mind, and may justify the hope of a social state of sympathy and mutual understanding, friendship and love. These are not utterly visionary words for those who think in millennia rather than in centuries.

There is causal linkage between one stage of the universe and the next; likewise in a human society, where disorders as well as harmonies are carried on. The clearest survival value is with the latter. Without coördination and coöperation of elements within, and an adjustment with whatever impinges from without, the society will perish.

In the individual there is coöperation among bodily functions, and among apparently psychic qualities. The inner balance has also to relate itself to the physical and social environment, and work out this further adaptation. If the individual be thoughtful and contemplative, one whose mind pushes on to broader consideration, his mental peace will insist upon further ideal linkages and adjustments. He seeks a concord with the whole world and the power moving it. His emotional nature is involved in the urge to place himself within this ideal peace. He must endow its ordainer with those qualities which have spurred him on to long for it — will and purpose, benefi-

cence and love. His own broadest impulse and purpose will be fixed in the love of God and the divine purpose. This is the supreme integrating power in an individual life. It maintains continuity and potently carries on. It is life's consummation and its own reward in the bringing of blessedness. That which is at one with the divine has clearest survival value and the fairest prospect. The obvious fact that the composite organism has run its course need not weaken the conviction that what is fit to survive will not perish. The love of God may be saved in the Eternal Beloved.

IV

There is another way to these conclusions. Life has progressed upon the earth through the evolution of organisms moving toward a more complex efficiency. Mental advance is discerned with the growth of the instrumental bodily parts. In the later geologic periods this advance is so marked as to indicate that the end of organic evolution is the production of mind — which may be accepted as the purpose immanent throughout.

The living organism recoils from whatever threatens it with death or injury; the conscious part of this recoil is fear. But are organisms, as we know them, the final end of the divine purpose? Can the life of mind, toward which they point, be fully realized in them? For example, is it possible for any society of men and women to attain the goal envisaged in their own highest ideals? The needs and passions of the body block the path, the grosser, grasping factors incarnate in the most intelligent and high-minded people. Rage, fighting, war, all manner of violence, are organic in our animal bodies, whatever power of mind they press into their service. Perhaps they can pass away only with the disruption of the

animal body. Driven by material interests and impervious to the lessons of the World War, civilized nations are arming to the teeth against each other. And within each nation social groups struggle angrily for a larger share of wealth. Societies ruled by sweet reason and persuasion may not be merely remote but logically impossible for organisms whose bodily needs are unquenchable. I do not press this query, but turn from it to seek a clearer path through the emergent dissolution of the organism.

Well I know that this will bring us back to the immortal discussion of a soul logically and in reality capable of surviving the body. Biology and physics at present afford scant support for any such hypothesis. Modern psychology also goes into the negative scale. And the alleged communications with spirits of the dead are pitiable. I believe no message has ever come across the grave. Is there any direct evidence of the survival of the spiritual parts of human nature? The favoring arguments lack a tangible basis. They rest upon a sense of ideal proprieties. In this respect they resemble all those reasonings of the soul which are fashioned by desires or aspirations of the thinker's nature. An outstanding example is the conception of the plenitude and continuity of the world — the chain of being — which from Plato's time largely dominated the philosophical, religious, and poetic thought of western Europe.¹

Yet for our purpose such arguments have a negative and a positive justification. The negative lies in our ignorance of fundamental truths or principles. Despite actual and prospective triumphs, science continues to furnish only facts of the middle distances, nor does it promise the solution of any vital

problem. We still speculate on fundamentals. The positive justification is in the principle that rational consideration holds the ultimate criterion of what is true or real for man. Intellectual consistency, thinkability, is the final test not only of belief, opinion, conviction, but of the acceptability of the facts of direct observation. To-day a task of physics is to set its results in mathematical equations.

So fundamental ignorance leaves room for speculation on some sort of psychic survival, of which the positive test will be its rational thinkability. I have no novel arguments to offer, and must admit that what are valid or hopeful proprieties to me may be vaporish to others. Psychic survival at all events brings no clear break in continuity, since the qualities fit to survive started with the organism's birth, if not before. But, since fitness and general propriety are the pith of our argument, we may at once reject the survival claim of whatever is not fit. The lower animals are barred out, and even the hordes of men and women, so called, that have passed away or are now busied ignobly on the earth. Yet perhaps *Dis aliter visum*.

Some pages back I spoke of the indefinite mass of factors going into the making of a man and contributing to the self that asserts itself throughout his organic life — the total self, if that notion is permissible. This is the psycho-bodily self in full relationship with the sum of organic life, including the impulses of our physiological make-up. Such impulses, feelings, emotions, as well as the man's more distinctly mental activity, all come under the changing focus of consciousness. It is not thinkable that this total organic self can survive the breakup of the body, or pass over as a whole into a disembodied or impersonal existence. And since consciousness, and indeed self-consciousness, may focus upon each and

¹ See the interesting work of Arthur O. Lovejoy, *The Great Chain of Being*, Harvard University Press, 1936. — AUTHOR

any of these elements during organic life, one may assume some diminution of its range when loosed from the stimulations of the body in our supposed psychic survival. As those stimulations emphasized the sense of self, they tended to turn consciousness into self-consciousness.

On the other hand, the more distinctively mental faculties may be fully active with no consciousness of self, Unimpeded intellectual labor is conscious of its train of thinking, while thought of self is nonassertive, dim, or absent. Whatever may be the vital basis of such thinking, self-consciousness seems to have no part. Moreover, some of our noblest impulses, especially those not directly relating to our body or individual welfare, may be free from self-consciousness. They may temporarily rise to a pitch of selfless devotion to a cause or to another human being. Such unimpeded thinking or de-

voted conduct is happiness at the time, and comforts us in meditative recall.

Thus, while organic experience calls for some sort of basis in a self, self is forgotten as the mind becomes absorbed in creative thought or the contemplation of a mental panorama. Is it not conceivable that thought and contemplation may persist without consciousness of self when the mortal organism is dissolved? And even though animal impulses have ceased, possibly their effect may carry on in thoughts once springing from them. Our argument, whatever be its value, points to the conclusion that thought will be less impeded when the body's strident claims, with their stirrings of self-consciousness, assert themselves no more. Thought will then become clearer, benevolent impulse more absolute, and the love of God take on a purer glow. Such is the thinkable result of emergent dissolution.

AS GOES MICHIGAN

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

MICHIGAN and Wisconsin used to contend for recognition as the birthplace of the Republican Party. Who cares about that now, since both states are fallen from grace? It was still a burning jealousy when my father took me on a Sunday excursion to the grove at Jackson where the embattled farmers, in 1854, fired the initial Republican broadside. New converts to Republicanism, because of Bryan and free silver, we bowed before the shrine with the abasement of the freshly saved. Home from this short but soulful pilgrimage, I was envied by my mates as if I had been to Washington or New York. Republicanism was so far the root religion of the state that it held even boyhood to some sort of reverence. An old Michigander, reared in that exalted atmosphere, is bound to quake and mumble as he crawls from under the 1936 landslide.

For thirty years after the first Republican meeting 'Under the Oaks,' no Democrat could snare Michigan's electoral vote. The state plumped for Frémont in 1856. Cleveland broke through in 1884, and partly through again in the close election of 1892, when he secured nine of the state's fourteen electoral votes, helped by the 'mugwump' movement. Michigan soon rallied under 'Potato' Pingree, first of the Republican Progressives, who won back the mugwumps. Thereafter Michigan held fast for twenty years, until

the Bull Moose — mugwumps under another name — shook it loose in the three-way campaign of 1912. But, after all, that rash adventure could be explained away on the ground that Theodore Roosevelt was merely a good Republican on a rampage off the reservation. Even so, the rigid G. O. P. organization never forgave Michigan's brilliant governor, Chase Osborn, for supporting Teddy in his drive for the Republican nomination against Taft. Revenge for that slight irregularity kept out of the United States Senate Michigan's most brilliant political figure of that era, a man who would have been a real gift to the nation. The Republicans really lost Michigan in that year, when they declined to follow T. R.'s Progressive lead toward 'social justice.'

It required more courage to rally from the defection of 1932, registered in a straightforward two-party test, but in which (as everyone said) there were unusual circumstances. Because of its long water boundary with Ontario, Michigan knew prohibition at its worst, and depression had pierced the state to the heart. So 1932's result was written off as merely a distress spasm, after which Michigan would return to the fold of its fathers.

Alas, in 1936 Michigan again went resoundingly Democratic, with plenty of officeholders from Congressmen to constables. This came to pass, mind

you, not in a three-way campaign or in a year of trouble and woe, but amid the hum of busy factories and the energetic motions of brisk, almost feverish, recovery. Gone is the day when Michigan can be rated safely Republican for any party wheel horse. Gone are the halcyon days when the 'boys' downstate could telegraph to the 'boys' upstate (where votes were always counted with exquisite slowness), 'We need more votes,' and receive in return from the Upper Peninsula the heartening query, 'How many?' From now on, Michigan is just another doubtful state in which Republican tradition is being smothered by Democratic realism.

II

The change in Michigan means something below the surface of things American. In our country, politics is usually so far behind invention, economics, industry, and sociology that its decisions seem more truly to be effects than causes. The vote barometer tells of the approaching storm, records the weather in the public mind, but those driving currents of opinion and dominion arise elsewhere. No doubt the altered political complexion in Michigan is the result of its altered social situation. The solid Republican Michigan of the '90s was a land of relatively small, struggling industries and a still vigorous and politically alert agriculture, with a few competent steersmen among railroad attorneys and lumber barons. Now it is the seat of mass-production industries whose chief units employ whole armies of men and women. Great fortunes have been made there and some of them have taken wings; but others will be made in due course, for Michigan continues to have a lively faith in booms. Time was when practically every Michigander shared this faith; but the collapse of the last boom finds, even in recov-

ery, a residue of those who doubt the blessedness of the unrestrained business cycle. Because it leads in the newer technics, Michigan is worth watching. As Michigan goes economically, socially, and politically, so goes the nation. Mass politics follows mass industrialism.

For several quite obvious reasons, the ups and downs of business alternately put more into Michigan and take more out of Michigan than in the case of most other states. The automobile industry is a sponge which sucks wealth out of the whole world when the world has money to spend, and then quickly dries when orders fail. The sponge also sucks in labor and housing shortages, resulting in undigested mortgage loans. In boom times, realty loans are likely to be made, such is the infinite enthusiasm of man, on the basis of valuations which to-morrow may appear highly speculative. This is a constant in American economic history, but in Michigan a unique credit situation emphasizes the peaks and valleys of the business cycle.

Major industries in Michigan, with large reserves built from profits, seldom borrow considerable sums from local banks; if and when they borrow, they go to New York for the money, for then they want big money and cheap money for long-range programmes. As a result, commercial banks in the principal automobile cities have little or no outlet for funds on local paper of best character, with repayments certain at near dates. To get rid of the savings poured in upon them by temporarily flush workers and merchants, the banks fell naturally into financing real-estate mortgages in an amount and of a quality not consistent with sound commercial banking. In the clutch of circumstances, these loans were frozen far too solidly for the solvency and morale of alternately high-spirited and downcast communities.

Also, the nature of the automobile business contributes pressure both on the uptake and on the downswing. Cars must be sold when people want them. Automobiles are so cumbersome and costly that stocking production of finished cars at the factories for any length of time may prove fatal, and is certain to be embarrassing. If the docks cannot be cleared, hours of work must be shortened and men laid off. When orders are brisk, labor flows into the automobile country, shoves some sort of roots down, and then may be caught short by a slack spell. The strictly seasonal swing has been somewhat corrected by advancing automobile show dates from January to November; but the larger cyclical swings, which depend upon the public's moods of affluence or thrift, as influenced by world-wide trends in politics and economy, elude control.

There is no escape from these compulsions; all concerned understand them and bear inevitable ills calmly for the sake of sharing in benefits when work is plenty. But the very efficiency and solvency of these great manufacturing companies tend to whittle employment down to minimum proportions during bad times. In such distress periods small businesses, with short reserves and in debt, commonly cut wages and prices to the bone to keep operations going at the largest possible volume, because their continued existence depends upon getting in every possible dollar. To keep the wheels moving at best possible speeds, prices, temporarily, may not cover true costs — a desperate shift, but one that does mean some sort of wages for a considerable part of the normal staff. That was the way Michigan weathered the hard times of the '90s — on a dollar a day wages for ten hours' work and no relief except through an old-fashioned poor law.

The well-financed giants of these

days meet hard times otherwise. They trim down to skeleton staffs, operate on greatly reduced schedules, and wait for improved conditions. They may cut wages and prices somewhat, but not so much as do the small fellows under more severe pressure. The large companies are not driven sled-length into ruinous price wars; competition is sharper, particularly on packing more value into cars, but never becomes even remotely cutthroat in the market place. This is clearly a decent, safe, and dignified way to conduct a great industry. In the long run it makes for stability and quick recovery, but it also makes for sharp changes in employment figures.

When these declines start, labor is usually discovered to be deep in debt. In the old days a factory worker could hardly go into debt for more than a hundred dollars unless he was really good for it apart from his payroll prospects; after getting a month's house rent, a week's groceries, and a ton of coal on tick, he was through. Now he can buy anything on time installments from a suit of clothes to a house, with the result that shutdown brings to his door duns, garnishees, and replevins which fray his temper and aggravate his distress. Ordinarily he is far better found than his predecessor of thirty or forty years ago, but he is also more vulnerable. Then, industry was deeply in debt and labor only lightly; now the situation is reversed.

The net of all this is a heavy burden of unemployment in dull periods, and a growing desire for security in a society once altogether dominated by the spirit of economic adventure, but not so hopeful as of old that the next boom will solve everything. To a society so environed, social security made a clear appeal; and, if the programme works, its benefits will be felt not only by labor but also by tradesmen, landlords, and employers.

As heavy taxpayers, employers must meet heavy charges for relief in their tax bills.

III

Republican Michigan, by and large, was a classless society, in which nearly everyone worth his salt held the same idea — to get ahead in a world where no doors were closed to ability and zeal. There the conservative American Federation of Labor was held to be Communistic, and all that its officers said in condemnation of the Soviet system could not change that deep-rooted opinion, which went right down to the grass roots and punch presses. There even a nodding acquaintance with social problems was not considered good form until recently. There an anti-syndicalism law, with plenty of teeth, covers practically any challenge to the existing social order, even that of the reactionary Black Legion.

Democratic Michigan is noticeably class-conscious at the moment, not with the blazing bitterness of 1932, but in a dogged, stubborn way. Since the political protest was the only one open, Michigan made the most of it. Industrially, both its masters and its men are open-minded and warm-hearted beings who do precious little theorizing on the intangibles surrounding their work. What one puts into the pay envelope and the other takes out is to each still the most important aspect of their relationship. Because the region leaped so swiftly from a lumberman's frontier to advanced machine-shop practice, unsuited to craft unionism, there have been few strikes and comparatively little of the formal negotiating which either avoids strikes or settles them in other regions.

An earnest and, on the whole, honest effort has been made to meet the demand for collective bargaining through company unions, and in many plants these are becoming vigorous champions

of the employee interest. It remains to be seen whether they will develop the strength required to hold their members in line, or whether the company unions are the antechambers and training schools for vertical unionization on the comprehensive Lewis plan. If the company unions crash, the 1936 vote for Roosevelt in Michigan may be viewed in retrospect as approval of his labor policy by the factory workers; but I caught no such definite objective while ferreting around there during the campaign. The mounting enthusiasm for Roosevelt was more general in character and found readiest expression in the blanket phrase: 'Roosevelt's for the working people.' Thus far the factory workers of Michigan have never been unionized and have never made any determined effort, by and of themselves, to become unionized. But they have always been insistent on a square deal, and are likely to step up that insistence in the future, raising their sights on what constitutes a square deal and pressing for it more eagerly.

If the Republican Party has lost Michigan for good, it has lost the nation for good, because the moods which its votes measure will be increasingly the moods of mid-America as industrialism spreads into areas now chiefly rural. If the G. O. P. is to win enough national elections to be of future consequence, it must carry Michigan in some presidential years. A party line that wins Michigan may win the country, but that which Michigan declines can hardly do so, for its Republican heredity predisposes a favorable hearing there. Of course, as long as the Solid South holds, the Democrats can sometimes win without Michigan, but the Republicans will find that difficult. There is no Solid North and no Penrose Philadelphia now to keep the G. O. P. flag flying between elections as the South and Tammany did for the Democracy in its lean years.

President Roosevelt fixed the Democratic line as 'a little to the left of the centre.' From that position, the master stance at this phase of the business cycle, he could go after votes on either hand, and leave his radical foes and conservative foes to destroy themselves. The President's strategy ensured to him the liberal vote.

The liberal point of view has had its ups and downs, but is now regaining some of its old prestige and winning new converts. With the extremists in revolution and reaction revealing themselves so fully, the middle of the road seems to hold the pleasantest companions, to say the least. There will be enough of this company in America for many years to come to give them the balance of power at the polls. Consequently a realistic Republican line should be a little to the right of the centre; not far enough to the right, however, to lose touch with the relatively easygoing and hopeful middle-of-the-roads whose reason for being there is compounded of reasonable desires to avoid ditches, find safe footing, and trudge along.

By taking his line and holding to it, President Roosevelt transformed his party into a labor party — not a doctrinaire labor party, but one realistically dedicated to the interests of urban employees and dirt farmers. Such clarity on the one hand requires equal clarity on the other, if the two-party system essential to order in a vast country like this is to survive. Effective opposition to a labor party requires a party dedicated to property, which is as much a natural human right as it is a maze of possessions. Widespread ownership still characterizes America; among the liberal elements attracted to Roosevelt in this campaign were millions of owners of real and share property — millions of farmers with title deeds, millions of wage earners with stakes in homes, shares, and equities. In this

campaign they leaned to the left; in another campaign they may well lean to the right, provided the alternate route offered is not too far to the right.

Events move too swiftly for to-day's line to be a winning one even four years hence. For instance, if Roosevelt continues veering a little to the left through four more years, a valid Republican position in 1940 may not be far from the Democratic position of 1936. Republican speakers kept harping on the theme that the New Deal platform of 1936 was practically the Socialist platform of 1932; likewise they heaped praise upon the Democratic programme of 1932 while letting their own 1936 platform severely alone. 'Socialist to Democrat to Republican' is an old triple play in the political field, performed at swifter tempo now than ever before.

If this seems a cynical abandonment of principles, it is worth remembering that principles in politics are no good without votes. In the realm of ideas, I am individualist almost to the point of philosophic anarchism, but after all one must accept continuing popular movements as having weight superior to either personal or clique interests. Unless the Republican Party puts itself in the way of finding another ten million votes occasionally, it will eventually die for lack of patronage and incentive. Otherwise I feel fairly certain of outliving that once so solid temple of Republicanism which housed my youth. There simply are not enough rich and well-to-do persons to man an effective party in an electorate of 40,000,000 voters.

IV

The brand of conservatism with a chance of winning Michigan, and the rest of the Union, back to the Republican Party requires elements beyond wealth in the present and fear of the future. Timidity is by no means all there is to caution, and money is by no

means all there is to life. It is time for the party to reëxamine its foundations — pillars of freedom set in the cement of indissoluble union eighty years ago — and, after repairs in that quarter, to ask for new plans and specifications for the superstructure, with a view to deciding how the eternal principles of political philosophy can be wisely applied to the social strains and equipment of the present. How long has it been since any Republican orator, save Borah, discussed learnedly and wisely the division of sovereignty and the just relationship of the state to the individual? And who, among the leaders of his party, ever heeded Borah? Not once in this campaign did I see or hear a mention of one of the deepest fissures in our situation — namely, the fact that while the Federal Union now possesses, through the income tax, unlimited power of the purse in collecting revenue, its power to spend is under Constitutional limitation, five times applied by the Supreme Court during recent years.

I like to think of Disraeli as a type of daring conservative who would have the courage to carry Michigan. When 'Dizzy' examined a polity and found it sound, he did not falter in applying that polity to its full length. Thus he confounded the opposition, then quibbling over reducing property restrictions on the ballot, by plunging for full manhood suffrage, thereby giving the Conservative Party in Great Britain a new lease of life by winning for it the affection of the plain people, an affection which still clings after half a century. Perhaps some of the burning questions of to-day could be resolved with equal dispatch and profit by a Republican Party brave enough to 'go all out' for a fruitful and beneficial new idea, oblivious of the squeals of those who think they will be hurt by change. Let the latter be assured that change is what they are going to get in any case, and be advised to take it from their friends at

least as equably as they always take it, in the last resort, from their opponents.

The road to oblivion is paved with surrenders made too late, the road to power with compromises made in time. But that road can never be trod in our day by cohorts relying too much on these musty adjectives, 'Socialistic' and 'Communitistic.' Those verbal counters have lost their force to harrow and alarm the plebs; their scare-value has departed, and instead of fulfilling their purpose they seem to be accepted as recommendations. This does not mean that America is going red, but merely that it is growing in comprehension and judgment. Nor will the path to power be easy again for a party which is not willing to let the Constitution, a worthy document but by no means writ above Sinai, live by its own merits in an expanding society which must have breathing space. After all, the Republicans have been historically the great amenders of that document, and might well continue in that rôle. Out of the window, too, should go the old obsession for high tariffs, partly because the G. O. P. needs to approach the Solid South with clean hands in order to redress there the balance of power against Northern losses, partly because the labor element in the opposition party will take care of that protection item henceforth.

On this basis Michigan — and eventually the Union — can be won back to a conservative party, at least often enough to make conservatism again influential. If this internal readjustment of the party — in ideas, rhetoric, and strategy — comes reasonably soon, the Republican name and tradition may also be preserved to the Union which obviously has further need of the unifying strength they represent. But if the party dallies too long between Demos and Dives, there will be more need for a wailing wall than for a loud-speaker under the oaks at Jackson.

MEETING OF EXPERTS

BY ISADORE LUCE SMITH

MRS. WHITTLE stood in her empty drawing-room nodding and smiling among the carefully grouped chairs. She was rehearsing for her party. First she laughingly told the guests of their common interest. Then she saved it for a surprise. She decided on the surprise.

Every winter Mrs. Whittle took up a new subject: poetry, Colonial furniture, Jacobean needlework. . . . This winter she was studying India, her Arts, Philosophies, Religions, and Current Events. It was the best course she had ever taken — it had brought her in touch with such interesting people, those who had *really* traveled. These were no ordinary tourists, seeing the world de luxe. They had been 'on their own,' 'off the beaten path.' They had had real adventures, barely escaping bandits, plague, tigers. . . . 'There was a little war going on at the time,' they would say with modest laughs.

There was a professor with a year's traveling lectureship in the East, and a millionaire sportsman who never did anything but travel — he was going 'out' soon to try again for the tiger in Indo-China which his guide had *promised* him this time. The third man was writing on Yoga as the answer to modern life. And she had two women who could match the men in experiences — the Peaseley girls, who summered in Vermont and spent every winter just wandering, adventuring.

'The world your oyster,' Mrs. Whit-

tle had said as she met each one separately, and each had smilingly agreed.

As she heard her guests arrive she wondered nervously for a moment if she should not start the ball rolling at once. Then she reproved herself. Carefully she refrained from mentioning the Orient in the introductions.

Mrs. Whittle always served sherry to break the ice, but everyone was talking readily — about banned frescoes. One of the men had an inside story. Someone else had another.

The maid announced dinner, interrupting a discussion of art and propaganda. Mrs. Whittle allowed the professor to make his point and led them into the dining room. They chattered all the way.

Mrs. Whittle was glad to see them so congenial, but they had reached modern architecture and Mrs. Whittle had done that three winters before. She wanted to divert all this energy into its proper channel.

Her opportunity suddenly offered. The Yoga man referred — a little sentimentously, Mrs. Whittle thought, as even she knew what it was — to Dravidian architecture in relation to skyscraper setbacks. Quickly she intervened — 'Oh, lucky people!' she said. 'To think that everyone here except me really *knows* India —'

The man who thought Yoga was the answer seemed to have forgotten what he was saying. She hastened to hand

him back the stage, with a new setting.

'Oh, Mr. Dinit, do tell about the time you stayed in the Rajah's guesthouse in Udatet. So unusual —'

Mr. Dinit looked around the table.

'Is n't the Rajah's guesthouse,' asked the wealthy sportsman, 'still the only place to stay in Udatet?'

It seemed it was. Everyone at the table had *had* to stay at the Rajah's guesthouse. In fact, it was a hotel.

Mrs. Whittle was disappointed in Mr. Dinit. He had made it sound so exciting. She turned from him. 'Do tell us what you think of Gandhi, Mr. Trevor. I remember you had an interview with him. So interesting. First hand.'

Mr. Trevor cleared his throat, and then hesitated. He looked around the table. 'Perhaps,' he said, affecting gallantry, 'someone else here has met Gandhi!'

Mrs. Whittle asked each one in turn. They had all met Gandhi. It really appeared that, as the last to be asked remarked rather acidly, Gandhi always received Americans.

There was a silence. Mrs. Whittle ran rapidly over snakes, tigers, elephants . . . the call of the East.

'Ah, Kipling!' she said. 'Do you all agree that "The Road to Mandalay" is one of his best . . .'

The professor glanced about the circle. Confidently he chuckled. 'Ah, Mrs. Whittle! The most inaccurate poem ever written!' They all laughed. 'Yes, I am sorry, but we can't let you have your flying fishes on the Road to Mandalay . . .'. They all contributed lines which had no truth in them. Mrs. Whittle ejected cries of consternation. She hoped none of her guests would remember having told her this before. Elated, she played her ace.

'How fortunate for people like me that the camera at least never lies. We shall see the truth of many things

after dinner. Mr. Trevor has brought his moving pictures.'

Mr. Trevor cleared his throat and drank water.

'Really, Mrs. Whittle,' he said. 'They might bore these people. I could bring them in another evening.'

'Mr. Trevor, you are too modest. I remember your confessing that some of them are unique. You were the first white . . .'

One of the girls said, 'We shall *love* to see them. Taking pictures is our hobby — at least, *one* of our hobbies —'

Mr. Trevor coughed again. Hastily Mrs. Whittle rose to lead her guests into the drawing-room.

The machine was ready. Mrs. Whittle's maid was a model. Coffee was brought in. No one spoke.

'Do let's have the pictures now,' said Mrs. Whittle. She made everyone sit in a good place for seeing the screen. 'I'm sure you'll want to walk right *into* some of the pictures.'

The lights were put out. The machine whirled. A cluster of light spots bobbed about on the dark screen. Mrs. Whittle watched a minute. 'Can I help you, Mr. Trevor?'

'The power here must be very low,' said Mr. Trevor. 'This is a dancing girl and that is the light catching her headdress. It is a *little* underexposed even with a strong current, but I keep it for its associations.'

Someone laughed. 'I mean,' said Mr. Trevor hastily, 'it was such a hot day and the temple was so delightfully cool —' No one spoke.

'Are n't you going to begin with the picture you told me about making?' said Mrs. Whittle. 'You know — your finger pointing and a map and then the flying carpet?'

'That must have been someone else,' said Mr. Trevor.

'I should hope so,' said the millionaire.

The girls laughed in unison.

The next picture was a dazzling white building.

'The Jewel Mosque,' said Mr. Trevor.

'Pearl Mosque, please,' said someone.

'At Agra,' said Mr. Trevor.

'At Delhi,' whispered the voice.

Light and dark pictures followed each other swiftly, often trembling. Mr. Trevor had taken pictures of buildings by pointing the camera slowly up one side, across the top and down the other side. Domes had shaken him. The projector was running at top speed. No one said anything.

Mr. Trevor began to use Hindustani words. 'The bathing *ghats* at Benares. The long cloths drying while the men bathe and pray are their *saris* . . .'

'*Dhotis*,' said someone. 'Women wear *saris*.'

'These are rice *paddy* fields —'

'*Paddy* is the word for rice.'

The machine whirled faster. Mr. Trevor appeared on the screen, chatting with an Indian. They seemed to be getting on famously. Mr. Trevor

looked into the camera jovially, urging the Indian to do the same.

'A rajah?' Mrs. Whittle meant well.

'My servant,' said Mr. Trevor.

'Christian,' said someone. 'Or very low caste.'

Mr. Trevor walked from the screen to return in shorts, showing the camera how very comfortable . . . He cut a few capers.

Someone cleared his throat.

Mr. Trevor vanished from the screen. He reappeared beside the projector with the lights turned on. He was rapidly rewinding the reel.

'So sorry, Mrs. Whittle,' he said. 'Something seems to have . . . Hope no fuse . . . Thank you so much . . . So glad . . .'

And then they were all gone. Mrs. Whittle rearranged her chairs thoughtfully. A reel lay under one. She picked it up and unrolled it a little against the light. It began with a title, 'Day-dreaming.' The first of it showed a finger on a map.

Next winter, she decided, she would take up sculpture.

HUNGRY CHILDREN

BY MAXINE DAVIS

I

WHEN children are the victims of catastrophic forces, there is a reflex action characteristic of Americans. We hear the news, and instantly our hands go to our pockets. Within my own short memory, we have fed starving Belgians, famine-stricken Russian waifs, hungry Armenians, and Austrian babies pallid with anæmia and gnarled with rickets after the Allied blockade.

Yet four years ago, when we began to hear that American children were hungry, we were only slightly agitated. At that time one child in every five in the United States was not getting enough to eat. True, those children were rarely actually starving; they only missed breakfast or lunch; they had subsistence rations the rest of the day.

Somehow, there was nothing very terrible about that. We were pre-occupied then. Banks were toppling, factory furnaces guttering, the stock market daily reaching new lows. So absorbed were most of us with feeding and sheltering our own families that we gave little thought to other people's children. Moreover it was true, as so many were pointing out then, that everyone in America did have *something* to eat. Even in such a typically poverty-stricken mining community as Fayette County, Pennsylvania, everyone was fed. Grocery orders equivalent to \$1.97 per week for a family of five went to the workless. On this income there was a regulation diet of corn meal,

bread, and coffee for breakfast; potatoes and bread for lunch; for a lavish dinner, rice, fried oatmeal, and coffee.

In the fall of 1933, the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor etched the results of such nourishment. It called to Washington a conference of experts composed of representatives of the departments of health of thirty-eight states, the American Medical and the American Dental Associations, and other civic, welfare, and educational groups. From their discussions this picture emerged:—

In New York City, where more than 300,000 school children are examined annually, malnutrition was jumping. In the borough of Manhattan it had increased from 16 per cent in 1929 to 29 per cent in 1932. In the Bronx it had mounted from 13 to 23 per cent in the same period.

The health officer of Detroit reported that a special survey showed 18 per cent of the school children in the lower grades of eighteen selected schools to be undernourished.

The records of the Community Health Center of Philadelphia indicated an increase in malnutrition from 30 per cent in 1929 to 42 per cent in 1932.

The Pennsylvania State Department of Health, which annually examines nearly a million children in every county outside Philadelphia, announced increases of from 10 to 45 per cent in undernourishment.

The American Friends Service Committee found that half the children in five counties of two coal-mining states were underweight. In some schools 90 per cent showed signs of malnutrition.

In Springfield, Ohio, 31 per cent of the children in the elementary grades showed the effects of hunger.

One of the physicians in the Maryland State Department of Health, referring to the work of his departments in certain mill towns, said, 'Despite all our efforts to put milk and eggs and some meat into the families, especially where there are children, we have not succeeded in preventing a considerable appearance of malnutrition.'

Most of the members of the conference stated that their more informal observations had led them to the same conclusions.

Now we do not know exactly the effect of niggardly and inadequate diet upon children, whether or not they grow up bitter, resentful, warped, or morbid. To what degree the Nazi mind is the result of the war and the blockade cannot be computed. It is not unreasonable to assume, however, that the restricted diet had some effect. Certainly there was concrete evidence of its physical effect, for the German children born during the war were small; the pegs on which they hung their hats and coats in school had to be lowered several inches.

We in this country cannot afford to ignore the menace of malnutrition within our own borders. If the United States is to continue a community of free men, making revisions and changes in institutions with discrimination dictated by insistence on preserving the essence of the democratic philosophy, a healthy, and a healthy-minded, populace is an obvious necessity.

Well — the Children's Bureau's conference formulated a 'Child Recovery Programme.' Federal Relief Adminis-

trator Harry Hopkins promised that the eight million children on relief rolls should have not only enough to fill their stomachs, but enough of all varieties of food to ensure them a healthy growth.

II

What, then, is the situation to-day? Here are some recent reports which give a fair indication of conditions, now that our machines are gaining impetus and the business index is rising steadily.

In 1935 the New York Board of Education announced that malnutrition had rendered 135,000 children in the city's elementary schools too weak and undernourished to profit by attendance in classes.

The Children's Bureau made a study of 259 households in Atlanta and Memphis; Racine, Wisconsin; Terre Haute, Indiana; and Washington, D. C. In one fifth of these families the diet consisted chiefly of bread, beans, and potatoes. In 61 per cent of all these homes there was a serious lack of sufficient vegetables containing essential diet elements. A very large proportion of these youngsters — 43 per cent of 504 children in all these cities except Washington — had absolutely no milk at all either at home or at school.

The Children's Bureau has made another study in coöperation with the National Organization for Public Health Nursing and fifty-seven public health nursing agencies in cities in thirty-three states. They found that only 8 per cent of the 10,000 families they reached had an adequate milk supply, and 48 per cent of their 28,000 children had less than half the milk they needed.

Eighteen of the standard railway unions and three bureaus of the United States Department of Labor made a comprehensive study of the earnings and standards of living of 1000 railway

employees. Their findings are far from reassuring. More than half of all the families had cut down from 50 to 75 per cent of their milk supply since the beginning of the depression. Butter, meat, fresh fruits, and vegetables were most often drastically reduced, and occasionally eliminated entirely from budgets.

The investigators found widespread neglect of health in these homes. In nearly a third of these thousand families, one or more members needed medical attention, but could not afford it. Notices from schools that children's teeth required attention were disregarded. Repeated requests from school authorities for removal of children's tonsils were ignored by ordinarily solicitous parents. Reports showed that in more than a quarter of these families at least one person needed examination for eye trouble, 72 of them young children.

Now these reductions in the food the mothers purchase for their children have not been the results of idiosyncrasies of the relief administration. Of the 259 families interviewed in five cities, 41 per cent had never had relief at any time; 47 per cent had had help during the depression, and only 10 per cent were so-called 'chronic' relief cases.

The study of the railroad employees depicts conditions in the homes of men employed in a well-organized and thoroughly regulated industry. Those New York school children were not examined as the victims of relief.

As a matter of fact, as long as grocery orders were given, or as long as housewives utilized their cash relief funds according to the budgets prepared by the Administration's experts, children of destitution were actually better off than those living on incomes always low and further depressed by the past years of hard times. The serious deficiencies in the food which can be given the children of parents living on low incomes are demonstrated

in a significant study being made at present by the United States Bureau of Home Economics and the Bureau of Labor Statistics. These two agencies have gathered about 3000 weekly records of food consumption from urban families in different parts of the country at different seasons of the year, and are analyzing them from a nutritional standpoint. The first of the surveys — on winter diets of 209 white families in eight North Atlantic states — brings into sharp relief the differences in consumer choices as the housewife has more money for food. Those homes which could spend only \$1.20 to \$1.80 per week per food cost unit were unable to secure a diet with enough of any of the elements generally regarded as essential except vitamin A. When the families had from \$2.38 to \$3.00, they were able to have — and did buy — enough of all the varied factors of a well-balanced diet; while those who spent from \$3.57 to \$4.17 had ample to eat of everything. This latter group had between two and three times as much eggs, milk, meat, fruits, and vegetables, other than potatoes and dried legumes, as the poorest families.

In New Orleans, according to this study, 31 per cent of the representative families whose budgets were analyzed did not spend enough for food to obtain an adequate diet at minimum cost, and in Birmingham the figure jumped to 43 per cent.

III

It is too soon to ascertain the results of these conditions in this country. The studies have been sketchy; few of these children have been watched over a period of years to determine their development in relation to nutrition and other factors. We do, however, know the general results of undernourishment.

We can see dietary lacks in deficiency diseases as clearly as we can see a broken leg. There is xerophthalmia, from lack of vitamin A, which causes blindness. Milk fat is the best preventive for this, and a quart of milk a day is sufficient to avert it, though vegetables, citrus fruits, and cod-liver oil added to the child's rations provide a wider margin of safety.

Rickets and pellagra are widely known. Rickets, with its heart-rending manifestation of misshapen legs and arms, deformed head, chest, or pelvis, is caused by absence of vitamin D, cheaply supplied by cod-liver oil. Pellagra, indicated by extreme weakness, sores, bleeding gums, and gastric disturbances, appears in children who do not have vitamin G, which can be economically provided in yeast, dried skim milk, or canned salmon.

These diseases are, however, relatively rare. There are many more pale, irritable children the country over whose unmet needs are not so conspicuous. These underfed children are not growing properly, in mind or body. They are dull in school. Their eyesight is not as good as it should be. Their teeth decay, and there is a frequent ear discharge. Lack of food causes a continuous subtle pounding on the nervous system, so the underweight child is often overactive although his mind is not alert.

Insufficient food deprives the child of reserve energy and strength. Because he has scarcely enough to get along on from day to day, he is subject to every disease that comes his way. He readily gets measles, whooping cough, influenza, pneumonia, and suffers seriously. His life is a procession of illnesses. Not only is he an easy prey to infectious diseases himself, but he is also a source of danger to other children.

If a child's mental development is not thus obstructed, he may develop

lopsidedly. When he knows that the little boy at the next desk goes home to a fine hot lunch with meat and milk and biscuits and jelly, while he can have nothing but fried oatmeal and coffee, naturally he thinks there is something wrong with the world.

It is hard to measure these subtle results of undernourishment. The British in recent years have, however, seriously concerned themselves with the physical results. In the winter of 1933 the British army had to reduce its minimum requirements to five feet three inches in height and 113 pounds in weight.

Sir John Boyd Orr, one of England's leading authorities in this field, who argued that half the population of his country are living below his 'optimum standard,' — a diet sufficient to maintain fullest health, — made significant tests that showed drastic differences in the children of various income groups.

Measurements for height were taken over a period of years: 1926-1935. A marked difference in the height of boys in the different income classes emerged. At thirteen years of age, boys at Christ's Hospital School are on an average 2.4 inches taller than those of the free schools. At seventeen, they are 3.8 inches taller than 'employed males' who left school, usually at fourteen, and went to work, and who may be taken as the same class as those who attended the free schools. At thirteen and one-half years of age, boys of the lowest class were about 5.8 inches shorter than the average of lads the same age of the public-school class.

Sir John Orr found three signs of malnutrition in children — rickets, bad teeth, and anæmia — fairly widespread in the lower income groups. There is, he states, 'evidence to show these same deficiencies affect resistance to some infectious diseases such as pulmonary and intestinal disorders in young children. Children with rickets

show a higher incidence of complications and a higher death rate from some common diseases, such as whooping cough, measles, and diphtheria, than do those in the same environment without rickets.'

Dr. G. C. M. M'Gonigle, medical officer for Stockton-on-Tees, believes Sir John Orr errs on the side of conservatism. A dramatic survey made by Dr. M'Gonigle and J. Kirby, *Poverty and Public Health*, presents some facts which are profoundly disturbing.

One group of 777 families showed a shocking death rate. Records of these families were made over a period of four years. The majority of them, 408, were more or less continuously employed, but earning low incomes. The remainder were living on the dole. In the employed families there were 1564 people; in the unemployed, 1572. The mean income of the employed families was about \$12.87 per week; that of the unemployed was \$7.30. The death rate for the employed group was 21.01, as against the expected rate of 8.53. The death rate for the unemployed was 29.29, compared to the expected 8.75.

'It would appear,' say these scientists, 'from the evidence so far available, that the incidence of physical defects and death rates is associated with nutritional factors, and that the nutritional state is closely associated with purchasing power.'

The importance of nutrition, compared to other factors such as housing, was demonstrated by another set of figures Dr. M'Gonigle describes. He points out that a poor family cannot each week purchase what food it needs and then devote the balance of its funds to other items. Actually, the reverse is true. Each home has certain fixed charges: rent, fuel, light, and so forth. Only when these are met can food be bought, and these items make up the large proportion of the total

budgets of impoverished households. If any of these costs increase, the only item in which the housewife can economize is food. This she does, with dire results.

The effect of an increase in rent was shown in a special investigation. In 1927 an 'unhealthy' area in Stockton-on-Tees was demolished. The population of 152 families, comprising 710 individuals, were moved into a modern, sanitary housing unit, the Mount Pleasant Estate. These families contained a high percentage of young people. It was expected that the combination of youth and better, though slightly more expensive, housing would result in a low death rate, of about 8.12 per thousand for the five-year period 1928-1932. Actually, it was approximately four times what it should have been: 33.55. The story may be gleaned from the fact that among the employed families in this fine new housing estate 51.2 per cent of the total income was consumed by rent and other necessary expenditures; in the unemployed families it amounted to 60.6 per cent. In both cases the amount available for food was well below the minimum considered necessary by the British Medical Association Nutrition Committee.

IV

With the rise of the cost of living in the United States, and the usual lag between rising wages and increasing living costs, we may perceive a somewhat similar situation. Moreover, we have always had a large sector of the population existing on a relatively very low income. Even in 1929, according to the Brookings Institution's estimates, 17.33 per cent of American wage earners had an annual income of \$1000 or less.

We also have a relief situation which, viewed from this angle, is none too happy. When the Federal Government

instituted its WPA programme, it did not, as it promised, take care of all the nation's unemployed. In great urban centres, especially, it was impossible to set up enough projects to provide employment for all those certified as employable. For instance, in Chicago, 200,000 families were on the relief rolls. The WPA expected to put 80 per cent of them to work. Actually it could use only 50 per cent. Because of finance difficulties, last August the city was giving only a minimum food ration; nothing more.

When Federal aid was withdrawn from Nebraska, family budgets were cut anywhere from a third to one half, the average being \$25 per month. Moreover, in the wholesale reduction of the relief rolls made necessary by the state's constitutional limitations, all who were assigned to WPA were cut off from any aid, whether the WPA could give jobs or not.

In Arkansas, late last spring, the average relief per family in rural districts was \$4.00 per month; in urban centres, \$5.00. All mothers with children were declared unemployable, and so ineligible for relief, although Arkansas has no mothers' pension law.

In many states, for instance Missouri, the projection of the WPA programme has been accompanied by diminishing funds for direct relief. In others, when Federal help was withdrawn, state aid was also ended, leaving heavy loads on communities which suffered a concentration of unemployment. Thus St. Louis, with its 8000 'unemployables,' had to cut its allowances last May to an average of \$22 per month.

The American Association of Social Workers made a detailed survey of what happened in New Jersey last summer when that rich state laid its relief burden back in the laps of the local communities. In a majority of the forty-one districts surveyed, it found food allowances cut 50 to 75 per cent below the

minimum subsistence level fixed by the state relief administration. In twenty-six of them no fuel for cooking was provided.

Even the WPA's 'security wages' are not always adequate for the food necessary for healthy growing children. It is illuminating to compare the diet described as essential with the financial possibilities of a large sector of our population. This diet is described by Burnet and Aykroyd in the authoritative survey, *Nutrition and Public Health*, published by the health organization of the League of Nations:—

The essence of modern practical dietetics can be briefly expressed in terms of food-stuffs. One of the principles is the desirability of a mixed diet. A second is the value of a large intake of the protective foods—milk and green vegetables, to which may be added fruit.

Once the consumption of 'protective' foods is assured, elasticity in the remainder of the diet is permissible and choice may be allowed free range. Meat, which some class among the protective foods, in moderation, is a useful and palatable article of diet, supplying first-class protein and vitamin B₂. Unmilled cereals are richer than milled cereals in protein, mineral salts, and vitamins. The greater the quantity of cereal in the diet, the more important it becomes that the nutritive parts of the grain be consumed.

In temperate lands it is difficult to provide sufficient vitamin D through ordinary foodstuffs. Infants and children therefore need to be supplied with extra vitamin D in some form, e.g. cod-liver oil. This will ensure freedom from rickets and, assuming the hypothesis of Mrs. Mellanby and her school is correct, from dental caries.

A well-balanced diet is particularly necessary to children. A diet which may keep an adult living an unexact life in fair health may fail to meet fully the requirements of a growing boy.

Now the United States Department of Agriculture has taken these requirements and translated them into budgets and menus in a useful little pam-

phlet entitled *Diets to Fit the Family Income*. It describes four possibilities — a plan for a liberal diet, a moderate-cost adequate diet, a minimum-cost adequate diet, and a restricted diet for emergency use.

According to 1935 retail prices, the minimum-cost adequate diet requires an expenditure of \$9.15 a week for a family of four, while the restricted diet — which frankly does not provide a sufficient surplus of protective foods to ensure good health over an indefinite period — costs \$6.15 a week. However, since these plans were made, food costs have gone up — 5.8 per cent as this is written. And relief wages, to mention this income class only, have not risen correspondingly. Thus if a workman on a \$55 WPA wage were to feed his family of four enough to ensure their health, at 1935 prices, he would be spending \$39.65 a month, leaving \$15.35 for all other costs. Even if his wife were an accomplished home economist, which seems essential to make the very simplest and most practical of these scientific plans work out according to hope, prayer, pencil, and paper, it could not be done.

Even the relief diets expertly planned, and for a long time given out as food rations, did not meet wholly the requirements set by this Department of Agriculture scale. For instance, in Chicago, the average granted by the Illinois Emergency Relief Administration was higher than the restricted diet, but slightly lower than the adequate diet. It amounted to about \$27.70 per month.

V

It is apparent that vast numbers of American children are going hungry. We have seen what this may mean in terms of death rate, in terms of public health. We can let our imaginations range unpleasantly over the social consequences.

Without going into such complex and complicated subjects as wage rates or relief-payment scales, there is one easy remedy. That is more milk and food in schools. There is no reason why a quart of milk or a bowl of vegetable soup should be less a part of our educational equipment than gymnasiums or libraries.

Some English experiments bring out the efficacy of this remedy. In 1930 some 20,000 Lanarkshire school children were under review, 10,000 receiving a ration of three quarters of a pint of milk per day, the others receiving no such ration. Both groups were mixed, well-nourished as well as underfed children being included. The results demonstrated that the addition of milk to the diet had a striking effect in improving physique, promoting general health, increasing mental alertness.

Another experiment was carried out by Dr. Corry Mann among schoolboys at an industrial school near London, where the boys were all on a basic diet, considered adequate. Dr. Mann divided the boys into two groups, one remaining on the regular diet and the other receiving additional milk. At the end of a year, the 'basic' group had gained an average of 3.85 pounds in weight and 1.84 inches in height; the other, with the supplemented diet, had gained 6.98 pounds and 2.63 inches.

Dr. Mann said in his report, 'Apart from the marked gain in weight and height, there is also a general improvement in their physical condition. They lose the marked tendency to chilblains. In addition they become far more high-spirited and irrepressible, being often in trouble on that account, and though it is not possible to measure this change in their mentality by statistical methods, yet the change was unmistakable.'

This ounce of prevention is so easy. The price is cheap in return for hearty children and a healthy people.

ISADORA AND ESSENINE. II

BY LOLA KINEL

I

ALTHOUGH Essenine liked publicity, — anything, in fact, that could increase his 'fame,' — he refused quite consistently to talk to interviewers. I think he must have suspected that their curiosity was mainly for Isadora's latest 'lover,' her latest acquisition, not for the renowned Russian poet. He felt hurt.

Only once did he make an exception. It was for the editor of a big Belgian newspaper. Essenine consented to be interviewed, with me assisting in the process.

The editor, a typical, highly civilized European gentleman, with a beard, eyed the poet with tremendous interest and then asked him how he liked the country — Belgium, in this case.

Essenine suddenly became quite visible and fluent. Instead of his usual taciturnity and reserve in the presence of inquisitive strangers and his famous cloak of childish innocence, — he could, at will, become very stupid, looking at the world out of blue, wondering eyes from which the shrewdness vanished as if by magic, — he broke forth into a regular tirade, not only about Belgium in particular, but about Europe in general. It was difficult to interpret the swiftly following phrases which dropped with a heavy finality, like stones: —

'I don't like it. I don't understand it. Tell them' — this to me — 'that I hate small things. Everything here is

small. The people are small, their automobiles are small, their houses are small. Their very life seems small . . . these people look as if they lived *for* their houses instead of having their houses built for them. They work and save, work and save, and buy one of these houses — to keep a watch on it — for life. All this damned security! . . . Inside they seem dead.'

And much more in the same vein. The editor listened, looked alarmed, then clearly uncomfortable. He had put a sincere though trite question, but he did not expect an equally sincere though rude answer. Now and then he said, '*Tiens*' — that great French expression which helps to carry a conversation over any rough ground. Occasionally he lifted an eyebrow, while Essenine rambled on and on and then suddenly paused and said with unmistakable feeling: —

'I feel cramped, crowded. I cannot write in these countries, in these damned hotels.'

And he lifted his heavy shoulders in a queer gesture as if he wanted to stretch his arms. There was the dry rippling sound of breaking thread. Half of his coat sleeve was ripped open.

It was a fitting climax to the interview.

The editor, with a final, astonished '*Tiens*,' left with the look of a man who got more than he asked for; and pres-

ently Essenine, in a different coat and in a more peaceable mood, continued to complain to me about Europe. . . . Not a shred was left of her — 'carriion, foul, dead' were his most favored expressions.

II

Of Ostend I do not remember much. We went there to be near the sea, but all I recall of it are the high dunes and a terrible, cold wind. It was so terrible a wind that I still remember running away from it and hiding in the hotel. And I can still see Isadora, returning from a solitary walk on the beach, exulting in it, exclaiming how she had loved it, her dark curls dancing wildly around her face, her eyes sparkling.

Often in those days it seemed to me that it was Isadora — nearing fifty and looking no more than thirty-five — who was younger than any of us; younger than Jeanne, calm, devoted Jeanne who was on the right side of thirty, younger than the youthful Essenine, with his broken, tragic, and twisted soul, and younger than I who was at that idiotic stage of youth when one is old and the world holds no more wonders. . . .

I had several glimpses of the Casino, with its gayly dressed crowds sitting at the little tables, drinking apéritifs and whatnots, looking a trifle bored, as befits society. But by far the most vivid memory of Ostend had to do with neither the slate-colored sea nor the wind nor the Casino, but the much more practical matter of renting a piano for Isadora on a Sunday.

I do not recall exactly how the piano incident started. I think Mr. Lawton, the pianist, had arrived, and Isadora, finding her room of just the right proportions to dance in, wanted to start rehearsing immediately. There was simply a sudden, urgent need of a piano. It was the most important

thing in the world. It had to be procured at once. And it was up to me.

There was a piano at the hotel, of course. I remembered having seen it in the salon downstairs. But that could not be moved. '*Oh non!*' said the *portier* firmly.

'But then,' said I, 'will you please call up the piano stores and let them send up a good upright to Madame's suite at once?'

'But it is Sunday, mademoiselle,' he replied. 'It is impossible. No working-men will move a piano to-day.' His smile was so placating and the shrug of his shoulders so expressive! I had a suspicion that inwardly the fellow enjoyed the situation . . . those *grandes artistes* have such crazy notions!

However, the word 'impossible' did not exist in Isadora's vocabulary. I knew it well by now. Could n't he phone to the residence of some piano dealer, I wanted to know, and find out whether a piano could not be brought immediately for a special remuneration? Surely some working-men would like to earn a little extra money?

He might try. He doubted. Some more shrugging of shoulders and waving of hands. Then, suddenly, Isadora appeared on the steps — graceful, gracious, wonderfully poised.

I explained things. 'Let me see,' she said. 'I know the opera director. I have danced there. I am sure that he would let me use the big hall at the opera house. Do run down and see him.'

I ran down. I literally ran, and I got to the Opera, a big old beautiful building. I tried different doors, and finally found one open. I don't know why I did not try to call up the director on the phone and explain the matter to him. It was incredibly stupid, but that's what I did, anyway.

I got into the opera house and wandered around in a maze of odd halls

and corridors. I did not find the director's room at once. When I did, it was empty. I wandered out again. And then I met a boy, freckled, red-haired, and amiable. I asked him where I could find the opera director. He grinned, showing a row of splendid teeth, and did not reply. I asked him again, enunciating my French slowly. He smiled again and made a negative movement with his head. Then he spoke in a strange tongue I had never heard before: it was neither German, French, nor Dutch, any of which I should have understood. Then it dawned on me: it was Flemish! But the word 'director,' I reflected, was an international word, and so I repeated it slowly, looking into the boy's eyes, trying to make him understand. He kept on grinning, amiable and kind.

I walked away, trying to think what to do next. Suddenly the Flemish boy appeared at my side. He pointed to an empty car, a little closed sedan, parked at the curb. And he jabbered on in Flemish. . . .

A man who was passing explained that the boy was trying to tell me the parked car belonged to the director of the Opera. He was out, but would return soon. This was where he always parked the car.

I thanked the gentleman and gave the red-haired boy a tip. Then I went to the car and sat in it. Since the director would return to it, I would wait for him right there.

The car was well upholstered and very cozy. I enjoyed sitting in it. I had had *such* a busy morning . . . and I fell asleep. . . .

When I awoke it was nearly four and I stared at my wrist watch in dismay. The director had never turned up; he had evidently changed his plans. I took one of Isadora's visiting cards, with which I was always plentifully supplied, and wrote a note to him,

begging him to call up Isadora at the hotel at once. I stuck the card on the dashboard, and ran back to our hotel.

When I got up to the floor of Isadora's suite, I was met by the faint, muffled sound of a piano. I was just going to knock on the door of the salon when Essenine appeared from another and stopped me instantly.

'Don't go in. She is rehearsing. She hates to be disturbed.'

I never learned how or when Isadora got that piano. And, truth to tell, I did not much care — as long as she got it.

III

It was in Venice. The gondola was large, with an elaborate baldachin in the centre; the gondolier was tall and lanky, with something proud in his carriage, in the way he dipped his heavy oar and then straightened himself out again. . . . The night was beautiful, with a sky full of stars; and the water of the lagoon was like a huge shiny black sheet.

Under the velvet baldachin Isadora sat alone, very still — with that enchanting grace which made one think of her as a beautiful sculpture that had become alive. In the dim light one could see the curve of her full white throat and one beautiful arm resting on the edge of the boat. The rest of her form was obscured by the shadows.

In the bow Essenine was telling me about his life — in a manner simple and detached, as if he were talking of someone else. The silence of that Venetian night was so full that the distant sound of a gondolier's song and the tiny splash of the oar, as it dipped at long, regular intervals, seemed but to intensify it, and Essenine's voice was hardly more than a murmur, a soft murmur telling tales which seemed incredible and fantastic.

He talked of his early childhood as a

poor, bare-legged peasant boy; of the day when he wrote his first poem, at the age of nine; of the many poems he had written from then on, in secret, so no one should know; of how, at seventeen, he chose but a few and burned all the rest; how his people were trying to make a *pop*¹ out of him—because he was so clever and so precocious; how often he had been flogged because he ran away from school; of his uncle, the ‘ruthless’ man who administered the beatings; of beautiful faces, and of the most beautiful face he had ever seen, that of a young nun in a Russian convent—a face that was absolutely guileless and pure; of his rise to fame and his life in Petrograd; of his running away from the army; of women; of convents; of words, words that were alive and others that were dead; of the language of plain people, peasants, pilgrims, and thieves, which was always alive; of many other things. . . .

His voice was soft and his eyes dreamy, and there was that about him which made one think that his soul was like a child’s, mysteriously wise yet utterly tender. . . .

There was a slight thud, a little splash; the boat landed somewhere, the murky water licking the bottom step of a dark Venetian quay. There was Isadora’s voice, speaking Italian to the gondolier; the hands of small beggar boys, outstretched for pennies. . . . The magic spell was broken. We were in Italy again.

On the way back, Essenine and I sang Russian folk songs, and the gondolier, a little surprised at this competition in his own game, nevertheless applauded heartily. After a while Essenine, still in a talkative mood, started speaking of Russia again. But it was a different Essenine now. The other, the poet, who seemed simple and naïve and, somehow, wise, whom I had known only for a short hour or two, had van-

ished. This was the ordinary Essenine I knew: bland, noncommittal, pretending to be somewhat of a fool, but rather secretive, with eyes which had such sly corners to them. He talked of Bolshevism and I asked whether he knew Lenin.

‘Lenin is dead!’ he whispered back.

I nearly jumped. This was in 1922 and Lenin was very ill.² He was surrounded by famous German physicians; every now and then one read in the papers their official bulletin.

‘Why are you joking like this, Sergei Aleksandrovitch?’

We both whispered, as if we were afraid that someone might overhear.

‘I am not joking. He has been dead for almost a year,’ came the whispered reply, ‘but we cannot let this be known, for Bolshevism would collapse in one hour. There is no leader strong enough to take his place. Can’t you see?’

‘But, Sergei Aleksandrovitch, one cannot conceal such news. It’s impossible. One might succeed for a few days, perhaps a week, but no longer.’

‘We have succeeded. We had to. No one knows. Only a few trusted people.’ His voice was that of a conspirator. It was at this moment that I began to suspect his hoax, but, instead of protesting, I now pretended to be convinced. I wanted to hear more. It seemed so very exciting.

‘You see,’ the quiet voice continued, ‘once in a great while, if someone insists, the physicians let him in just for a minute and show the visitor that Lenin is asleep. He is not asleep. He is embalmed! Dead! Marvelously embalmed. These Germans did it; it took them weeks to do it. They are putting off the announcement from week to week, until we can find a strong leader. Bolshevism cannot exist without a strong man. In the meantime they keep on issuing bulletins of his gradual decline.

¹ A priest of the Greek Orthodox Church.

² Lenin died in 1924.

Have n't you noticed it? Have n't you noticed how few people are admitted? That there are no interviews?'

I sat completely entranced. What a story! Even if this was just a hoax, what a magnificent plot! It fired my imagination. The quiet voice continued: —

'But if you squeal one word, you won't live! There are ways and means. We have spies everywhere!'

I said not a word. My back was full of shivers; I was divided between admiration and a desire to laugh. Essenine sat with a satisfied, secretive smile. He looked a little insane.

'What are you two muttering about?'

Isadora's voice. . . . Isadora, who had been so silent all evening and had sat alone, lost in heaven knows what dreams, now joined us and another spell was broken. But that night I could hardly sleep, for the story he had told me, so fantastic and yet so plausible, had got hold of my imagination.

It still seemed probable. What a plot, if it were true!

IV

The conversation in which I had to assist on the following morning was the most ghastly of all my interpreting jobs and I made a sorry business of it. I saw, the moment I entered the room, that some sort of serious discussion was going on and that Isadora and Essenine were n't getting anywhere, for he turned to me at once with a little cry of relief: —

'*A, vot Miss Kinel! Perevoditie.*' ('Ah, there is Miss Kinel! Please translate.')

Then he settled back in his chair with an air of being ready for business: —

'When we get to Paris I want my own key. I want to come and go as I please and *walk alone if I feel like it.*'

'What is it?' demanded Isadora.

I translated, avoiding Isadora's face and looking straight ahead of me.

'No damned ordering me about. I am not sick and I am not a child. Tell her that.'

I did — with a slight modification.

Isadora was silent.

Essenine paused slightly. Then: —

'I am not going to beat about the bush — or cheat. . . . I want absolute freedom — other women if I like. If she wants my company, I shall stay in her house, but I don't want any interference.'

It was at this point that I broke down on my job. I cried: —

'I can't tell her that, Sergei Aleksandrovitch. Please!'

'You have to! It's your job!'

'I won't!'

From Isadora, anxiously: —

'What does he want now?'

'Oh, he is just restless — he does n't mean half of it. . . . He wants to — do as he pleases when you go to Paris.'

I knew I looked guilty and confused and that Isadora guessed I was n't telling all of it. This time she did not insist. She merely watched Essenine's face. He was working himself up a little more: —

'I am not going to be kept cooped up in a hotel like a slave. If I can't do what I want, I shall leave. I can take a boat from here and go to Odessa. I want to go back to Russia.'

Isadora caught the word 'Odessa' and her eyes were full of fear. Essenine saw this, and he leaned back in his chair with a satisfied look. He had scored a point. It was obvious; he could get anything if he threatened to leave. For some moments he looked abstracted, his forehead all creased, his whole face puckered up. . . . Then he smiled slowly and said musingly: —

'It will be interesting . . . these French women . . . I have heard so much about them.'

He said this exactly with the air of a small boy who is terribly eager to taste some kind of new pastry he has heard talked about.

I studied him for a moment and then said, calmly and with conviction: —

'A viedz Vy poriadochnaya svolotch.' ('You know, you are really quite a dirty skunk.')

And then I stopped — amazed at what I had said. But Essenine merely looked up, as if interrupted in his pleasant dream, and smiled. There was an awkward pause. I got up to go. Seeing me leave, Essenine said suddenly: —

'What about my last night's telegrams? Has there been any reply?'

'I have n't sent them. You see . . . you were still a little drunk and I thought . . .'

His face went white, as it always did when he got angry. He said with a sort of quiet menace: —

'You know, you ought to do what you are told — not what you think.'

I was filled with anger and humiliation and tried to explain why I thought he could n't possibly want those telegrams to be sent if he were sober. They were addressed to two of his literary friends, one in Moscow, another in Berlin, and he asked them to come at once. I knew that Isadora and he were going to America very soon to fulfill her contract, and I knew that one friend at least, the one in Moscow, would probably never even reach them before they left, what with visas, passport difficulties, and so on.

Essenine listened with a set face. His anger never broke out at once; he would merely become pale and his eyelids turn pink, but one sensed the turmoil within him. Isadora, watching our faces, now demanded to know what it was all about, and I translated briefly. To my surprise, she took Essenine's part.

'You should have sent them. You should obey his instructions, no matter how nonsensical they may seem. We could always send another telegram later, refuting the first,' she said. 'You must n't contradict him. You know how sick he is. The doctor in Wiesbaden said we should never make him angry.' She spoke very kindly, as if trying not to hurt my feelings.

I said I was sorry, not quite sincerely, and went to the door. 'Come and join us for lunch,' cried Isadora. But I made no reply. I went down to the beach, had a swim, and then lay on the sand, meditating on the vicissitudes of being a secretary to people of genius and temperament, and wondering whether this was how things would always be when Essenine went off the water wagon for good; also swearing to myself that this was the last job of private secretary in my career. . . .

My vow was fulfilled amazingly soon, for when I returned to the Excelsior after luncheon I found Jeanne alone, packing, and with the news that Madame and Monsieur were at the bank getting money and were leaving for Paris that night. The familiar *'Faites vos malles, mademoiselle,'* was lacking. There was no message for me. I might not have existed. So I returned to my room and packed too.

When I went up to Isadora's room later in the afternoon, she stretched out her hand and cried: —

'I am terribly sorry! It's Essenine. He hates you now.'

She looked troubled and very gracious in her desire not to hurt me. I said, 'Never mind, Isadora. It's just as well. I was really quite rude to him this morning.'

'He says he can't trust you,' Isadora said; 'not after that incident with the telegrams and yesterday with the medicine in his wine. He can never trust you again.'

'But, Isadora,' I cried, 'have n't you

told him that it was your idea, not mine, to put the medicine in the wine?’

She smiled a little guiltily and said simply: ‘No.’

Great Scott, what was one to do? I saw her point at once: as long as I was being fired anyway because Essenine ‘did n’t trust’ me, I might as well be blamed for everything. . . . We talked of this and that, and while we talked Essenine entered. He was full of warm cordiality, the made-up kind at which he was quite adept, obviously with the desire to part on good terms, although it was clear he was glad that the traitress was going. He asked me to see his literary friends in Berlin, gave me numerous addresses, describing his more intimate boon companions very minutely, even to the fact of their being good lovers or not. . . . ‘This one is very . . . and that one is not so good . . . and that one is no good alto-

gether’ — all this in the frank coarse Russian way which he liked to adopt when he teased anyone and which was humorous in spite of the coarseness. But I was not in a humorous mood. I was stiff with resentment. I said just ‘Yes’ and ‘No’ and ‘All right.’

Said Isadora, who hated friction and who always forgave things and forgot slights: —

‘Oh, do make up with him. Don’t be angry.’ And so we shook hands all around and said good-bye. . . .

I left the Lido on the same afternoon, feeling a little lost. Leaving Isadora and Essenine was like stepping off a brightly lit stage with the actors on it etched in sharp, clear outlines and with lots of high lights — and jumping into the dark, murky orchestra where the people, by comparison, were shadowy, unreal, and half dead. . . . After Isadora and Essenine, the ordinary world seemed a little gray.

ENGLAND'S DUTY

BY SIR ARTHUR WILLERT

I

'BRITAIN to-day is feverishly rearming; but unless pro-League sentiment once more reasserts itself, this strength will be used, not on behalf of a strengthened world organization, but to bolster up the old system of balance of power which at best can maintain peace only for a few years. If, as a result of the Ethiopian *débâcle*, Britain should limit its foreign policy to an alliance with France safeguarding the Rhine frontier, Nazi penetration in Central and Eastern Europe would proceed apace, notwithstanding the opposition of France and Italy. Once dominant in this area, Germany in alliance with Japan might eventually reduce France and Britain to the position of second-rate powers and liberalism generally would enter a period of eclipse.'

So wrote Mr. Raymond Leslie Buell, the president of the Foreign Policy Association of the United States, a few days after the collapse of the Ethiopian resistance to the Italian invasion and the flight of Haile Selassie. Mr. Buell is a commentator upon international affairs of exceptional acumen and experience, and the warning he gives to those responsible for the relationship of Great Britain with her neighbors is still very much to the point.

Undoubtedly the authority and prospects of the League of Nations and all that it represents have been gravely and progressively compromised in recent years. The successful defiance of

the Geneva Covenant and the Kellogg Pact by Japan over Manchuria, the failure of the Disarmament Conference, the spectacular pulverization of the Treaty of Versailles by Germany, in 1935 over conscription and rearmament and in 1936 by the reoccupation of the demilitarized zone, the impotence on both occasions of the other European powers individually and as members of the League of Nations to resist the lawbreakers by more than unregarded words, and, last but not least, Signor Mussolini's blustering, brutal, and so far wholly successful flouting of the League of Nations and its half-hearted sanctions — those great events and sundry smaller ones have sadly bothered the League and have raised the gravest doubts whether, as things stand, it could be any more successful in preventing illegal aggression in Europe than it has been in Asia and Africa.

The most immediate and obvious result of this state of affairs is the recapture by the principal countries of the Old World of the same postures of fear and distrust which they took in the years preceding 1914. Once more a Germany, strong and growing stronger, restless and preaching force as the best ultimate medium for the satisfaction of ambition, confronts to the west a nervous France and to the east a nervous Russia; once more France and Russia draw closer and closer together

in an alliance which, though actually defensive, is understandably regarded by Germany as a threat; once more England watches anxiously the growing tension, committed to the side of France and Russia, but not to the extent of assuring those countries active support in all circumstances should their fears of Germany prove to be well founded; and once more Italy remains in the background, though essentially on the German side for the present.

This time, too, there are causes for disquiet which did not exist at the beginning of the century. There are specific danger spots such as Danzig and Memel; there is Austria, whose inefficient, cynical diplomacy had so much to do with the actual beginning of the last war, once again a danger to peace on account of an impotence for which she cannot fairly be blamed; there are other more or less misfit arrangements arising out of the peace settlement which tempt their victims to look upon another war as presenting the best opportunity for their removal. And nearly everywhere, in domestic affairs as well as in international affairs, democratic practices and ideas are being abandoned, until in the whole of Europe, east of the Rhine and the Alps, there is only one country, Czechoslovakia, in which free government still exists. Liberalism is in danger of eclipse, and of eclipse by the shadow of an autocracy more formidable than anything that was dreamed of thirty years ago, an autocracy which in its ruthlessness, its general amorality, and its deliberate disregard of the sanctity of contracts, resembles more closely the Italy of Cæsar Borgia and Machiavelli than the system of the older Cæsars upon the inheritance of whose tradition Signor Mussolini prides himself.

Almost every month the dictatorships add to the list of their major aggressions against the peace of mind

of their neighbors. Having sent her troops into the demilitarized zone, Germany makes her arrangement with Austria, and Italy's friendly acceptance of that arrangement is a disquieting and unexpected manifestation of a trade-union spirit heretofore conspicuously absent as between Nazi and Fascist. Then comes a far more disquieting manifestation of that solidarity over the Spanish civil war. There for the first time the authoritarian countries reveal themselves, as the Holy Alliance did more than a century ago, also in regard to the affairs of Spain, as the active champions of reaction beyond their borders. Then Germany swings round to the other end of Europe, and, at the annual rally of his party at Nuremberg, Herr Hitler says things against Russia and Bolshevism which in the old days might well have meant war in twenty-four hours and even in this vituperative age scarcely help the cause of peace.

Nor is it only in the political field that militant and individualistic nationalism is running amuck. Mr. Harold Butler, the head of the International Labor Office, whose reports are among the sanest and most illuminating of the many able but often unnoticed documents emanating from Geneva, says in his current annual report that the rather general improvement in international trade now noticeable must not be allowed to obscure the fact that economic nationalism still holds the field. 'Clearing arrangements, quotas, exaggerated tariffs, exchange restrictions, still bar the road to the resumption of international trade which is the barometer of real recovery.' In 1918, Mr. Butler continues, it was thought possible to reconstruct a peaceful Europe without paying any attention to its economic organization. In 1936 the world had become vaguely aware that territorial claims and armament programmes are not the causes

of the present discontent, but the symptoms. The roots of this discontent were to be found in actual or threatened impoverishment, declining standards of life, insecurity for themselves or their children, which darkened the outlook of the present generation in so many countries. Its remedy did not lie in political pacts or frontier rectifications or disarmament conferences alone.

Mr. Butler's analysis rings terribly true to anyone who has recently traveled over Europe. The continent is the prey of an economic nationalism the insensate virulence of which produces a state of affairs not much less baneful than that which would obtain in the United States if the forty-eight states, or even regional groups of states, suddenly went in for tariffs against each other and started currencies of their own which would not pass as legal tender outside their frontiers. For the moment, rearmament programmes are counteracting locally the effect of this strangulation of trade; but even in Germany rearmament must eventually slacken, and then it is to be feared that, if things are permitted to continue on their present course, political tension will be more than ever accentuated by the maladjustment of the economic fabric.

II

Another thing that strikes one as he probes into the thoughts of Europe is that, if the dictatorships and especially Germany are largely responsible for the fears and uncertainties of the continent, the vast majority of its inhabitants agree with Mr. Buell that the possibility of setting those fears and uncertainties at rest depends very largely upon the attitude of England. In the last few years British diplomatic prestige has been dealt blow after blow. It was hurt by the Manchurian incident; its responsibility for the failure of the Disarmament Conference

is held by Europeans to have been considerable; and then came the Abyssinian affair, during the preparatory phase of which Great Britain is rather generally felt to have thrown away the only real chance that existed of turning Signor Mussolini from his design when she failed to warn him that if he persisted she would advocate sanctions, and the second phase of which opened with the ineptitude of the Hoare-Laval proposal and closed with the failure of Mr. Eden's sanctions.

But if the prestige of the British foreign policy has suffered, Great Britain has not, so far as an Englishman can judge, lost any appreciable amount of the vast potential influence which she has for good or for evil in the affairs of the Old World. She remains, now that the United States is out of the picture, the one Great Power detached enough and powerful enough to take the leadership in the rebuilding of the League and the formation of a collective system sufficiently strong to make prospective aggressors realize that force cannot be profitably employed as a means to their ends, and to reassure the frightened nations of Europe to the extent of gaining their consent to the righting of such just grievances as their discontented neighbors may have.

Will she take advantage of her position or will she once more declare, as Mr. Baldwin did two years ago, that her defensive frontier is on the Rhine, and let Eastern Europe stew in the juice of its distempers until the pot boils over and war breaks out and almost inevitably spreads to the shores of the Atlantic?

The answer may soon be forthcoming. Negotiations are starting, as this is written, toward another effort at the 'consolidation of European peace.' At present they are between Germany, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium, but later on, if things go well, Russia and the other countries will

join them. If they succeed, Europe will have to arrange its peace-keeping machine. If they fail, as they may easily do, either on account of dictatorial intransigence or for any other reason, then the League Powers will have to look to the organization of the defense of peace themselves. In either case it will be difficult for England not to show her hand.

The majority of Englishmen believe vaguely in the League and agree that there must be a collective system for the protection of peace in which Great Britain must take part. They agree that armaments must be increased in order less to mitigate the risks involved by isolation than to enable the country to pull its weight in international affairs. They agree that the Treaty of Versailles was in many respects harsh and unfair, and that the grievances of Germany and the 'have-not' countries must be taken into sympathetic account in any effort to liquidate the troubles of the world. In Japan, China, and the Far East, the typical Englishman is not for the moment interested. The United States also is out of the picture. A New England fisherman explained to me in the days when the Treaty of Versailles was before the Senate that he was against the League of Nations because it would involve the United States in Europe, which, he said, was like a bucket of crabs out of which wise people kept their fingers. It is recognized in Great Britain to-day that the fisherman's view is a perfectly reasonable one for Americans to take. 'We should be doing the same in their place. Only unfortunately we are now a part of Europe and cannot disassociate ourselves from its problems.' That is the sort of answer which one constantly gets if one asks people how they feel about American aloofness.

It is in regard to the nature of the collective system in which England should play her part that opinions

differ both in the inner ring of politicians, diplomatists, and journalists and also in the outside world. The sentiment so strong a few years ago in favor of the cultivation of special friendship with Germany rather than France is diminishing progressively, though it has not yet reached zero. Sentiment in favor of close relationship with France is proportionately increasing, partly for diplomatic and strategic reasons and partly because of the growing tendency to regard the European situation in terms of a struggle between democracy and autocracy, with France and England standing together as the two chief representatives of the democratic civilization.

It is as to how France and England should stand together that the British mind is not clear. Should England make it the first object of her foreign policy to share with France the leadership in another and perhaps final effort to organize the security of Europe on a really collective basis, or should she, to use the words of Mr. Buell, limit her foreign policy to an alliance with France safeguarding the Rhine frontier?

The word 'alliance' is not, of course, to be taken literally. Few people advocate a real Franco-British alliance. Those who desire to limit British responsibilities to Western Europe usually proclaim their loyalty to the collective system and their dislike of alliances of the old type as loudly as anyone. But they envisage a modified collective system and an altered League. The Ethiopian incident, they say, has shown that the League, as at present constituted, will not work. The League, they argue, is a League of Sovereign States. Its members must therefore be prepared to have recourse to collective force in the last resort in order to prevent or defeat a war of aggression. The Ethiopian affair shows that the members of the League are not prepared to do this. Milk-and-water sanc-

tions were all very well; they involved no serious risk of war; but the League feared to impose oil sanctions in the teeth of Signor Mussolini's intimation that they might well mean war. The Senate of the United States was, in fact, right when it condemned articles X and XVI of the Covenant as being too heavily charged with the danger of the promiscuous use of force for acceptance by reasonably cautious states.

Therefore, say the Western European school, let the Covenant be amended so that it no longer involves an obligation to go to war all over the world. Let the League be turned into an instrument of international conciliation and coöperation. Let it drop its aspiration to act as a sort of chief of the police for Europe. The European countries should arrange among themselves to police the remoter parts of the continent, and they can best do so upon a regional basis, with the Locarno Treaty as the keystone to the Western system, with another such system of mutual guarantee in the East, and perhaps a third for the lower Danube and the Balkans. Having calmed the nerves of the continent by the administration of this potion of peace pacts, accompanied perhaps by the signature of some general demonstration in favor of peace on the lines of Herr Hitler's suggested boycott of war for twenty-five years, Europe could then settle down to another effort at the limitation of armaments, to the revision of the peace settlement, and, last but not least, to an attack upon economic nationalism and other obstacles to the revival of international trade.

III

The hundred-per-cent collectivists agree that the Disarmament Conference should be reconvened, the inequalities of the peace treaties examined, and the economic situation attacked

as soon as the general state of Europe renders at all feasible undertakings of such magnitude and complexity. But they deny that the security programme of the Western Europeans could ever calm the nerves of Europe sufficiently for that. They deny that the Ethiopian incident was a fair test of the efficacy of sanctions. They consider that the chief merit of the present system of economic sanctions, with armed sanctions in the background, should lie in its deterrent effect. They say that neither England nor anyone else tried to frighten Signor Mussolini with sanctions until it was too late, until he had become too deeply committed to his African campaign to draw back. They are inclined to agree with what I have already described as the continental point of view, that, had England warned him early in 1935 that for her part she would press for sanctions to the utmost at Geneva if he persisted in violating the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact, Signor Mussolini might well have thought twice before he launched his war.

Be that as it may, they are emphatic that no system of regional pacts can serve as an effective substitute for a genuine collective system under which the keeping of peace everywhere in Europe is the business of every European power. Europe, they point out, is confronted by the rise of two dictatorships both of which openly preach, and one of which has just successfully practised, power policy — that is to say, the ruthless use of force for the attainment of ends which cannot be reached by diplomacy. The only sure method of securing that these dictatorships keep the peace is to demonstrate to them mathematically that force cannot pay and at the same time to make it equally clear that their just grievances will have sympathetic consideration. The Spanish civil war has shown that, even in their present state of disorgan-

ized weakness, the League Powers can do something if they act together.

The Western European school, continue the collectivists, are no doubt sincere when they say that they want to treat the dissatisfied powers fairly. But countries who feel that they are threatened by those powers will never have their fears calmed sufficiently by regional pacts so that they will be ready to consent to changes in the status quo that are calculated still further to strengthen their enemies. Even as it is, Germany will soon be strong enough to break through any local security pact which Central or Eastern Europe could form. And supposing a Nazi Government comes to the top in Austria, and Austria with apparent spontaneity enters into a partnership with Germany which the powers cannot effectively or indeed properly resist; supposing Germany's authority grows along the Danube; supposing she, either alone or with Italy, launches some grandiose scheme of acquisitive aggression — what then would be the value of regional pacts or anything short of a solid European collective system, a solid European alliance in defense of peace, with France and England as its pillars? If Germany is really planning, as her neighbors contend that she is, either to make herself the overlord of Europe or to carve an empire out of Russia, or both, then nothing short of the knowledge that the massed strength of the great majority of the Old World powers will be against her will prevent her from moving when she is ready.

Such, roughly, is the collectivist argument. Where does the government stand as between it and the proposals of the Western European, the regional pact, school? The question cannot yet be answered. Great Britain, it is true, did not advocate the abolition of forceful sanctions in the suggestions for the reform of the League

which she offered at Geneva. But there is nothing to show that she has strengthened the weak interpretation which she has nearly always given to her responsibilities under Articles X and XVI of the Covenant. In Article X members of the League undertake to 'respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence' of each other. In Article XVI they agree that any member of the League which has taken up arms illegally shall be deemed to have committed an act of war against them and that they will 'immediately subject it to the severance of effective trade and financial relations.'

Effective economic sanctions would almost certainly mean war if invoked against a Great Power, as Signor Mussolini showed by his reaction to the threat of oil sanctions. That is one reason why the British Government has been so unwilling to admit the universality of its police responsibilities. Another reason is that the universality of sanctions runs counter to England's traditional European policy, which is really the American doctrine of no entanglements, diluted by geography, the narrowness of the Channel preventing her from being one hundred per cent isolationist. She has always been ready to protect by force, if need be, those parts of Europe over against her shores from domination by an aggressively hostile Power. Hence her contests with the France of Louis XIV and Napoleon and with Imperial Germany. The Pact of Locarno, useful sedative as it was in its time to the nerves of Europe, was really only a translation into League of Nations terms of that old Western European policy.

One of the principal causes of the failure of the Disarmament Conference was Sir John Simon's steady refusal to increase the British police commitment on the Continent and thus purchase the

consent of France to disarm a little herself and to allow Germany a measure of rearmament in order to remove the worst of the remaining servitudes of the Treaty of Versailles. Even after the collapse of the Conference and German rearmament had patently increased the danger of war, Sir John adhered strictly to the regional pact idea.

It was hoped by the frightened countries of Europe that Sir John Simon's replacement at the Foreign Office by Sir Samuel Hoare meant that Great Britain had realized the futility of any answer to the challenge of the dictatorships except the collective determination of the League of Nation countries, Great Britain included, to support the Covenant always, anywhere, and to any extent in Europe. The Hoare-Laval proposals dashed those hopes; Mr. Eden's appointment to the Foreign Office raised them once more, but his failure to 'make good' over Ethiopia dashed them again, as did the reception of that failure by some of his colleagues in the Cabinet. It was generally felt, for instance, that Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the strongest member of the Government and Mr. Baldwin's heir presumptive, was speaking for others besides himself when he proclaimed last June that the failure of the League to protect Ethiopia showed that collective security would not work.

Whether Mr. Chamberlain and his allies will prevail in the shaping of British policy during the coming negotiations cannot yet be said. The spectacular failure of Mr. Eden's first great venture into high politics as Foreign Minister has, of course, lowered his prestige in the country and may well have weakened his influence in the Cabinet. But he still has good cards to play on behalf of collective security. One is the demonstration which the international reactions of the Spanish civil war have given that the security of Great Britain, or rather the communi-

cations of her Empire, cannot be assured by cowering behind the Rhine; another is that it is in the East of Europe that peace primarily needs protection with all the forces that the eirenic countries can bring to bear; and a third is the growing public demand for a definite and constructive European policy.

IV

Englishmen in the past have, except in times of extreme crisis, been profoundly indifferent to the politics of the outside world. They have been content to leave diplomacy to the specialists of the Foreign Office. In this they have been like the Americans but unlike the Europeans, and especially the French. Even the Great War failed permanently to modify their aloofness. I was given practical proof of this during the Disarmament Conference. As a member of the British Delegation to that Conference, I often motored back and forth between London and Geneva. On the wind screen of my motor was a disk prominently displaying the words 'Conférence de Désarmement.' It was meant for the edification of the Geneva police. Almost every time that I stopped at a French filling station the sight of the disk would elicit interested and often acute questions about the international situation. In England it never provoked the slightest curiosity. I doubt whether it would be the same to-day. People in England seem to be realizing that, if things are allowed to continue to drift in Europe, war may easily be the result, and that a European war would almost certainly involve not only their country but themselves. They no longer regard diplomacy as a mysterious business best left to the charge of experts. They regard it as one of the most important processes of government, success or failure of which may affect the intimate lives of them-

selves and their families. The country is becoming foreign-policy conscious.

Considerations of trade and prosperity are also turning the eyes of Englishmen across the Channel. Great Britain justifiably prides herself on the way in which she has so far come through the economic crisis. But, though her trade and industries are doing relatively well, they are not doing well enough. Of her population of 45,000,000, between one and two millions still lack work, and there is wide agreement that the unemployment problem can only be solved by a great increase of exports. And how, it is asked, can England expect her export trade really to pick up so long as Europe — now, as always, her largest market — remains at sixes and sevens? Rearmament may help industry for a time, but in the end British industry and finance can only prosper if not merely Western Europe but the whole of Europe, including Russia, can feel safe and can settle down under reasonable political and economic dispensation.

This increasing identification of British interests with European interests in British public opinion has stimulated discussion as to what can be done to give the have-not nations the sources of raw materials and the markets which they demand. All sorts of expedients have been suggested, such as the transfer of British and other colonies to the lack-land countries; the placing of vast colonial tracts under some sort of international control, with their markets and their products equally open to the buyers and sellers of all nations; the drawing up of an international convention under which the great colonial powers would guarantee that raw materials from their possessions should be supplied to everybody on equal terms. None of these projects makes much progress. Two very human obstacles stand in the way of the popularization of the idea that the British Empire

should give up some of its territories. One is the natural dislike that individuals and countries alike have to parting with possessions; the other is the feeling that neither the Nazi treatment of the Jews nor the Italian treatment of the Abyssinians justifies the handing over of subject races to the modern authoritarian states, even if the principle of 'self-determination' could be so far forgotten as to make the process otherwise palatable to the English-speaking democracies.

The feasibility of the international control of colonies is doubted for various reasons, some but not all of which are doubtless insular. Nor is it felt that the handing over of colonies would really settle the economic difficulties of the have-nots, however great the psychological value of the concession might be. It is pointed out, for instance, that the British cotton industry, in its time the greatest export industry which any country has ever had, depended almost entirely upon American raw material. Nor, in point of fact, do the really important raw materials, with the exception of rubber, come to a decisive extent from colonial territories. And if Germany and Italy and Japan could be made self-sufficient, would that really help? In wartime, self-sufficiency based upon colonies would be useless without control of the seas; and as for self-sufficiency in peacetime, the enjoyment of a very fair amount of it would not seem to have been of any real assistance to the United States or to the British Empire in the recent depression.

The English mind is thus moving in the same direction as the mind of Washington seems to be moving under the guidance of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull — away from belief in self-sufficiency and toward belief that the greater the freedom for international trade, the greater the chance the world has of consolidating peace and recap-

turing prosperity. It therefore tends to regard the pending effort to renew the Locarno Treaty and to consolidate peace elsewhere, the discussion about the reform of the League at Geneva, and anything that may be done in the sphere of international economics, as parts of a supreme effort to lead the European community back to a rational way of life. It remains to be seen how far it will be able to impose itself on the government. In Parliament the Labor and Liberal Oppositions take Mr. Buell's view of the British mission. But the national government has such a majority that it can afford to regard their criticism and exhortation as academic.

All that can be said is that Mr. Eden has still a chance to win back the prestige which he has lost. When he entered the Foreign Office, some of his perfervid admirers compared him to Lord Castlereagh. It is possible that even now the comparison may not remain undeserved. Mr. Eden's position in one respect, at any rate, is not unlike that of Lord Castlereagh at the time of the liquidation of the Napoleonic War. Lord Castlereagh, as the then head of the Foreign Office, had to fight not only his Prime Minister and his colleagues in the Cabinet at home, but also England's principal allies abroad, to secure for France a place in the sun of European reconstruction. He had, in particular, to persuade a vengeful Prussia that, after a great war, the first essential to an enduring peace is that the vanquished should be given the opportunity of prosperous and self-respecting recovery. Lord Castlereagh owes his high place in the roll of British statesmen largely to his success in that matter. He had, it is true, the immense advantage of the support of the Duke of Wellington.

But, unless the writer is wrong, Mr. Eden can still have, if he and his friends

know how to use it, the even more powerful support of public opinion in his efforts to convince his more timid and less imaginative colleagues of the necessity of a forward British policy if the democracies are to recapture the initiative and persuade the dictatorships to coöperate with them in the interests of peace and economic sanity. And in the persuasion of England's chief ally that Herr Hitler's proposals, however unsavory their background, deserve serious consideration, the change of government in France may help. While distrust and fear of Germany are burned too deeply into the soul of France for her foreign policy to be fundamentally altered by changes of government, yet, as was discovered when M. Herriot succeeded M. Poincaré in 1924, the Left, if sure of adequate British participation in the police organization of Europe, may well be more ready to try for Franco-German *rapprochement* than the Right and Centre have been. The great rearmament programme that England, like other countries, is undertaking may also help Mr. Eden. It will make it difficult for the Western school to use the argument with which in the past they have made great play — namely, that England is too weak for membership in an international organization which might involve the use of force on anything except a basis of strictly limited liability.

How it will all turn out only a congenital fool or an inspired prophet would dare to try to forecast. One can only say that the choice before the government and people of England lies between a continuation of the drift and indecision which has so far marked the national government's conduct of foreign affairs, and a definite policy based upon realization of the fact that in these days — on the eastern side of the Atlantic, at any rate — the best way to be safe from a general war is not to let such a war break out.

HANGING DAY

BY CARL CARMER

I

THE beat of a hammer sounded out of the mist that covered the valley flats east of Cooperstown on the dawn of July 19, 1805. Early risers on the river side of town peered curiously from their bedroom windows across the wide dull gleam of the Susquehanna, for they knew that the gallows for the hanging of Stephen Arnold had been set up the day before. Only a few strangers who had chosen to camp all night beside that grim right angle saw two boys at work and heard them tell they were building a platform for Granny to sit on so that she could see the hanging 'easy and comfortable.'

By seven o'clock the sun had burned the mists out of the valley and off Otsego Lake, and the town was crowded. The taverns, the Red Lion and the Blue Anchor, had been filled long before the previous night's bedtime. That moment had hardly existed, for William Cook, host at the latter, in his usual holiday costume, — drab coat of the style of 1776 with buttons the size of dollars, knee breeches, striped stockings, buckles so big they covered half his shoes, and a cocked hat 'large enough to extinguish him,' — had served up hour after hour such punches and flips as only a former steward on a British East Indiaman knew how to mix. There was talk of a knife fight around midnight over on Pig Alley, and some folks said that in a 'wrestlin' down in Frog Hollow a 'half-horse,

half-man' from the wild town of Canisteo beyond the Steuben County mountains had put a slick Onondaga Indian on his back.

By eight o'clock streams of carriages were rolling along Pink Street and Mosquito Road. From the Jams, round-topped hills above Milford, and the Twelve Thousand, steeper heights east of Schuyler Lake, from Hell Town and Dogtown and Butternuts, strings of wagons, men on horseback, and men on foot converged on Cooperstown. At the head of Otsego Lake rowboats and canoes slipped out of the shadow of Sleeping Lion Mountain and caught up with others from Hurry Harry and Muskrat Castle to make a scattered flotilla steadily advancing toward the shelving beach where Front Street rims the water. Groups of curious countrymen strolled by Otsego Hall, manor house of Judge William Cooper, whose hell-raising son Jim had been sent home from Yale College that spring, by Apple Hill, the home of Richard Fenimore Cooper, by Henry Bowers's just-completed Lakelands, by the new stone house (the only one in the region) which Judge Cooper had had built on the southwest corner of Water and Second Streets for his daughter and her husband George Pomeroy.

Although the parade was not announced to start until noon, the yard across from the jail at Main and Second Streets was spang full by nine o'clock.

Folks tried out the stocks, looked respectfully at the whipping post, and stared across the street at the door which was soon to swing open for a murderer on his way to his fitting and proper doom. They said that Stephen Arnold ought to hang, all right. He had whipped his six-year-old ward Betsey Van Amburgh so hard that she died, 'and him an educated man and a school-teacher.' All because the poor child could not help pronouncing the word 'gig' as 'jig' he had taken off her clothes and seven times he had driven her outdoors, where he had whipped her until the bitter cold of the night had made him go back to his fire. The crowd got so excited talking that hardly any of them noticed when Jacob Ford of Burlington galloped up on a tired horse, dismounted, and ran into the jail. A few remembered afterward that he came out in a moment with the sheriff, who was frowning over what seemed to be a letter, and that the two went off in the direction of the centre of town.

By eleven, when the sheriff came back to the jail, Cooperstown, with only five hundred inhabitants, was host to eight thousand, according to the best estimators. Suddenly there was a blare of brass and a tattoo of drums, and Lieutenant Commandant Mason's company of artillery and Lieutenant Commandant Tanner's company of light infantry marched up to take their places as guards to the wagon on which Stephen Arnold would ride to the gallows. Governor Morgan Lewis's love of military pomp was already losing him votes throughout the state, but nobody would kick at his detailing soldiers in full dress for so extraordinary an occasion as this.

Now the civilians who were to take part in the ceremonies were arriving at the jail door. In the little knot about the step stood the Reverend Mr. Williams of Worcester, imported to deliver

the invocation at the exercises, and the Reverend Isaac Lewis, Presbyterian pastor whose flock were finishing up the first church in the township. Here was the loved dean of the town's physicians, Dr. Fuller, and, in old-fashioned knee breeches, the eccentric Dr. Nathaniel Gott, recently succeeded to some of the unpopularity of Dr. Charles Powers, who had been run out of town a few years before for putting an emetic into the punch at the Red Lion's New Year ball. Dr. Gott's offense had been an attempt to collect his bills by writing and sending to his debtors a poem:—

Says Dr. Gott
I'll tell you what
I'm called on hot
All round the Ot-
Segonion plot
To pay my shot
For pill and pot
If you don't trot
Up to the spot
And ease my lot
You'll smell it hot.

Elaborately indifferent to each other in the small group were Dr. Gott and Mr. Elihu Phinney, bookseller and editor of the *Otsego Herald or Western Advertiser*, whose pen was soon to describe the remarkable events of this day. Ever since a jovial evening when they had engaged in the dangerous game of suggesting epitaphs for each other's gravestones there had been a coldness between these two. Gott thought he had scored when he intimated that Phinney's soul was so small that ten thousand like it could dance on the point of a cambric needle. But Phinney had replied:—

Beneath this turf doth stink and rot
The body of old Dr. Gott
Now earth is eased and hell is pleased
Since Satan hath his carcass seized.

They did not speak to each other after that. Gott was the more annoyed since Phinney, founder of *Phinney's Calendar or Western Almanack*, had

won fame as a prophet when, through a typographical error in that popular journal, he had foretold snow for the Fourth of July, only to find on that day, to his own secret amazement and the loud-mouthed astonishment of his neighbors, that nature was heartily co-operating by fulfilling his prediction.

II

At almost the stroke of noon the big jail door swung open. The sheriff strode out first, mounted his horse, and waited for his aides to assist the pale, heavily chained prisoner into an open wagon. Then he rode ahead. Behind him walked the ministers, the lawyers, the doctors, and a few other important citizens. The band struck up a dirge as the infantry and artillery companies formed in front of it and began to march forward with the rolling wagon in their midst. As the slow procession moved along Second Street and turned down Main, the crowds that lined the way fell in behind and followed. Along the aisle of witch trees, 'tall and lanky — pressing toward the east,' past the Main Street stores they went. Soon the boards of the Susquehanna bridge were complaining beneath the wagon's wheels. The gallows were in sight on the river flats a little below the red brick house that stood near the east end of the bridge. High above them in the distance rose the Vision, the peak which marks the termination of the mountains that form the eastern rim of the valley. At the foot of the gallows lay a wooden coffin, and in front of both, on a tiny platform of her own, sat an old woman rocking as she knitted and waited.

Elihu Phinney's *Otsego Herald* a few days later described the scene as the wagon drew up to the place of execution and the condemned man, his chains removed, dismounted to sit forlornly on his coffin: —

Unconnected with the solemn occasion the appearance of such an extraordinary collection of the sexes was beautiful in the extreme. The ground at a small distance from the place of execution, which was a small flat, arose towards the east in such manner as to afford every beholder an un-interrupted view of the interesting spectacle. It seemed when viewed from the high western banks of the river, a vast natural amphitheatre filled with all classes and gradations of citizens from the opulent landlord to the humble laborer. The display of about 600 umbrellas, of various colors; the undulating appearance of silks and muslins of different hues; the vibrations of thousands of fans in playful fancy; the elevated background of the landscape interspersed with carriages of various construction and filled with people; the roofs of the buildings, which commanded a view, covered with spectators; the windows crowded with faces, every surrounding point of view occupied, and the gleam of swords, bayonets &c. in the centre afforded, whenever the mind was detached from the occasion, real satisfaction to the contemplative mind; but on reversing the picture, and reflecting that all those blooming nymphs, jolly swains, delicate ladies, and spruce gentlemen, fond mothers and affectionate sisters, prattling children and hoary sages, servile slaves and imperious masters would be, in all probability, incorporated with their native dust in 100 years, it strongly enforced the truth and pertinence of a maxim of one of the ancient sages, that *pride was not made for man*. A recurrence to the occasion increased our humility.

The Reverend Mr. Williams of Worcester opened the formal programme. He climbed the steps of the platform, lifted a hand, and prayed for God's mercy on all present and particularly upon their unfortunate brother whose life must soon be forfeit to justice. Then the Reverend Isaac Lewis stepped forward. The crowd was still as he read his simple text: —

'And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

'And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.'

Pastor Lewis preached his sermon, a 'pathetic, concise, and excellently adapted discourse.' When it was over, at a signal from the sheriff, Stephen Arnold rose from his seat on the coffin and spoke. He was a man of learning, he was penitent, and he spoke well, ending his remarks with the sentence:—

'It appears to me that if you will not take warning at this affecting scene, you would not be warned though one should arise from the dead.'

Granny, sitting on her little platform in front of the poor man, was obviously much moved by his words. While he was speaking, her needles flashed more and more swiftly in the sunlight and she rocked back and forth more and more violently. A strained silence encompassed the crowd now. The sheriff's boots sounded loud on the platform as he brought forward the rope and adjusted its noose about the neck of Stephen Arnold. There was a single warning cry. It came too late. A feeble scream, a crack of splintering wood, and Granny had rocked off the platform and broken her neck!

The old lady's death caused only a slight delay in the proceedings. The frail wizened body had been lifted and carried away before many of the crowd realized what had happened. The crescendo of questioning voices soon died out. Once more there was silence and the sheriff, standing beside the doomed man, spoke the last words the miserable fellow expected ever to hear, exhorting him to make his peace with God and bidding the spectators take warning from his fate.

Now, at the moment when nothing was left to be done save the suspension and strangling to death of Stephen Arnold, the sheriff took a few steps forward, drew from his pocket an offi-

cial-looking paper, and read it aloud. It was a reprieve from Governor Morgan Lewis. While the crowd were still quiet, unable to grasp its meaning, the reader hastily explained that he had received the Governor's message that morning around nine o'clock, but, after conference with several leading citizens, had decided that he could not disappoint the thousands of visitors who had come from far and near to witness the day's spectacle. Possibly he did not think it necessary to add that the sudden departure of all these people in the early morning would not have allowed Cooperstown merchants to garner all the rewards which the day's brisk trading had given them. Simply out of respect for the town's guests, he said, he had allowed the scheduled exercises to continue thus far. Obviously they could not continue further.

III

The purport of the sheriff's words reached the minds of the crowd and of Stephen Arnold at the same time, but their separate reactions to it varied widely. Arnold slumped to the floor at the foot of the gallows. The crowd roared its wrath. 'Some swore, others laughed, but all were dissatisfied.' Many had come a long way, lost at least two days' time, been put to considerable expense for which they felt they had had no corresponding return. 'They acted and talked as if they must have a substitute.' They seemed to think that either the sheriff or the absent governor would do nicely. Toward Stephen Arnold, however, they exhibited little animosity. He had done his part well and in good faith. For a few moments a riot was incipient, but the sheriff avoided it. He ordered the band to play a quickstep, the soldiers to fall in, and he headed a noisy parade back through town. It drew the whole throng into its wake.

When it had reached the jail, the sheriff held up his hand for silence and granted Stephen Arnold's request that he be allowed to make the last speech of the day. From the wagon, before the jail received him, Arnold said he wished to thank Jacob Ford, who had brought the good news from Albany, and other friends who had worked for his reprieve. Again he warned the multitude that had followed him on his joyful return from the gallows that they must control their passions. Anger, he said, had brought him to his shameful condition. Then he entered upon an incarceration which was to last the rest of his days, for his sentence was commuted the following year to life imprisonment.

Still enraged, shouting that they had

been duped, damning the sheriff and his advisers for their cruelty in not telling Arnold of the reprieve until after his neck had felt the rope, the visitors who had swelled the number of Cooperstown's inhabitants to almost twenty times its usual size turned their faces toward home. They left behind a dazed group of villagers who did not know quite what to think. In a few days, however, they had made up their minds. The astute Elihu Phinney expressed their sentiments in the next issue of the *Otsego Herald or Western Advertiser*: —

The proceedings of the day were opened, progressed, and closed in a manner which reflected honor on the judiciary, the executive, the clergy, the military, and the citizens of the county.

BALLAD OF JEREMIAH AVERSHAW

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

ONE Jeremiah Avershaw
In seventeen hundred and seventy-five
Was called to forfeit under the law
His flimsy right to stay alive.

They brought him in an open cart
To Kensington, on his last day;
Behind it followed many a man
He'd robbed upon the king's highway,

And many a girl who cursed his name,
His voice, his look, his fervent lies,
And here and there a child who stared
With Jeremiah's own black eyes.

He stood up in the lurching cart
Straight as a tree, a likely youth,
Without a button on his shirt,
And with a flower in his mouth.

The hanging-hill at Kensington
Was loud with people when he came.
They milled and surged at sight of him:
Said Avershaw, 'Ah, such is fame!'

His scaffold scowled against the sky,
His hangman waited, sombre-clad.
The prisoner cried, 'Yon dolorous
Dark figure almost makes me sad!'

He strode the steps and faced the throng.
'All London here to watch me leave,
Fine weather for my famous ride, —
And why should that good fellow grieve?'

Without a button or a friend
But sunlight on him, and a gay
Rose in his mouth, he turned to take
The last curve of the king's highway.

But first, for those whom he had robbed
Of gold and honor, peace and power,
To pay his monstrous debt in full,
Laughing he flung his scarlet flower. . . .

And sent them home in wonder, more
Afraid than ever of the Law, —
But less afraid of Death because
Of Jeremiah Avershaw.

AMERICAN DREAM

BY JOSEPH BARNES

I

THE Communist Party of the United States, assembled in convention in New York City last summer, nominated its candidate for President as 'the new John Brown of Osawatomie.' This leather-faced Kansan, with a prairie twang in his voice, conducted a campaign which was patently not planned from Moscow. Over national radio networks, on the platforms of union meeting halls, and from a cell in the Terre Haute, Indiana, jail, he insisted on the legitimate and historical right of his followers to the title of sons and daughters of the American Revolution, and defenders of American liberty.

'John Brown's Body' blared from the party's bands in alternation with the 'Internationale.' The American flag festooned the rafters of the party's meeting places. Mr. Browder's zeal for American democracy, which led him to single out the Republican Party as the tool of big business interests, to be defeated at all costs, made his party's campaign for the first time a factor in national political discussion.

This borrowing of American symbols was more than a political stratagem, or a knavish trick of Communist expropriation. The seventh world congress of the Communist International in Moscow a year ago had bent the 'party line' more sharply in this direction. But in its membership, its growing press, and its special language of exhortation, the Communist Party had

for several years been naturalizing itself in the American scene.

Mr. Albert Jay Nock has properly rebuked, in the October issue of the *Atlantic*, the word-mongers who foist 'impostor-terms' upon a gullible public, twisting their meanings to serve new ends. But the true study of semantics is more than invective against philosophical jugglery; it is the attempt to learn the reasons for real changes in the meaning of words. The success or failure which the Communists may have in adopting the slogans of 1776 and 1861, and infusing them with new life, will show how far and why these terms have changed their meanings.

Many of them, coined or borrowed in a simpler time, when words and slogans could be held in the mouth until even their taste was fixed, have inevitably changed since they first set the pattern of American speech. Since then, the rich have compounded their riches and the poor their poverty. Mr. Browder can find ample evidence in the reports of college deans, relief administrators, or industrial-relations experts, that *freedom*, *liberty*, *revolution*, *the American dream*, are being given, in many American minds, new definitions not to be found in McGuffey's *Eclectic Readers*.

Every crackpot third party may appropriate for its own purposes the word *American*, and the song 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.' But in Mr.

Browder's campaign some of the fighting words were not mere borrowings; they were already a part of the Communist vocabulary. Even in the maze of Marxist rhetoric these words may be made for many Americans to sing with something of an older throbbing rhythm. They lose the bitter, anxious note given them in so many latter-day speeches or in Mr. Hearst's editorials, the flatted pitch betraying fear that our liberties may be something less imperishable than the rocks and rills which cradled them. They can carry confidence and faith to millions of Americans for whom the old American dream has not yet curdled.

II

That dream itself was largely one of freedom. It was born in the hearts of men who wanted freedom enough to fight the wilderness for it. And for the greater number of them, from Daniel Boone who wanted room enough 'to rattle b'ars in' to the Polish immigrant who wanted a loom and a less crowded ghetto and no more pogroms, the wilderness and its simple, natural freedom were forthcoming.

Sir Charles Lyell, English geologist, traveled through the Eastern seaboard of the United States in 1841, as open-mouthed as any Englishman of his time could be at its geological wealth and at the freedom of its people. When he asked the keeper of his inn at Corn- ing, New York, to find his coachman for him, that free-born Yankee called into the barroom: 'Where is the gentleman that brought this man here?' It was, Sir Charles concluded, the young country's chief blessing.

'I am also aware that the blessing alluded to,' he wrote in his diary, 'and many others which they enjoy, belong to a progressive, as contrasted with a stationary, state of society; that they characterize the new colony, where there is abundance of unoccupied land,

and a ready outlet to a redundant labouring class. They are not the results of a democratic, as compared with a monarchical or aristocratic, constitution, nor the fruits of an absolute equality of religious sects, still less of universal suffrage.'

Karl Marx paraphrased Sir Charles on this point a few years later, but the identification of freedom with political liberty was already frozen in American thinking. Twenty years later, at the beginning of the Civil War, more than half the entire area of the United States, over a billion acres, still belonged to the government. The opening of the West had hardly started. So long as a man could move, and stretch his arms, and 'rattle' new bears, he was not far wrong in thinking himself free. And if he thanked the Constitution or his right to vote for this blessing of freedom, it was an error which history and the inviting, empty prairies overlooked.

To-day the sons and grandsons of these searchers for freedom have reached a full stop in the expansive pressure of a young people into its promised land. For a few hundred farmers, crowded from the soil by the relentless growth of tenancy, — which has climbed in Iowa until 60 per cent of the state's 222,000 farms are tenant-operated in 1936, and 80 per cent are mortgaged, — there is the Matanuska Valley in Alaska. For a few hundred textile workers in New York City, whose very looms have been transported to the cheaper-labor cities of the South, there is Mr. Tugwell's Hightstown, New Jersey, resettlement project. Both were designed as symbols to revive the old American confidence in the invincibility of the pioneer. But both serve to-day to remind Americans that there is no longer an open geographical frontier offering freedom to large numbers of those who seek it.

There are still drought and grass-

hoppers and business depressions and tax-collecting politicians, it is true. But without unoccupied land for a redundant laboring class the older pioneer virtues of individual strength and character have been seen for nearly seven years to falter badly against even these old adversaries. You can't 'rassle,' many Americans have learned, a public utility or the United States Steel Corporation.

Instead, a few have learned, you can organize. It is among these few that Mr. Browder still numbers most of his 51,000 enrolled supporters. But his party's campaign to become a mass revolutionary party has been planned in larger figures. Only an embittered class of industrial workers can be won by talk of dialectics, proletarian dictatorship, and 'Hands Off China.' Besides them, the black-browed Marxist has slowly but carefully learned, he must win the support of millions of Americans who still feel themselves the sons of pioneers and who dream the great American dream.

For most of these, he argues, property has become an empty word, a memory, like stone walls and rail fences to an Iowa farmer. Where the title deeds and gilt-printed certificates have survived, the cold, enlacing grip of finance capital on management has wrenched both profit and the sense of ownership from the shell of property to which the middle class has clung. The old controversy of Marxist scholars as to the relative rates of growth of the so-called middle and working classes has been forgotten. It has been dwarfed by the blunt, unpleasant fact that every year, growing by geometrical progression through prosperity and depression, there are more men and women dependent for a living on a job, the surplus value of their labor taken from them, the spectre of unemployment staring them in the face.

The interests of these Americans, Mr.

Browder and his board of strategy have seen, lie with those of the working class. Only their loyalties, the accumulated pressure of a strong tradition, keep them befuddled by a Liberty League which works for liberty only for the rich. The Communists have set out this year to change these loyalties.

They have premised their plans on the assumption that the new allegiance of these millions need not be to Moscow, but to Bunker Hill and Harper's Ferry. They have found in the American dream issues which are fresh and vital to-day. By a policy of 'united front' with other groups which recognize these issues, and by working on social and economic problems which have replaced the geographical frontier, they propose to use the American dream in a new search for freedom.

III

The primary purpose of the Yankees moving westward across the American continent, and of the later Americans who came as immigrants to a country already settled, was to make a living. A better living has been the first promise they have demanded of those who wished to change their homes or their ways of thinking. In recent years the depression, unemployment, and increasing fear of an accelerating spiral of boom and panic leading to some undefined disaster have prepared many Americans to listen to tales of greener pastures.

This the Communists have recognized, and their appeal for new support rests squarely on a promise of abundance. To support the promise, they can point with powerful effect to the constricting scope of human life and enterprise in the middle-class nations of the modern world. With much less effect as yet, at least for Americans, they can cite the rising standard of living and the widening world of the Soviet Union.

But while they wait for these two converging lines to meet in inevitable revolution, there are other elements of the American dream which they can shape to their own purposes.

The first of these is the desire for security. The depression has been blamed, perhaps too much, for the rising clamor which has enlisted even the Republican Party in support of the principles of social insurance. The true cause may have been rather the prosperity of post-war years, which sucked farmers to the cities and undermined the independence of the small merchant and producer. Merger and monopoly were the order of the day, and the economics of self-sufficiency were relegated to the textbooks, unlearned and unpractised.

How far this change has already gone may be seen in the increasing repudiation by large numbers of citizens, not all of them on relief rolls, of the venerable American maxim that insecurity is a necessary incentive to hard work. What would make men work, we used to ask, if it were not for the wolf at the door?

How can they work, many now ask instead, if they have no access to the tools with which to work? These are no longer the axe and flintlock with which Daniel Boone made insecurity his blessing of freedom. To-day they are jobs, for corporations, banks, and railroads, work to be done with hand or brain for someone else, and a wage at the end of the week. Even the farmers, caught in the spider web of mortgages and closing markets, have begun to learn that the incentive of fear, when independence has dried up with the free land, is small defense against the wolf.

Another traditional element of the American dream, according to the Communist analysis, is the revolt against injustice. To a nation familiar with Abolitionists, Quakers, and pacifists, this is nothing new. Even its most recent forms have only put into the con-

versation of increasing numbers of Americans what Ruskin knew about himself sixty-five years ago.

'For my own part,' he wrote, 'I will put up with this state of things, passively, not an hour longer. I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sky has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore, as I have said, I will endure it no longer quietly.'

I once knew a missionary in China, a man of fine, explosive moral indignation. His ancestors had been Connecticut Yankees, whose tombstones in the cemeteries of Litchfield County, the Western Reserve, Iowa, and California marked one of the trails of American history. Its last expansive thrust sent him into China, equipped with little but his Bible and the American dream. The misery he saw around him made him rage and quiver.

A few days ago I met his son, organizing unemployed workers in New Jersey. With him one of the driving forces of American life had come full circle. The religious character of the older emotional protest had changed. But no one who has seen a Yankee agitator, like this missionary's son, forced by the misery he sees to break his silence, can doubt that his accents are those of his father, and of Emerson and of Thoreau.

Much the same ethical basis underlies still another of the elements in modern American thinking, especially that of a younger generation, on which the Communists have based their strategy and shaped their language. This is the desire for a world of ideas that makes sense. It is the belief that the values and the aesthetics of a civilized people, like its economics and its social mores, are not predestined to perpetual confusion and debasement.

It is this half-inarticulate conviction that has enlisted so many younger writers in the United States under the banner of a still-nascent proletarian literature. The treason of the intellectuals has become a series of mass desertions from the standards of a business society. The present confusion of many of these younger writers belies their avowed desire for synthesis and order. Yet large numbers of them have joined the chorus of revolt, apparently for some personal satisfaction they derive from looking at the still dim outlines of an integrated world.

It may be that the attraction to them of the Marxist world is nothing more than the ageless appeal of any church to any believer. It may be simply a rock on which to rest a weary head. But there are few such syntheses left with equally compelling vitality inside the world of middle-class culture and ideas, according to the Communists; and they claim to be embarrassed by the number of their recruits who come to them for faith alone.

All these things, it may be argued, are not new, by very token of the ease with which the Communists can find American words with which to fit them. We have sought freedom and security before, and rebelled against injustice, and looked with patience for integration in a world that moves too fast for any simple hypothesis to hold it. Those who have failed have become cynical, but have gone on living, and there has been little change.

Some young Americans have found two new and ponderable changes, which have made the whole equation new. The first is Soviet Russia. To the imagination of a Montana wheat grower or a Detroit mechanic, hard empiricists in their American dream, the scale of Five-Year Plans and their tough and palpable reality may make them compelling visions. Americans know of their own experience that steel and

wheat and machines rank high among the things for which men live.

The second is Marxism. It is not the 'party line' of any orthodox or schismatic group, but the tool for understanding which a few scholars, and fewer leaders, have learned to use. To the English world it is still fresh and untested; and it has the plausible ring in many ears that only those doctrines have which promise the millennium — in this case, a society without classes and without poverty, where men may be really free.

'The objective, external forces which have hitherto dominated history,' Engels promised, and the promise still holds good, 'will then pass under the control of men themselves. It is only from this point that men, with full consciousness, will fashion their own history; it is only from this point that the social causes set in motion by men will have, predominantly and in constantly increasing measure, the effects willed by men. It is humanity's leap from the realm of necessity into the realm of freedom.'

IV

For some years it has been easy to dismiss the Communists as foreigners in the fatal sense of that term, alien to our people and to our land, speaking a language few men understood. Only out of our own soil, it was cheerfully repeated, could roots spring that would fulfill what Herbert Croly called the 'promise of American life.'

In one sense the Communists have admitted the validity of this claim in their adoption of Thomas Paine, Samuel Adams, and John Brown for their political iconology, and their campaign to capture the American dream. In another, they have repudiated it, in their steadfast insistence that there is no exception to the rules of capitalist decay.

The continent is no longer virgin,

they insist. Its people count their ancestors in all the corners of the world. They make their living and sell their labor as in any other industrial country. The exceptional scale and speed of American life serve only to telescope the inexorable changes inherent in all industrial civilization. The spectre that was haunting Europe in 1848 has appeared mysteriously lurking in the shadows of America.

This spectre may not be conjured away so easily in the years to come as in the last decade. In Gary, Indiana, along the Monongahela River, on the San Francisco docks, and in the rayon mills of North Carolina, it is reported, the Communists have found new men, speaking the American tongue, unhampered by doctrinaire orders from Moscow, to spread their naturalized doctrine.

William Z. Foster, the party's elder statesman and three times candidate for President, is the son of a Taunton, Massachusetts, carriage washer, who learned his economics not from Karl Marx but from Lester F. Ward. On a platform he chews gum with the slow, deliberate rhythm of a baseball fan. Robert Minor, Communist candidate in November for Governor of New York State, is a grandson of a first cousin to General Sam Houston, first president of Texas. At the 1936 convention he nominated, as 'an average American,' Earl Browder, former bookkeeper and Standard Oil employee, who wears a gold wedding ring and lives in Yonkers, speaks with the slow, dry irony of a Kansas farmer, and writes in a style that suggests a little of Daniel Webster mixed with much of 'Sockless Jerry' Simpson.

These men spoke at Communist meetings during the campaign to shirt-sleeved mechanics and miners, organizers from Alabama textile mills, sailors

and stevedores from three American coasts. Most of their lieutenants appeared to be young. Few were women. A surprising majority had Scotch or Irish names and Yankee cheekbones. On these men, more than on Browder or Foster, depends the success of this new experiment with the American dream.

Even more will it depend, perhaps, on the competition they encounter. It would be comforting to think that there was a reasonable body of ideas being shaped by liberals or conservatives to bring the old American dream into line with new realities in American life.

The depression has uprooted many families and with them many loyalties and ways of thinking. When they settle again, it will inevitably be in new patterns.

In the short run, most of these appear to be of two kinds. On the one hand, conservatives hold out the nostalgic hope of a return to the older agrarian virtues, confused themselves between the laissez-faire spirit of independence they preach and the controlled monopoly they practise. On the other hand there is a fumbling effort to trim and cut the American dream by endless compromise, a liberal muddling-through which promises only scarcity to the sons of men who wanted abundance and freedom.

Given time, either of these sets of ideas might bend the tradition of Daniel Boone and the American pioneer to the new and imperious demands that daily living makes on millions of confused Americans. But there may well be no time. In a world where war and Fascism are bacteria in the air we breathe, the few who see the danger and prepare to struggle against it may win the title they have claimed — spiritual inheritors of the Founding Fathers.

FULL STEAM AHEAD!

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

I

At the present moment, with the birth of James Watt two hundred years in the past, it may seem a project in mere reminiscence to invite attention to steam. Is not the subject mostly historical? Have we not graduated long since into the electrical age? And are there not more modern and more ingenious schemes for generating electricity than by bridling the puffing vapor of the familiar teakettle? Newspaper headliners and political orators acquaint us with the mighty potentialities of 'free' falling water as dramatized along the Tennessee Valley in the South, at Boulder Dam in the West, and at the projected St. Lawrence waterway in the East — to say nothing of the clever exploitation of nature's 'free' resources implicit in the Pas-samaquoddy project for harnessing the rise and fall of the tides. Even on the railroads, where steam has ruled for a century, the flare of modernization is linked in the public consciousness with spectacular new trains powered by diesel oil-driven electric generators. In the news, and consequently in the public mind, steam is inconspicuous, mostly absent, hardly ever mentioned in accounts of the new engineering.

But among the engineers themselves, and in the technical press, the case is far different. In the field of mechanics there is scarcely any branch of invention that is more rapidly advancing to-day than that of the innovators in

steam. Truly sensational introductions are on the horizon, some of them already at work in a few adventurous industrial plants here and abroad. There are improved mechanisms for utilizing the expansive force of steam in power production, new types of boilers for producing the steam at high temperatures and enormous pressures, and even new liquids to boil in the boilers as auxiliaries to water. Underlying all this is a new-won body of exact knowledge of the properties of steam, a tabulation of data which has just been formulated out of the pioneering of a few research scientists in America and Europe.

Years ago someone called steam 'that great civilizer.' Never has it been more alive, more usefully in the service of man, more puissant, than in this fourth decade of the twentieth century.

II

First of all, let us understand that steam is still by overwhelming odds the prime mover of industry. In the United States, more than 60 per cent of the central power stations are actuated by steam, and 90 per cent of the individual industrial power plants are steam-driven. The largest single-shaft units for the production of kilowatts are not any of the mighty water wheels designed for Boulder Dam, but yet more powerful steam turbines re-

cently installed in Philadelphia and New York. And the power plant with the largest actual output is a steam-propelled manufactory of electricity on the East River front in Brooklyn.

At Niagara Falls, and some other places where dense populations and large industries are conveniently near water-power developments, the hydro-electric generator has demonstrated its economic superiority. But New York cannot afford to buy Niagara Falls power. So great is the resistance of copper wire to the long-distance transmission of electricity that in general it is cheaper to buy the coal to produce a kilowatt than to transmit that kilowatt over three hundred miles of wire. Coal can be shipped from five to ten times the distance that electricity can be transported for the same cost. And so successful have been the stratagems of the steam engineers that in every year of our decade the fuel costs of a unit of electricity have been lowered another decimal point. To-day the steam men are extracting from each ton of coal more than double the output of electricity that was obtained in 1920.

A kilowatt-hour is that amount of electricity which will keep alight for an hour forty of the ordinary twenty-five-watt incandescent lamps, or one such lamp for forty hours. It is equivalent, in energy available for work, to one and a third horsepower for an hour. And just as you can figure the cost of a horse's power in terms of food consumed, so you can reckon a kilowatt in terms of coal burned.

Back in 1920, for every kilowatt-hour that pulsed over the wires of the utility plants, three pounds of coal burned in their furnaces. By 1925 the average fuel requirement had been brought down to two pounds. By 1930 it was a trifle under 1.7 pounds. In 1935 the average for all utilities was 1.46 pounds. For the top dozen of these plants, the twelve most efficient

steam producers of the United States, the present toll of fuel is *less* than one pound of coal for each kilowatt-hour of electricity.

To have tripled the economy of fuel utilization within the brief space of fifteen years would seem to be a very great advance indeed. And when we are reminded that Watt's fame and fortune were won with engines which required thirteen pounds of coal to produce the equivalent of power which our moderns are getting from less than one pound, the steam plant of to-day can hardly be denied its pæan of praise.

III

An engineer told me of a remote Marconi station in Africa where two natives work daily at a strange task. Their job is to sit tandem fashion at a pedal-driven dynamo and tread out the electric power necessary to actuate the wireless apparatus. In an eight-hour day, with a half hour off for lunch, they may pump into the lines as much as one kilowatt-hour of electricity.

For a contrast to this African treadmill consider a massive steam turbine in a Connecticut power plant. It whirls with the speed of a planet under the hot breath of a blast of mercury vapor and produces a kilowatt-hour of power in a third of a second, and at a fuel expense of three fourths of a pound of coal. If anyone is looking for a contrast of muscle labor versus mechanical power as a side light on economic ills, point him to these two contemporary examples of performance in the field of electrical generation: three quarters of a pound of bituminous coal (cost about two tenths of a cent) balanced against fifteen hours of hard human labor!

And yet, with all our advances, with brilliant attainments in fuel economy and in the mass production of power, the wastes are colossal. For the glaring fact is that most of the energy of the

burning coal never gets converted into the kilowatts of the copper wire or the horsepower of machinery.

The life of steam is heat, and the potential heat stored in fuel is reckoned in a standard quantity known as 'the British thermal unit.' Every pound of good coal contains approximately 14,500 thermal units in potential form. Every horsepower-hour represents the conversion of approximately 2500 thermal units into mechanical power. Thus, by simple division, it appears that every pound of coal has the heat equivalent of more than five horsepower-hours. But in actual performance the best steam plants are able to get only about one and a half horsepower-hours, and even those which have the added help of mercury vapor get only about two horsepower-hours. In other words, the heat efficiency of the most capable plants to-day is only 25 to 35 per cent.

It is the remaining margin of 75 to 65 per cent of possible improvement that lures the engineers to ever new experiments with steam. The water wheels already are 90 per cent efficient — some of them better than that. If the hydroelectric plant at Niagara were improved to the extent that it converted every unit of energy in its falling water into harnessed horsepower, it would add only 10 per cent or less to its present output of electricity. But if the great steam-electric plant on the Brooklyn river front were to be improved to the extent that it converted every calorie of its burning coal into harnessed horsepower, it would add more than 200 per cent to its output of electricity. Since steam, with a present efficiency of 25 to 35 per cent, can compete successfully with water power, of an efficiency of 90 per cent and better, is it strange that steam should continue to dazzle the imagination of inventors and industrialists? Steam is so much more promising, it contains so many

more wild horses of potential power, so much more energy waiting to be tamed.

We hasten to add that it is too much to expect 100 per cent utilization of thermal energy by any heat engine. The second law of thermodynamics tells us that, and it speaks imperiously. Heat will move only from a body or system at higher temperature to one at lower temperature, and in the transition some energy will be lost. Just as the copper wire demands a toll for its transmission of electricity, and will deliver at the end of its line less power than was pumped into it at the dynamo, so the steam cycle demands its toll for the transfer of heat, and will deliver to the engine or turbine less than was fired into it at the furnace. But the engineers believe that this toll is greater than it need be. Therein lies the story of our progressive advances and our hopes of future conquests.

In 1763, when Glasgow University asked the young instrument maker James Watt to repair one of its pieces of laboratory apparatus, a Newcomen steam engine, very little was known of the behavior of steam in the scientific sense. The laws of thermodynamics were yet to be formulated. But the careful Scot was immediately impressed with the heat losses which occurred in Newcomen's engine. Its operation was a process of causing a piston to move upward in a cylinder by the pressure of steam, and then condensing the steam to cause it to move downward. In order to condense the steam, Newcomen cooled the cylinder with a jet of cold water — and thus for each cycle of its operation the steam had to reheat the cylinder before it could do its full work of pressing up the piston. What a waste, thought Watt.

He would build a better heat machine. It would be better because of a certain principle which was to be fun-

damental in its design: *to keep the cylinder as hot as the steam which entered it.* So, instead of cooling the steam inside the cylinder, Watt led it off in a pipe to a separate cooling chamber some distance away, and did the condensing there. And in order to guard against heat losses to the atmosphere, he surrounded his cylinder with a hollow jacket through which steam circulated and kept the interior mechanism as nearly as possible at a constant temperature. The reciprocating steam engine, the little giant that overthrew the old handicrafts and brought to pass the industrial revolution, was born of that simple idea.

It is the key idea of all our modern gains in steam-power efficiency — the principle of heat conservation. The guiding rule of our engineers still is to keep the power mechanism as hot as the steam which enters it, and, we may add, *to generate that entering steam at a temperature as high as is possible to control.* The higher the temperature, the greater is the pressure of the expanding steam, and in general the more rapid is its velocity.

Also, a high temperature at the beginning of the system permits a longer range for the temperature to fall through in its progress to the cool end of the system. As the hot vapor bombards a modern turbine, starting at 925 degrees Fahrenheit under a pressure of 1200 pounds to the square inch and with the speed of a pistol bullet, the spinning vanes of the stainless-steel rotor literally extract heat from the cleverly directed hurricane of steam. So great is the superheat that the metal glows a dull red; you can see it shining in the dark. Each stage of the whirling mechanism is larger, more extended, expands the steam some more, until at the end of its journey the spent vapor rushes into the condenser's vacuum at 80 degrees, so cool that it chills the hand!

IV

Three things must be engineered in getting the maximum heat into steam: the water, the fuel, and the air. For every ton of coal that burns in the furnace, ten tons of water must be supplied the boiler, and twelve tons of air must be sucked into the combustion chamber. Incidentally, thirteen tons of combustion gases go up the stack. In a big steam plant, these items assume huge proportions. Thus the Hudson Avenue Station in Brooklyn consumes an average of 3750 tons of coal daily. To cool its steam at the end of the cycle, this station pumps 3,600,000 tons of East River water through its condensers, a daily pumpage that is well in excess of the total daily water supply of the city of New York. There are now ten steam power plants on the shores of this short stream, all using its water to cool their condensers, and in consequence the average temperature of the East River has been raised sixteen degrees in the last thirty-five years. In even the coldest winter it does not freeze over.

The water for the boilers must be as pure as can be got; minerals in suspension would soon accumulate from the continual evaporation. So distilled water is used, and it is used over and over again.

The fuel is mostly coal, though sometimes oil, and in certain regions gas; the coal is pulverized to an impalpable powder and then blown into the furnace through special burners designed to promote quick combustion. Some of the modern burners spray their powdered coal downward, and the black mist catches fire in mid-air. Temperatures as high as 3000 degrees are generated.

The temperature that can be generated depends not only on the state of the coal, but also on the state of the air which supplies the necessary oxygen.

If the entering air is cold, some of the heat will be absorbed to bring it up to the kindling temperature, and to avoid this loss the engineers preheat the air.

Here is where those thirteen tons of hot gases become useful. As the gases pass out of the furnace into the flue, they are surrounded by pipes and hollow walls through which pass the twelve tons of air necessary to the combustion of the one ton of coal. By this means heat, which ordinarily would escape up the stack, is used to bring the air supply to temperatures of 400 to 500 degrees — and it is this preheated air that passes on to the furnace, to leap to its union with the falling particles of coal in the thousandth of a second.

Also surrounding the flues, and providing obstructions and heat absorbers to the waste gases of combustion, are other hollow walls and pipes for the preheating of the water before its admission to the boiler. The hotter the water, the hotter the air, and the finer the particles of coal, the more rapid will be the generation of steam in the water walls surrounding the furnace and in the coils of tubing between which the flaming gases pass in their swift flight to the stack.

There are other economizing devices, but perhaps the current trends in this direction can be suggested most concretely by citing certain new types of steam-producing mechanisms which have emerged from the experiments.

One of these is the Benson boiler. It dispenses with the familiar boiler drum and stakes all its expectations on a coiled steel tube hundreds of yards in length which surrounds the fire of the furnace. As first designed by Dr. Mark Benson, the boiler was planned to operate at a pressure of 3200 pounds to the square inch. At that terrific squeezing, steam has practically the same density as water, and the inventor anticipated certain advantages in this

once-through tubular spiral, with water entering at one end and the equally dense vapor emerging at the other and 'raring to go,' packed with its maximum of heat and pressure. I believe the Benson has been operated at that pressure; and there are other boilers in Europe to-day that are generating steam at 3200 pounds; but in a factory in a Berlin suburb where a Benson boiler is now in commercial use the pressures that have been found most practicable are 1200 to 2500 pounds to the square inch. Operation there proved so satisfactory that a larger unit was designed for installation last autumn. Rumor has it that Russia is building five units of the Benson type — only they call it the Ramsin boiler in Moscow. A once-through boiler of somewhat similar type has been under development at the research laboratory of Purdue University, with important experimental results.

The Loeffler boiler, the invention of the late Professor S. Loeffler of Charlottenburg, Germany, is now under development at Vitkovice, Czechoslovakia. It resembles the Benson boiler in that it applies heat to a coiled tube, but it differs from the former in that only steam — and *no* water — is heated in this tube. The vapor is raised to 925 degrees, and then this superheated steam at high pressure is discharged into a steel reservoir of water. The hot steam literally boils the water, generating new steam of a lower temperature but with a full saturation of water, whereupon this saturated steam is pumped to the heat coil to be superheated. A pressure above 1900 pounds to the square inch is maintained throughout the system, and in the cycle of changes from saturation to superheat the steam is made to twirl a turbine and generate power. Loeffler boilers are in use in Germany and Russia, and one was installed in England in 1936.

Yet more radical is the Velox boiler, a Swiss innovation. All the accepted schemes of economizing are used, and more. Not only is the air preheated, but it is pumped into the combustion chamber under pressure and thus is in concentrated form when it meets its fuel. Chemical reactions are speeded by pressure, and the result of this and other devices is to hasten combustion. The hot gases generated by this combustion are forced at high velocities through multiple-walled boiler tubes, and this quickens the rate of heat transfer. Not only that, but before they escape up the flue the hot gases are harnessed to do other work: they are expanded into a gas turbine and made to turn its rotor, and this drives the pump which compresses the preheated air into the furnace. Another pump forces preheated water into the boiler tubes — ten to twenty fold as much as can be evaporated within the time. The total effect of all this forcing is a compact unit which delivers power in a hurry. So rapid is the heat transfer that steam can be raised from cold water to a temperature of 850 degrees in eight minutes or less. More than twenty Velox units are now in industrial use in Europe, and preparations have been on the way for the first American installation.

Boilers produce steam. Turbines turn steam into power at high velocities and in enormous quantities and with the minimum demand upon supervision, and for these reasons the rotating turbine has almost entirely supplanted the familiar reciprocating engine (with its back-and-forth motion) in plants where mass production of power is essential. Even in small plants the turbine is edging a way in. Philip Swain, editor of *Power*, tells of a 1000-horsepower steam turbine which he saw some time ago in course of construction in Berlin — a unit that weighs only five ounces to the horsepower!

'It is built to operate at 20,000 revolutions per minute and with steam at a pressure of 1400 pounds to the square inch,' explained Mr. Swain. 'Only the combination of high speed and very high pressure makes it possible for five ounces of turbine to generate a horsepower.' But, he added, 'if you suggest that this steam machine would be suitable for airplane drives, no one would deny it.'

The layman's thought of steam is associated with the bubbling of water, but engineers are experimenting with other liquids which absorb heat and boil at other temperatures. Some of these are being used in industrial power production to-day.

There is, for example, mercury — the familiar liquid metal whose principal commercial use in the past has been in the manufacture of thermometers. You must heat mercury to 677 degrees in order to get it to boil at atmospheric pressure, whereas water boils at 212 degrees. Several years ago William L. Emmet began to experiment with a combination mercury-water system. His idea was to heat mercury to its boiling point, and use its vapor to turn a turbine. Then he would conduct the still-hot mercury vapor to a water boiler and use its heat to evaporate the water to steam, and employ the steam to drive another turbine. In this way the original heating of the mercury would cause two turbines to turn instead of one. Mr. Emmet's idea is now in practical operation in an electric power plant in Hartford, Connecticut, in another near Newark, New Jersey, and in a new power plant recently erected at the General Electric Works in Schenectady, New York (where the inventor conceived and developed his device). As it has worked out in use, the mercury is held under moderate pressure to 958 degrees; from the left-over heat of the mercury vapor the steam is

generated at 450 degrees and then separately superheated to 750 degrees. A hundred and fifty-five tons of quicksilver (cost about \$200,000) bubble in the boilers of the Schenectady plant. This fluid metal is used over and over again in the hermetically sealed system, completing its cycle from boiler to condenser and back again hundreds of times each minute.

There is a chemical compound ($C_{12}H_{10}O$), known as diphenyl oxide, which boils at about 496 degrees, and an interesting series of experiments by the Dow Chemical Company has used this liquid in a binary steam-turbine system, somewhat analogous to the use of mercury in the Emmet system.

V

The story of steam power's recent advance is primarily a story of increasing temperatures and mounting pressures, as we have seen. Few of the present attainments were feasible fifteen years ago. Iron glows red in the dark at 750 degrees, and in 1921 a boiler that delivered steam at this temperature was rated a superpower plant. To-day 900 degrees and above is established practice, and an experimental plant in Detroit has been operated at 1000 degrees. An indispensable factor in these steam developments has been the new alloys. The tough durable metals lately born of the meeting of steel with chromium, molybdenum, nickel, and tungsten have provided the necessary materials for the construction of boilers, tubing, turbine blades, and other parts able to endure the high temperatures and resist the high pressures.

But much of the development has been a groping, so far as exact knowledge is concerned. Designers in the post-war decade had to risk new ground, venturing conditions for which there were no precise standards. In

1921 a group of engineers, activated by George A. Orrok of New York, met at Harvard University to consider a programme of fundamental research into the properties of steam. At that time electrical standards were known with an accuracy of one part in ten thousand, but the same could be said of heat units only to one part in three hundred. Precise data were lacking for conditions at pressures above 140 pounds to the square inch. In consequence, liberal tolerance had to be allowed for all uses of steam at higher pressures; and since the trend of design was in that direction, the situation was notoriously unscientific.

Out of that Cambridge conference came a committee which (1) listed the steam problems awaiting determination, (2) allotted them to scientists at the Harvard Engineering School, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the United States Bureau of Standards, and then (3) raised \$100,000 to finance the research. Moreover, the American committee coöperated with groups in Europe to form an international conference on steam, and correlated investigations have been carried on at London, Prague, and Berlin. These searchings into the minutiae of steam are now yielding a practical result — a new series of tables for the densities and other properties of steam. It can be said that these data place steam engineering on a new basis of exact science for all temperatures between 152 degrees (pressure four pounds to the square inch) and 860 degrees (5500 pounds to the square inch). And by calculation from these exact data it has been possible to extend the tables downward to the freezing point, 32 degrees, and upward to 1600 degrees.

Calculation, however, does not satisfy these realists. To-day the investigators are planning to push their experimental inquiries beyond the pres-

ent limits of exact data, and to substitute determinations for extrapolations. The thermometer problem becomes serious at high temperatures. The task is not merely to measure approximately, but to get readings accurate within a thousandth of a degree. A platinum electric thermometer was used in the recent investigations, and is serviceable for temperatures up to 860 degrees.

Thus, scientifically as well as industrially, steam is alert, on the march, continually occupying new frontiers. At several research centres experimenters are seeking to adapt a steam unit to airplane propulsion, and at Oakland, California, a steam-driven airplane has been flown. Radical changes in steam locomotive design are emerging from the laboratories — witness the streamlined locomotive of the articulated 'Hiawatha' train which daily travels the 410 miles between Chicago and Minneapolis. It is reported that a European innovator is trying the Velox boiler in

railway locomotive use. Meanwhile, the Union Pacific Railroad Company has placed an order for two locomotives of the Steamotive type. In this a steam turbine takes the place of the familiar reciprocating engine of cylinders and pistons, and drives an electric generator which in turn communicates the power to the wheels.

In 1881, Sir Frederick Bramwell, eminent among engineers of that day, entertained the British Association for the Advancement of Science with a prophecy. He predicted that 'the heat engine of the future will be independent of the vapor of water,' and doubted if the steam engine would be spoken of 'fifty years hence' except as a museum piece.

Well, the fifty years have passed, and our museums would need to be spacious indeed to hold all the harnessed horses of modern steam power. At no time has so much of the world's work been entrusted to steam as now. Engineers should never say never.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CUSTOMER'S COMPLAINT

It is getting so that I cannot buy anything any more. This is due chiefly to a newly popularized, and ever spreading, variety of merchandising technique. I do not know how to designate this technique exactly, unless I say that its promulgators appear to assume that the customer's sales resistance is in inverse ratio to the extent of his embarrassment.

Once upon a time, things that you bought in a store were proffered upon the counters with a kind of homely honesty. 'Gents' Pants,' an aisle sign would say, or 'Extra Heavy Corsets,' and this same spirit of bluff and hearty forthrightness was exhibited in magazine advertisements. Only this afternoon I was leafing through some twenty-year-old magazines I found in a neighbor's attic, and they confirm my recollections admirably. They fill me with a sad nostalgia for those days when a man could walk into a store and tell the clerk, without a quiver, that he wanted some Kremenz Collar Buttons, or some Rushforth Hair Curling Pins for his wife, or even a Mackintosh Dress Skirt.

It is all changed now. The realities are fled away, and instead the goods of the world are beshrouded in such coyness and whimsy, such smirking and oglings, such verbal nudgings and grimacings, as may well make a strong man blench. Alexander Woolcott has already called public attention, with a visible shudder, to those two breakfast foods for children known respectively as Beckus Puddy and Lishus, but I am here referring to an even larger and more deeply afflicting noxiousness. It is distressing, to be sure, to see a large manufacturing company reduced, by the touch of a baby hand, to a fit of simpers, but all save the strongest of us have ever tended in the presence of infants to become a little subnormal. What bothers me is that new and pervasive temper in merchandising circles which is responsible, for instance,

for a species of women's underwear called Scandalettes.

I should not, of course, have said 'underwear.' Nobody — except perhaps a few superannuated and incorrigibly earthy scrubwomen — wears underwear any more. The feminine form is now encased in foundation garments, and, unless my ad reading deceives me, the fashionable male is now happily sheathing his lower torso in Short-Eez.

If coyness is sufficiently trying, how much more so is that merchandising method which affects a kind of genteel leer. For a number of years it has been my custom to remember the birthday of an elderly aunt of mine with a bottle of scent. For a decade or more I used annually to march matter-of-factly into a drug store and purchase a bottle of Florida Water. It was a simple, dignified, and virile occasion, like ordering a bale of hay. Of late years, however, my aunt having rushed into modernity in a rather more wholehearted and headlong way than her nephew, and being accordingly no longer delighted by so stodgy a token as a gill or two of Florida Water, I have had each year to shop around for some other gift than scent. It may be that I am exceptionally queasy, but I have a very odd feeling in my stomach and my knees become as jelly at the thought of entering a drug store and attempting to ask, in anything like a normal voice, for a phial of My Night of Ecstasy. Sometimes, as in a nightmare, I am obsessed by the fear that one day my wife may twist an ankle or contract the measles or be otherwise temporarily prevented from doing her own shopping, and that I may have to do it for her. It would never have fazed me a whit to chaffer with a saleslady about corsets or drawers, but I am certain that never — unless through the gulping of many a hearty dollop of Dutch Courage — could I stammer out a request for a set of Snugglies.

One need not be completely a peasant

to be irked by this flight from reality. And one need not be a sentimental nostalgiac, either, to think kindly of those vanished days of trade when commodities were what they seemed, and a collar button, for better or for worse, was a collar button still. Indeed, as I think of it now, it almost seems to me that there is a kind of austere beauty in those plain old unornamented words, like 'pants' and 'suspenders' and 'hair oil,' which now are vanishing from the world, in a vapor of evasion.

I have a plan. When next I enter a department store, and the pallid floorwalker comes fluttering around me to ascertain if I wish something (fancying, it may be, that I am in search of Tights to clothe my loins), I intend to reply to him, in a rumbling lumberman's basso:—

'A pair of long flannel underdrawers, sir, and a pound of Drayman's Plug.'

I suppose it will kill him.

BALLOON ASCENSIONS

SHORTLY before the beginning of the mellow nineties, there flourished what to me was the most thrilling of spectacles: the hot-air balloon ascension, and the 'death-defying parachute leap for life.'

Always a day or two before the great event, which took place once or twice each summer near where I lived, preparations were painstakingly begun. First of all a trench was dug, usually in the field close to the picnic grounds. This trench was some thirteen feet long. It was wide, and deep enough to hold a flour barrel on its side. The greater part of it was then lined with these barrels end to end, heads and bottoms knocked out, and filled loosely with shavings and kindling. Over this was plastered a thick arch of wet clay and sods. At one end, connected to the last barrel, a clay chimney was built to rise about five or six feet above the ground. At the other end was a pit in which a man could stand to feed the fire.

On the day of days, — always a Sunday or a holiday, — as near the announced hour as Providence and the weather permitted, the balloon would be carried through the crowd and hung over the chimney on a rope stretched between the tops of two high

poles. The large open bottom of the bag would be brought down over the chimney, the folds held away from the opening, and the fire started. Soon, amid the rising excitement, the balloon would begin to take shape. It was potato-like in contour, and built up principally of vari-shaded patches.

The parachute, too, was anything but an object of beauty. It was not the fine, scientifically packed, and securely strapped affair of to-day, but consisted only of an umbrella-shaped top from which hung long shrouds to a short bar, and just below that a trapeze. On this the performer sat. Hanging by his hands or knees, he did a series of breath-taking stunts, both when going up and when falling.

By the time the balloon had begun to expand, the shavings and small wood would be used up, and the man in the pit would set about throwing in large pieces of dry pine as rapidly as he could swing his arms. Then at last came the moment when I always took a deep breath.

First, the supporting poles and cross rope were dropped to the ground, the balloon being held down by a circle of excited volunteers. The parachute was next attached and the bag allowed to rise slightly, while a man carrying a wooden shield crawled under the edge of the balloon opening and lay flat on the ground close to the chimney. Then, while the crowd backed away a little, the man in the pit dashed gallons of coal oil into the fire. At the right moment, when the terrifying roar began to subside, the master of ceremonies would yell, 'Put on yo' covah!' From the man inside would come a muffled smoke-choked answer, as he cut off the flame. Suddenly the balloon would be released, jerking the parachute upward, the young man with the trapeze running directly beneath so as to be lifted vertically. If he was either too slow or too fast, he would ascend with the whole thing swinging like a pendulum, allowing hot air to spill from the bottom opening, and sometimes causing twisted parachute ropes and difficulty in climbing on to the bar.

The parachute, looking like a closed umbrella, hung on a single rope to the bar, and a knife arrangement with a cord was fastened to this. The performer knew well enough, as a rule, when to jerk the knife cord, but he generally waited until the boss threw back

his head and yelled, 'Cut yo' rope! Cut yo' rope!'

I suppose that loyalty to the old days makes me feel that this alarming cry was often justified. To go too high meant landing too far from the customers and possibly in a bad location. Also, the hot air cooled down so rapidly that waiting too long made it likely that the balloon would fall on the parachute before the latter got to the ground.

Owing to the rough-and-ready inflation method, sometimes the balloon would catch fire. On one occasion, just as the bag started up, all but the performer noticed that one side of the balloon was burning. The crowd, I thought, was a little slow in grasping the full extent of the danger, but I well remember the white drawn face and clenched fists of the master of ceremonies as he held back his cry, waiting until the balloon had got enough elevation to ensure full opening of the parachute before it reached the ground. At last his familiar command burst forth with unmistakable meaning, instantly accompanied by a great chorus of shrieks and yells from the crowd. One quick slash parted the rope, and the chute dropped clear. But the warning had been withheld almost too long, for the flaming bag grazed the parachute, and the aeronaut landed almost at the same moment, and on the same spot, as the blazing balloon.

The thought of going up myself always fascinated me in those early years. One day, when the first stages of the usual ascension programme were beginning, I stood by — one of the ever-present swarm of little boys — and watched the hero of the day lay out the parachute ropes. Presently, looking around at the weather conditions, he remarked casually, 'Things look pretty good to-day. Maybe I can take one of you kids up with me.' I headed the instantaneous rush, and the earnestness of my 'Take me!' made me the happy choice.

It was Sunday afternoon. I was wearing my best suit, of course, and in those days I was repeatedly warned that 'suits don't grow on trees.' With the hurried assurance that I would be back in less than two minutes, I left my new friend and sped across the fields into the house and into my football outfit, safely inside the time limit.

Swift as I was, my sister's bright eyes

missed no move. Before I could make the final jump from the back stoop, where I seldom used more than the top step, there came her bring-out-the-guards alarm. 'Football on Sunday!' The family's combined rush caught me practically in mid-air — and all was over.

From the room where I had been put to bed I gazed out to see the balloon rise high in the air, while my own heart sank.

BACKWOODS SPARKIN'

FATE NEWSOME's least gal, Cally Jane, is a-pitchin' her gab to that new fellow down at the store, and to begin her courtship she has tried more love magic than was known in the old days when love philtres were standard articles of merchandise.

Cally Jane, being wise in the elements of crude propaganda, will see to it that the Ozark grapevine telegraph carries rumors that the new fellow is 'sparkin'' her, she will meet him at the spring where the young folks gather to flirt after church services, and she will select him as her partner in the kissing games at the play parties. But since the life of a young girl in the southern Missouri and northern Arkansas hills is less crammed with social activities than that of her city cousins, Cally Jane will spend a lot of time with age-old superstitions determining her true love. The mumbo jumbo she goes through daily would make voodoo worship seem like a lecture on logic.

Every well-brought-up young maiden in the Ozarks can reel off a dozen ways of determining the identity and description of her future husband. She does n't do it jokingly, either. She knows that if the cat jumps into her lap at a quilting party she will be the next bride; and if she hangs the short piece of the turkey wishbone over a door and a man walks through it he is going to be her husband, and she has to wait patiently until the gods reveal it to him — with some assistance on her part, as befits a daughter of the pioneers.

Meanwhile she will help things along by making wishes a dozen times a day and going through different routines so that she will be assured of seeing her beau soon. Just to make doubly sure that nothing will mar her happiness she will carry around

with her a buckeye for luck, and several small white 'pearls' taken from the heads of soft-shelled crayfish; she will string 'lucky rocks' on a wire and hang them over her door, and she will collect a charm string by snipping buttons from the garments of fellow guests at parties. Lucky stones are small rocks with holes in them, and 'crawdads pearls' are sure to bring luck. If all else fails she can wear a rabbit's foot in her garter.

If the hem of her dress turns up she kisses it, confident that she will see her beau before night. If she sees a cardinal she says, 'See a redbird before it lights, see your beau before to-night.' She can also make a wish when she sees a cardinal flying.

When an Ozarkian girl sees a load of hay she makes a wish and shuts her eyes or turns her head until it passes from sight. She makes a wish too when she sees the new moon over her left shoulder. When she sees a white horse she moistens the index finger of her right hand, touches her left palm, and then strikes her palm with her right fist. When she sees the first star at night she says:

'Star bright, star light, first star I've seen to-night;
I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish to-night.'

When she lights the fire she names it, and if it burns from one match without smoking she knows that the gentleman is true to her. Then she holds the match up and watches the direction toward which the blackened stem leans. It points to the home of her true love.

If an Ozarkian girl says the same thing at the same time someone else does she holds out her little finger to be crooked with the little finger of the other person. Then she solemnly says, 'Finger,' and the other person says, 'Thumb.' They place their thumbs together and recite together, 'When a man marries his trouble begins.' If they do not laugh or say anything else, the wishes they make will come true.

It's easy for the mountain maid to learn the color of her husband's hair. When she hears a mourning dove she looks under her left foot. A hair of the same color is supposed to be there. Or when she sees the moon she chants:—

'Bright moon, clear moon, bright and fair,
Lift up your right foot and there'll be a hair.'

If she wants to see his face more clearly she either swallows a thimbleful of salt before retiring or eats a heavily salted egg. Then she walks backward to bed. She is supposed to dream of a man bringing her a drink of water, and the face of the man will be that of her future husband.

If she is more daring she writes the names of six boys on separate slips of paper and puts them under her pillow. In the night she throws out one; it will bear the name of her husband. Or she can have a friend name the corners of the room; the one she glances at first in the morning will bear the name of her husband.

Two girls sleeping together fasten their big toes with a light string. In the night the string breaks. The one with the short piece will be married first. At quilting parties a cat is thrown on the newly finished quilt, bounced around, and allowed to jump out. It will jump into the lap of the next bride.

A great deal of scheming is used for the 'first men' superstitions. The Ozarkian girl puts a four-leaf clover in her left shoe and goes walking. The first man she meets will be her husband. She usually contrives to meet her favorite swain and to allow him to know the circumstances. The feet are important in Ozarkian courtship. No girl allows a woman to sweep under her feet; she gets up and moves. If the broom passes under her feet she will be an old maid. If she stumps her toe she will see her beau.

The climax to this orgy of superstition is the dumb supper. The hill maiden does not know why the dumb supper is supposed to be so powerful, but there are many who declare that it 'works.' Usually two girls go together to cook the evening meal in silence, beginning with the dessert. Sometimes they wear their clothing backward. At dusk they sit down to an unilluminated table and eat the meal backward. They must not talk or laugh either during the preparation or during the meal. While they are eating, their future husbands are supposed to arrive. If no one comes they are doomed to be old maids. But, since the girls usually are careful to send an indirect invitation to the boys of their choice, the supper frequently is a success. For all her superstition, the backwoods maiden combines some modern methods with old customs in backwoods sparking.

►► It is with particular pleasure that we direct our men of business to a new feature, the series of articles by H. B. Elliston, financial editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, which will appear in the pages following the Contributors' Column.

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WHEN the University of Pennsylvania conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon **A. Edward Newton** (p. 1) he responded by conferring upon the University a rare copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries*, together with some salty observations about the legal fraternity into which he had just been initiated. Seldom has the pot had more fun in calling the kettle black. Mr. Newton's essay will be published in book form by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

It has become conventional for white men to skip off from civilization to seek their heart's content in the South Seas; it is certainly unconventional for one of them to exchange his island paradise for a slice of North America. The reasons that led **Robert Dean Frisbie** (p. 10) to desert his home on Puka-Puka and the extraordinary circumstances of his return to the United States are delightfully recorded in three papers, the first of which appeared in our December issue.

Licensed pilot and newspaper editor, **Malcolm B. Ronald** (p. 20) foresees the time when even our grandparents can be trusted to drive themselves through the air.

A Parisian, **Raoul de Roussy de Sales** (p. 28) makes his headquarters in New York City, where he scrutinizes the American scene as correspondent for that great French daily, the *Paris-soir*.

Graduate of a famous Boston hospital, **Helen Dore Boylston** (p. 34) has lived the intense life of a trained nurse. These are her own words: 'Was in three Balkan revolutions. Once made Albanian Prime Minister carry my trunk off boat, and tried to tip him, not knowing who he was. Was shot at for two hours in ditch in southern Albania, owing to mistake in identity. Broke two ribs in France during the war, by sliding downhill on an army tea tray. Polish peasant once set large dog on me. Was forced to shoot it to save my own life — the dog, I mean, not the peasant. Was lost for a day in Italian Alps. Was once pursued by a groaning pillow case in an Albanian garden at midnight.' In 1925 the *Atlantic* published excerpts from Miss Boylston's War Diary. Her pen has been active ever since.

Those who are worried about the present state of Democracy, those who are seeking for an

American way in which to avoid the high pressure of the extreme Right or of the extreme Left, will do well to listen to **Walter Lippmann** (p. 39). In the September *Atlantic* Mr. Lippmann opened up his discussion of the Good Society, a discussion which will be sustained through seven successive numbers. Each chapter is an entity in itself; taken together, they compose an alert and authoritative survey of modern government.

Theodore Roethke (p. 47), who sends us a poem singularly prophetic of the new year, is an instructor in the Department of English Composition at Pennsylvania State College.

A literary man to whom words are the breath of life, **Wilson Follett** (p. 48) feels it his duty to arouse certain teachers — and users — of English.

For more than a quarter of a century **Richard F. Fuller** (p. 58) has been president and owner of the Old Corner Book Store in Boston, a bookshop which is responsible for approximately one per cent of the nation's book business.

Alan Devoe (p. 61) is a bibliophile who retired from selling books in order to write some of his own. He spent several years in New York City dealing in autographed manuscripts and rare books. Then came the call of the pen.

A Bostonian of an inquiring mind, **Allen H. Wood, Jr.** (p. 63) gets out into the New England country whenever his duties permit.

One of the ablest of American historians, **Henry Osborn Taylor** (p. 66) occupies many inches in any good library. College men the country over pay their respects to his great trilogy: *The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages*, *The Mediæval Mind*, *Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century*.

An economist in close touch with large industries, **Arthur Pound** (p. 73) speaks with sagacity about his native state, Michigan.

Isadore Luce Smith (p. 79) has lived in India and on many occasions has compared notes with those who travel and those who lecture.

Maxine Davis (p. 82), the author of *The Lost Generation*, motored thousands of miles in this

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country and in England gathering statistics to show what has happened to underfed children during the depression.

While in her early twenties, **Lola Kinel** (p. 89), a Russian by birth, was asked to serve as interpreter and private secretary to Isadora Duncan and Essanine. Miss Kinel's autobiography, *This Is My Affair*, from which these chapters are taken, is to be published on January 15.

Sir Arthur Willert's (p. 96) long connection with the British Foreign Office enables him to speak clearly and with authority for the Empire.

A native of the Empire State, still in his thirties, **Carl Carmer** (p. 105) is the author of *Stars Fell on Alabama* and, more recently, *Listen for a Lonesome Drum*.

The ballads and friendly verses of **Nancy Byrd Turner** (p. 109) have long been prized by *Atlantic* readers. We still think her 'Ballad of Lucky Lindbergh' the most poetic salute to his great flight.

Since his graduation from Harvard ten years ago, **Joseph Barnes** (p. 111) has had his fling in Wall Street, watched the Russian experiment in Moscow, studied at the London School of Economics, and served as the Secretary of the American Council, Institute of Pacific Relations. He is now on the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

George W. Gray (p. 117) is the author of *New World Picture*, an admirable exposition of the physical sciences.

Atlantic readers whose business it is to follow the trend of finance will welcome, we believe, the series of articles by **H. B. Elliston** which will appear in the pages directly following the Column. Now resident in Boston, Mr. Elliston is Financial Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and American correspondent of the *London Observer*. A Yorkshireman, he served at the front during the war. With a solid foundation in economics and a hard-headed scrutiny which was part of his heritage, he has made a name for himself in the more serious side of journalism. Having familiarized himself with conditions in New York City, he was then sent to the Orient, where for seven years he was the China correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* and the *London Observer*.

1 1 1

By way of apology. Because of an unfortunate editorial excision, the responsibility for the error cited below lies with us, not with the author of 'A Billion?'

Dear *Atlantic*, —

Speaking of billions, 'if a billion editors who cannot add were laid end to end, it would be a very good thing.'

I do not know what kind of rubber dollar was used in the November *Atlantic* in calculating that a billion dollars laid end to end would stretch 1,167,000 miles. As yet, however, it does not seem to have reached Boston, where our dollar bills are only six

Prose Writers, Attention!

Two competitions have recently been conducted in the Contributors' Column, the first for poets and the second for those of philanthropic temperament who were willing to suggest how a million dollars might best be expended for the benefit of a normal American community. Now comes a third endeavor, a contest intended for essayists, formal or informal.

The rules are few and simple. The candidate is invited to write an essay of not more than five hundred words, on the subject of 'Hot Water.' The essay may be in the Baconian tradition, it may have the mellowness of *Elia*, or it may have the biographic background and the high seasoning of Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf. It should contain a fair measure of philosophic content — in other words, no mere anecdote need apply. The topic,

'Hot Water,' may be taken figuratively or literally, at the discretion of the writer.

Candidates are limited to a single try. All manuscripts must be submitted to the **Contributors' Column**, The *Atlantic Monthly*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, on or before February 20, 1937. No manuscripts will be acknowledged and none will be returned. If you wish to make sure that your entry has arrived, enclose with it a self-addressed postcard which will be mailed to you directly after the manuscript receives its first reading.

To the essayist whose paper is judged to be the best we shall award \$50. Subscriptions to the *Atlantic* will be conferred upon those worthy of honorable mention. The prize winner and the best of the finalists will, if possible, be published in the April or May issue.

Rightly called "A daily miracle"



On such simple slips as these is kept the constant record of the daily movement of freight cars on American railroads

LAST YEAR the two million freight cars on American railroads traveled more than 19 *billion* miles.

Yet every minute of every day *the location of every one of these two million freight cars is known* and recorded by the railroads.

Railroad men are rightly proud of the magnitude, the utility and the efficiency of this far-flung and intricate job of railroading. One of them, in a recent address, accurately pictured it in these words:

"Consider the fact that any shipper anywhere on this continent may today load a car of freight whether on a team track, at a station, or on his private siding;

"—that more than a hundred thousand such cars will be loaded each day at nearly that many different locations, and consigned to nearly one hundred thousand different destinations;

"—that these cars will be marshaled in

trains, and tonight will be hauled all over this continent for delivery to their hundred thousand consignees;

"—that all this is done without further thought or anxiety on the part of the shipper;

"—that the coordination between railroads is so nearly perfect that each of these cars moves under constant supervision and control from origin to destination, moving freely and interchangeably in any train, pulled by any engine, or if necessary repaired anywhere en route with standard parts at standard cost!

"A moment's consideration of that free flow of continent-wide commerce demonstrates it is no overstatement to say that it is *a daily and hourly miracle of effective coordination*, not planned out all at once in any grand scheme, but worked out, bit by bit, by practical railroad men in the carrying out of their daily task."

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

FRANZ DELEAUX
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The COLUMN

inches long. According to my calculation, one billion times six inches equals 94,696 miles. To get the mileage up over a million one would have to use a six-foot dollar, and that would be some dollar even in these days.

CHARLES C. LUND
Boston, Massachusetts

In further elaboration.

Dear Atlantic, —

We can visualize a million, but hardly a billion.

Take an engineer's sheet of cross-section paper one (1) meter square ruled into millimeters. It contains 1000 x 1000 or a million tiny squares. Stand away from it and you can see a million squares.

Now for a billion (or a thousand million) we should need a thousand of these sheets placed end to end. This line would be a kilometer or sixty-two hundredths (.62) of a mile in length.

J. PARKE CHANNING
New York City

Pie cut 'four ways.'

Dear Atlantic, —

'An Apple a Day' in the November issue was quite enough to wreck the peace of mind of a woman born and bred in a small Southern Michigan town — one whose mother made the brand of apple pie described so perfectly by Della Lutes and who after years of living away from that best of all States can see the procession of apples named and crowned by another Wolverine.

We, a family of three, cut our pies 'four ways,' one for mother, half for father, the remaining piece for the only child. The extra, in the form of a turnover tart, crimped on the edges, was safely stowed away in the pantry for the bedtime snack.

Can Della Lutes stand to know that I owned and operated a red Astrachan tree, played in its broad and comfortable branches, ate its greenest fruit as well as the last wormy red one? Two large Baldwins in the chicken yard were second in my affections. They were not exciting; the Astrachans were, and never a pain did they give.

She is right, there are no more apple pies, but — Della Lutes, thank you, it is nice to be sad in such a cause.

GERTIE ELLEN CHICK
Asheville, North Carolina

The way to eat dried apples.

Dear Atlantic, —

What Mrs. Lutes writes is all so entertaining and interesting that one dislikes to take any exception; but I do think she is a little hard on dried apples. On our Southern Michigan farm we dried them and ate them, and *liked* them, and there was one dish which we all looked forward to and coaxed Mother to prepare.

It was named 'Snits und Knepp,' which is Pennsylvania Dutch for dried apples and dumplings. From observation, this is how it was made: —

In a good-sized iron kettle, put a ham end to boil; when it is about three fourths done, drop into the

kettle a couple of handfuls of dried sweet apples which have been dried with the rind on, and some raised wheat-flour dumplings. Let all cook together. When done, serve from a large platter, giving to each a dumpling, a large helping of the apples, and a slice of ham, all covered with some of the liquor in which it was cooked.

Good? I wish I had some for dinner to-day!

MARTIN LUTHER FOX
East Lansing, Michigan

Attention, city dwellers!

Dear Atlantic, —

Surely no article was ever more happily named than 'Wings in the Moon' in your October number. The mere words paint an unforgettable picture, delightfully intensified by the tale that followed.

For the last three seasons I have myself become a watcher of migrations, but my vantage point is a little park on a small hilltop in New York City, and my time broad day. The Tudor Gardens, a strip of green about a hundred feet wide, lie between Forty-first and Forty-third Streets at the foot of Tudor City's frowning towers. Evidently they have become a regular stop-over on the airways of the birds, in spite of the tiny area, the rude, resident sparrows, and the crafty cats that prowl in the shrubberies — to say nothing of loitering humans. Each day during the migrating season brings one or more arrivals. It is pleasant enough to see robins, catbirds, thrashers, and jaunty chewinks hopping about the lawns in search of tourist meals, but when the visitors prove to be shy songsters of the Northern woods — hermit and olive-backed thrushes, white-throated sparrows or knights — the chase becomes very exciting to an unwilling city dweller who pines for the great open spaces.

It has been a strange experience to find that rare birds may be better seen in a roaring city than in a murmuring forest.

Your faithful reader,

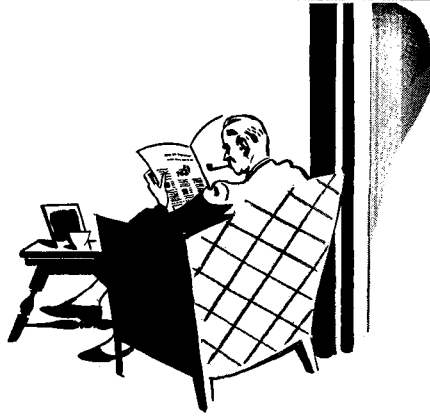
ANNA C. MELLIICK
New York City

The *Atlantic* has affection for young Glanville Smith, who earns his bread by carving tombstones. So evidently have our readers, who continue to respond to his latest essay, 'Young Mortality.'

Dear Atlantic, —

On reading Glanville Smith's meditations on tombstones I was reminded of an incident which occurred some years ago among the Indians of the Pacific Coast.

Upon the West Coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, there are still large numbers of Indians who depend for their livelihood principally upon fishing. They still adhere to their ancient custom of piling some of the most valued possessions of the dead man upon his grave at burial. One of their number, however, had the misfortune to be drowned at sea. Here was a difficulty! What was to be done? His dugout would immediately float away. Some of them, however, had observed the custom of the white men, who placed a large stone to mark their graves. This, they decided, they could also do.



OUR OWN SALESMEN

may not like this advertisement

THIS IS perhaps the most unusual advertisement which will appear in Atlantic Monthly this year. It is intended to emphasize the fact, not commonly recognized, that

Aluminum Ingot Sales	
U. S. A. 1934	
Imported and reclaimed	
(secondary metals) 64.4%	
Our own sales	35.6%
Total	100.0%

the metal which is our sole livelihood, may be obtained, and is, in fact, regularly purchased from many sources other than ourselves and our distributors.

This is not intended as an advertisement for these

other suppliers of aluminum. It is, instead, a simple statement of fact about the aluminum business which has been too long misunderstood.

It is a matter of record that, during 1934 (the last year for which complete figures are available) the purchasers of aluminum ingot in the United States bought nearly twice as much from other sources as they bought from us.

In that year, out of every 100 pounds of aluminum ingot purchased in this country, 64.4 pounds was bought from foreign producers, or reclaimed from scrap.

The scrap originated from aluminum articles which had already served one useful life, and from the shops of thousands of



manufacturers using aluminum in their products.

As a result of this competition, Aluminum Company of America sold only 35.6%, or slightly more than one-third, of all the aluminum ingot purchased in the United States in 1934.

These facts are not evidence that our salesmen are failing to do a good selling job. On the contrary, by being good salesmen yesterday they actually created today's competition. Much of the aluminum which is sold by this Company is in the course of time reclaimed and remelted by others, and resold by them in active competition with our salesmen.

By this simple economic process aluminum became, many years ago, a freely-traded-in commodity, reaching inevitably the natural price level brought about by the forces of competition.

It is natural, then, that this Company should direct its activities to those fields in which virgin aluminum, or aluminum in the form of alloys with specific physical characteristics will do the best job. They are the fields in which really tough requirements are laid down. In such, the experience gained in fifty years of research, and the "know-how" acquired in handling aluminum in all its forms, are of greatest benefit to our customers.

CLOSING MARKET
JUNE 29, 1934
METALS

Item	Price
Aluminum	...
Copper	...
Iron	...
Steel	...
Lead	...
Zinc	...
Nickel	...
Gold	...
Silver	...

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

The COLUMN

Accordingly they selected a boulder of suitable proportions, for the dead man had been a chief among them, loaded it into their largest boat, sailed out into the ocean with it, until they reached the place of the wreck — and dumped it overboard!

A. M. STEELE
Lynden, Washington

Dear Atlantic, —

Will Glanville Smith be interested in this epitaph which was found on a stone in an old cemetery near Hoosick, New York?

HER BODY DISSECTED BY MORTAL MEN
HER BONES ANATOMIZED
HER SOUL HAS RISEN TO GOD WE TRUST
WHERE FEW PHYSICIANS RISE.

MARJORIE M. BIGELOW
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts

And here is another epitaph found for us in Bermuda by Mrs. Donald Moffat.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE GOOD GOVERNOR
ALLURED POPPLE
WHO DIED AFTER NINE DAYS ILLNESS OF A BILIOUS
FEVER, AGED 46 YEARS
1744

OF THE MANY STRANGERS WHO RESORTED THITHER FOR
THEIR HEALTH THE OBSERVING EARLY DISCOVERED IN
HIM UNDER THE VEIL OF MODESTY AN UNDERSTAND-
ING AND ABILITIES EQUAL TO A MORE IMPORTANT
TRUST. THE GAY AND POLITE WERE CHARMED WITH
THE UNAFFECTED ELEGANCE AND AMIABLE SIM-
PLICITY OF HIS MANNERS AND ALL WERE CHEARED
BY HIS HOSPITALITY AND EFFUSIVE BENEVOLENCE
WHICH STEADILY FLOWED AND UNDISTURBED FROM
THE HEART. TO PRAISE ACCORDING TO HIS MERIT THE
DECEASED WOULD BE BUT TOO SENSIBLE A REPROACH
TO THE LIVING.

We could not resist this belated postscript
to Wilson Follett's 'The Feather Bed,' a mem-
orable story which appeared in the *Atlantic* for
March 1936.

Dear Atlantic, —

The story of Aunt Sylvia and her Feather Bed brought to mind years long past when, on cold winter nights, a beloved aunt would invite a little ailing girl to share her luxurious feather bed. The very feeling of drifting off happily to sleep surrounded by sheltering love, warmth, and comfort returns to me even now.

I passed the story on to a little old English friend, who, with laughter, recalled an experience of her early married life. She said, 'I hated feather beds and thought that in my own home I could escape them. But finding how much my new husband wanted one, I knew I must try to please him. So I bought the downy goose feathers from a neighbor and with my mother's help made my feather bed.'

'I found it warm and comfortable through the cold winter nights, but when summer heat came I could

not stand it. One morning I decided to make the bed a new way. I simply folded the feather bed over double. All summer we slept that way, Sam high up on his feathers, and I below on my mattress, and both suited. Each night Sam would laugh and say: —

"Good night, Annie. How are you making it down there?"

M. W. S.
Washington, D. C.

That Barcelona moon!

Dear Atlantic, —

I wish you would make your people leave the moon alone. You know that I abstain persistently and appropriately from entangling with the affairs of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I thus save many people from annoyance. Why do you let your writers annoy me?

For example, on page 514 of the November issue, bottom of the first column: 'Barcelona as usual, serene and peaceful beneath a small, high-riding moon.' The observation was made at half-past one on Saturday night, July 18, according to the text, and the writer just eight and one-half hours later jotted down the record concerning the moon and the revolution. Presumably the memory was fresh; certainly the imagination was buoyant.

The latitude of Barcelona is much the same as ours. In midsummer a moon cannot ride high in Barcelona, especially at 1.30 A.M.; summer full moons, even Spanish ones, must ride low in the south, because the sun does its high riding at that time.

Already skeptical, I turn to my calendar, which is identical in basic facts with Spanish calendars, and I find that on July 18 the moon was new. Nowhere on the planet that night was the moon seen riding high or riding low.

Your explanation of course may be that authors use the moon artistically, not factually; that it is moved about by the exigencies of dramatic necessity, not by the laws of celestial mechanics. If that is your defense — and it makes a mockery of the Astronomer Royal from whose books the Spaniards crib their data for almanacs — let's not argue; let's agree rather that in the future your chroniclers and romanticists will lay off the moon and we shall lay off the *Atlantic*.

Heil Veritas,

HARLOW SHAPLEY
Cambridge, Massachusetts

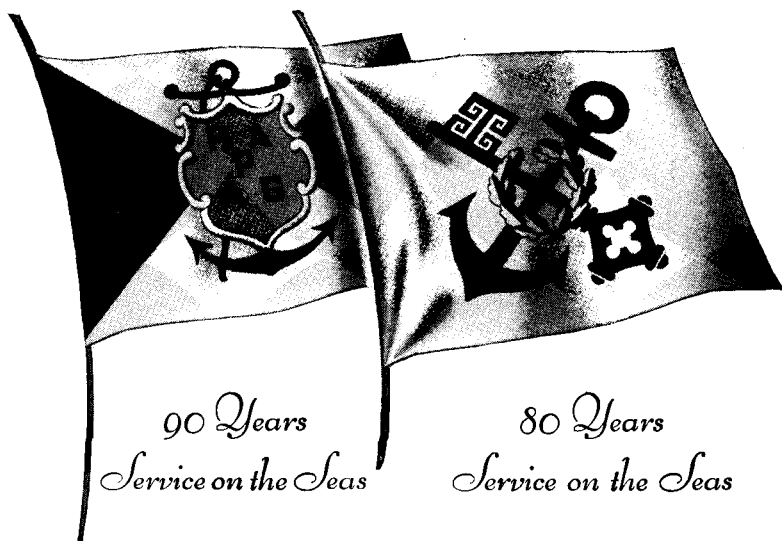
Don't sweep the forests too clean!

Dear Atlantic, —

A hand to Olaus J. Murie, who writes 'Down Logs' in the November issue. As one of the great majority of the non-vocal I wish to rise to second his sentiments.

May I add that the CCC programme of forest conservation is not only tending to destroy wild life by destroying the coverts but to counteract and cancel the efforts being made by other groups toward soil and moisture conservation? Underbrush and the usual wilderness litter of dead branches and 'down logs' aid materially in checking the 'runoff' from forested areas — the melting time of winter snows is

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FROM the very start, 1847 and 1857, the ideals were: regularity of sailings, punctuality, speed—and fine living aboard. Ideals in the training of officers, sailors, chefs, stewards . . in selecting engineers, all of diploma rank. Ideals carried on in scientific marine construction, in greater, swifter, steadier ships that startled the world; in splendid artistry of decorations and luxury of accommodations . . . Ever progressing with sound navigation to the 1937 records of the BREMEN, EUROPA, two mighty ships swinging swiftly back and forth between New York and Cherbourg—Southampton-Bremen on more than 100 round trips each, conveying notables of all lands . . . In the similar, over-100 round trips of the "Famous Four" Expresses—NEW YORK, HANSA, DEUTSCHLAND, HAMBURG, adding to the luxury of living a most pleasing economy.

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The COLUMN

measurably lengthened at a time when the bare boughs of deciduous trees cast little shade, and the waters of summer shower and cloudburst find their way so impeded down the refuse-strewn slopes that damage from washing is reduced to zero. This slowing-up of the runoff gives the water a better chance to soak in, so that the trees also reap a benefit from this 'unsightly' forest refuse.

There are also other values little dreamed of by our 'conservationists.' Years ago, back at my old home in 'York State,' many of my neighbors had a maple grove reserved for sugar making — the sugar 'bush.' One of these neighbors, with an eye to greater convenience in gathering the sap as well as with the idea of 'prettifying' up his bush, cleaned out and burned all the underbrush, all the fallen branches, all the rotting logs. For a season it was the admiration not only of himself but of all his neighbors — a place in which to hold picnics and camp meetings galore. But — when sugar-making time came the harvest was meagre indeed. While his neighbors were reaping a golden harvest from their unsightly, refuse-strewn bushes, the sap in his bush refused to 'run.' The bleak March winds whistled unhindered over the unprotected ground and around the bare tree boles, drying the ground and chilling the boles, canceling the sap-stirring influence of the thin March sunshine. And it was not merely one season's loss. The accumulation of years had been destroyed, and the owner was forced to let the grove lie idle spring after spring until another protecting cover could slowly accumulate.

ROY A. WILEY
Santa Rosa, New Mexico

Hopeful signs?

Dear Atlantic, —

Having for the past year made a personal study of radio programmes, I read with a great deal of interest 'The Art of Pleasing Everybody,' by Richard Sheridan Ames, in the October number.

I would not wish to appear as an overoptimistic optimist, yet radio programmes seem to point to the fact that the minds of the people in this America of ours are swinging back to real values, to the things that have been in our hearts all of the time.

Mr. Ames says that the public gets what it wants where radio programmes are concerned. Consider then the programmes that have lasted through the past months: —

'Ma Perkins,' with her belief that each day should be lived as it comes, and lived well.

'David Harum,' mixing common sense and brotherly love with horse sense.

'Mrs. Wiggs,' forgetting her own troubles and hardships to be a neighbor.

'Mary Marlyn,' with her unshakable belief in the Eternal Rightness of things.

'Joe Emerson,' who with his choir gives us the hymns of not one church, but all churches.

And 'Lucy Kent,' who broadcasts to the home-makers the fact that wifehood and motherhood will pay the highest dividends of any career on earth.

The Amateur Hours and Good Will Courts owe their popularity to the one fact that they seem to be helping somebody.

More and more people are leaning to educational programmes, to things that teach fundamental truths. Are these not hopeful signs in this era of unrest?

LIMA MARGUERITTE LYMAN
Phalanx, Ohio

As a postscript to her comments upon Ellery Sedgwick's articles, 'The Fan and the Sword,' which appeared in the August and September numbers, a friendly reader in Tokyo adds the following.

Now the country is all abuzz with a thousand suggestions as to preparations for the Olympics in 1940. One wants to rid the country of all sicknesses. Another says everyone should study English or French or German or Esperanto. One of the newspapers maintains that the most important thing is to teach the policemen politeness. A very fine apartment house has just been built in Tokyo, and several others are to be constructed. And sanitary plumbing is to be the rule-absolute for every house in Tokyo. Just recently Tokyo has taken in some more suburbs, so that now it has 6,000,000 inhabitants and can claim to be the second largest city in the world. I fear that Japan's liking for the superlative degree is in emulation of America, her much admired neighbor. But my guess is that the year *after* the Olympics will be the best time for travelers to come to Japan!

FLORENCE WELLS
Tokyo, Japan

Another 'impostor-term.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Nock's distaste for impostor-terms must be shared by many. One such term with a flavor reminiscent of green persimmons is 'client' as applied to a recipient of poor relief. As a professional man I may be unduly prejudiced, since clients are closely associated with bread and butter. Nonetheless, a preference for more robust language is defensible.

But in a recent dip into Roman history I stumbled over the word used in its original sense, and was startled to note that the present relationship of the relief client to the Administration is not unlike that of the client to his patron in ancient Rome. In fact, after the conscript fathers undertook to provide *panem et circenses*, we may confidently assume that the recipients were sometimes referred to — perhaps sardonically — as 'clients of the state.'

The word 'client' has apparently undergone two transmogrifications into impostor-terms. First the lawyers (copied later by other professionals) undertook to camouflage the fact that they were the servants of their employers by converting 'client' into an impostor-term; and in the course of centuries it became accepted in its transformed sense. After its original connotation had been forgotten, it was again distorted into an impostor-term, again to put a better face on a distasteful relationship, and now has completed a round trip and is back precisely to its original meaning.

TRUMAN P. YOUNG
Cincinnati, Ohio

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DESIGNED TO BE READ AS LIVING LITERATURE

How many ages and generations have brooded and wept and agonized over this book! What untellable joys and ecstasies, what support to martyrs at the stake, from it! To what myriads has it been the shore and rock of safety—the refuge from driving tempest and wreck! Translated in all languages, how it has united this diverse world! Of its thousands there is not a verse, not a word, but is thick-studded with human emotion.—WALT WHITMAN

The most important book in the world, which a hundred times you have promised yourself to read through—and never have.



TIME and again throughout your life, if you are the average intelligent reader, you have promised to give yourself the final enjoyment of really reading the Bible." Yet, somehow you have never done so. This is common experience, and it is an enigma. The explanation, without question, is *that the form in which the Bible is commonly presented to us as readers*, instead of helping, throws up constant obstacles to its being read with genuine pleasure, enjoyment and full understanding.

This new edition of the Bible has been prepared with this lamentable state of facts in mind. The Old and New Testaments are here presented with scrupulous fidelity to the time-honored King James Version, with all its matchless beauty of language. But, *a totally new* editorial arrangement and typographical form have been devised.

The type, for instance, is almost twice

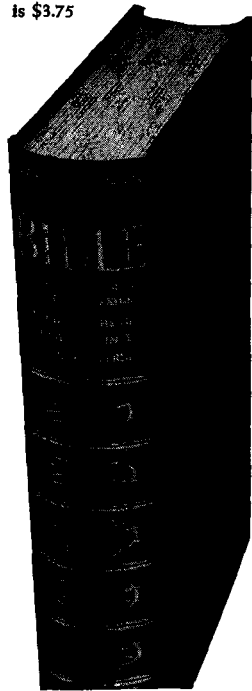
as large as this. The pages are set in a single column easy for the eye, instead of in two columns of small type, as in most Bibles. This practical typographical difference, however, while important, is almost the least of the improvements. The chief difference is a matter of editorial presentation.

The varied material in the Bible is presented as it was originally written. Where it is a prose legend or historical narrative, *it is printed as prose*; but where a book was written as verse, perhaps handed down as a chant like the poems of Homer, *it is printed as verse*. Where it was written as a drama, *it is printed as drama*, with lists of characters.

Thirty-five years ago that great Biblical scholar, Professor Richard G. Moulton, said of the Scriptures: "We have done almost everything that is possible with these writings. We have overlaid them, clause by clause, with exhaustive commentaries . . . There is yet one thing left to do with the Bible; simply to read it."

This edition of the Bible is designed for that purpose. May you at last, as you have long wanted to, enjoy it!

The retail price of this volume is \$3.75



WHY WE OFFER TO GIVE YOU A FREE COPY

THERE is no reader of *Atlantic Monthly* who would not find it in many ways to his advantage to subscribe to the service of the Book-of-the-Month Club; and we make this extraordinary offer in order to demonstrate that this is the case.

What we here propose is this: mail the inquiry coupon, and a copy of THE BIBLE will be put aside in your name, and held until we hear whether or not you care to join. In the meantime, a booklet will at once be sent to you outlining how the Club operates.

Study this booklet at your leisure; you may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year; nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four); nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of

\$1,250,000 worth were distributed among members last year alone. If, after reading the booklet you decide to join the Club, the free copy of THE BIBLE being reserved for you will at once be shipped to you.

Here is a very interesting fact; over 150,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now get most of their books through the Book-of-the-Month Club; and of these tens of thousands of people *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman*; every one of them joined upon his own initiative, upon the recommendation of friends who were members, or after simply reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways in which membership in the

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PLEASE send me without cost, a booklet outlining how the Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service. It is understood that if I decide to join the Club I will receive a free copy of *The Bible*.

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BOON



A Guide to Good Books

A DOZEN novels, the first of which appeared in 1912, half a dozen honorary degrees, the Pulitzer Prize in fiction for 1922, and the Prix Femina Américaine for 1933, all attest the literary achievement of Willa Cather. Readers should pay heed when in her first collection of essays she pays tribute to those writers and critics who represent good literature in her mind.

Not Under Forty, by Willa Cather

[Knopf, \$2.50]

Now God be praised for prejudice, for it is prejudice which makes predilections what they ought to be. Genius it sometimes thwarts and oftener deflects. But to talent, prejudice is a friendly guide, shaping it after its natural bent.

Miss Cather was born with prejudices of her own. She dislikes all that Walter Scott used to call the Big Bowwows. She admires not power but perfection. She shuns the crowd, and the things the crowd care for. She loves to watch — but always from a distance. For her fastidious talent America has especial need.

Neither Miss Cather's prejudices nor her predilections have undergone much change since she came out of the West. The formless prairie, the sandy sluggish streams, the windy landscape, and the wind-blown people formed a background at once too ample and too inchoate for her fancy. One knows instinctively that she was never happy till she escaped to the land she has made her own, a land of quiet where manners are made by tradition and the spirit never escapes from the mould which defines its excellence. The country of her allegiance is far from the land of her inheritance, and for its past she feels an alien nostalgia which those 'under forty' can never know.

It is in praise of this past that she has written this slender volume in reverence and love. The most delightful of her essays is that in which she approaches the greatest of her gods, Flaubert, whose clairvoyance means hardly more to her than his intolerance of im-

er than to presume to stand directly makes her oblation vicariously, sit-niece, Madame Franklin Grout, à sa Nièce. They met by merest one who had held an immortal Miss Cather, and the electricity after. That she declined to ent is wholly characteristic.

refused. visit her friend at Antibes. She put away from her the proffered gift of an authentic Flaubert letter. Sweetest to her are distant perfumes. She loves to live remotely, protecting herself from too common an admiration, and ever half afraid to draw near divinity lest she discover some touch of clay.

It is the same oblique approach she makes to the New England tradition. Old Mrs. James T. Fields lived on in Boston at 148 Charles Street. Not a mote in the sunbeam which floated through the windows of the long parlor but had danced there in the great days when Holmes, Lowell, and Longfellow had routed the incredulity of Thackeray and of Dickens as to the existence of American culture. The Fields legend went back past the demigods to the gods themselves, and as Miss Cather sat beside her hostess, reclining as ever on her sofa, the past became present, and the present had no being. From Nebraska to Charles Street, Miss Cather had come far, but it was her road home.

To anyone who, in those ancient days, walked up the carpeted stairs, past keepsakes and mementoes, tall octavos of Dryden, Donne, and Herbert, turning right through the long quiet parlor to draw a chair beside the sofa where, in lace cap and rustling silk, Mrs. Fields lay under the portrait of Dickens, — not yet cynical and bearded, but in his twenties and glowing in the confidence of genius, — Miss Cather's memories stir a thousand others.

To Miss Cather we are already indebted for a distillation of Miss Jewett's stories, wrought with a precision unknown elsewhere in American Letters. She now adds brief memories of their author. How handsome Miss Jewett looked in those days, the epitome of New England inheritance, a little formal, not free from self-consciousness, but a work of art quite as truly as her stories are a work of nature.

Slighter papers make up the volume, illuminated by flashes of intuitive understanding. Katherine Mansfield, she remarks, has 'a powerful slightness.' How excellent the phrase! When Miss Cather says that a second-rate writer can be defined, but one first-rate can only be experienced, she codifies a law of universal criticism.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

The Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams, edited by Ward Thoron

[Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, \$5.00]

OTHER days have not always been better days. The old mostly think that they were. The young mostly think not. Anybody, however, who was alive and kicking sixty years ago, and has so remained, knows that one good thing is over. Nothing like the society to which



AUDUBON

By Constance Rourke

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The BOOKSHELF

Mrs. Adams belonged exists to-day. Nothing of the talk, various, informed, experienced, leavened with good manners. This society makes the background of these intimate letters she writes her father, week by week and year by year. A mind may be clever by nature; but if it is empty of everything except bridge, it cannot converse, it can only bid.

'I would I could draw!' Mrs. Adams exclaims. 'I would support the family with a daily comic paper.' And her postscript ends, 'What a comfort there is a Paris for hybrid Americans.'

She writes with a pen so sharp that illustrations would hardly help. She has been to the Senate, looking and listening. 'Sherman swallows his sentences, perhaps fearing no one else will. Mahone looks like a weasel, is very small, proud of his feet, one or both of which lie on his desk.'

She goes to see a friend. 'Miss Beale is in bed with chills and fever; looks like Blake's ghost of a flea; says she made the doctor count her teeth after one bad chill to see how many were gone.'

Social or political, it is a lively pageant of their times which these letters reflect; and for the reader who is too young to remember the personages or the incidents, ample and admirable footnotes supply all he needs to know. For instance:—

'If Mr. Frelinghuysen had the tenth part of Bayard's sense of humour and decency, Morton would have been sent home long since. There seems to be a certain malaria here in official life which few escape. Bayard not only calls a spade a spade but dirt dirt. That L. P. Morton should have preferred to risk a war on the chance of stuffing the pockets of his gabardine with guano is revolting.'

Two pages of notes elucidate this. Nor are they dull. There is nothing dull in the book.

Yes, indeed, the pen is sharp. 'We went to Mr. Story's studio, and oh! how he does spoil nice blocks of white marble. . . . He himself was handsome and pleasant; Mrs. Story is very stout and tells lies. . . . Mrs. Alma Tadema . . . looked like a lymphatic tigress draped in yellow Japanese embroidered silk, bracelets at the top of her arms, hair the colour of tiger lilies and that fiery flower hanging in bunches from it. She waved up and down the room like a serpent and we trotted round after her. . . . Walter Crane has a large painting of three females in diaphanous rainbow nightgowns, dancing a double shuffle on a beach; they look, all three, like pensive soap-bubbles. . . . At the same minute came *Portrait of a Lady*, which the author kindly sent me. . . . I shall suggest to Mr. James to name his next novel "Anne Eliza." It's not that he bites off more than he can chew . . . but he chaws more than he bites off.'

Quoting must be forcibly stopped, with just one more. She has ordered a dress at Worth's. 'Wednesday, when I went to try on, I came into competition with a woman who was trying on ten gowns; but the wearisome interval was amusingly filled up by watching a compatriot, I

should imagine a prosperous grocer from Iowa, with a fat wife for whom he wanted a smart dress. To see him in his spruce broadcloth frock-coat and awe-struck expression, "hefting" the silks to be sure he was getting his money's worth, and finally examining for himself shelf after shelf of pieces, was an inspiring spectacle. . . . I found Mr. Worth respectful and sympathetic. Alice Mason declares that he is habitually drunk, to which one might retort as Lincoln did, and suggest that a little whiskey of his kind to some other dressmakers might not be amiss.'

When the anonymous novel *Democracy* appeared much fury and much guessing burst out. The present writer heard a lady declare it must be by Henry Adams. 'No,' said another, 'a man could n't write so well about a woman's clothes.' 'Oh,' said the first lady, 'Clover Hooper could easily have helped him there.' In the letters is strong evidence that the lady was right.

You may shut your eyes, open the book anywhere, open your eyes, and be safe from disappointment. From the grand review of Grant and Sherman's armies in May 1865, to the antepenultimate sentence in May 1883, nothing is dull. Many countries, cities, persons, and events pass; events remembered or forgotten, men and women likewise; with the admirable notes always at your service. For these, his preface, and the Appendices, the editor is warmly to be praised. Were he alive, John L. Cadwalader, prominent in New York, would not easily forgive the spelling of his name with a double *l*.

We need such books more than any other sort of books. Our Literature is well furnished with fiction—Hawthorne, De Forest, Howells, James, Mark Twain, to name none of the living. And so our History—Parkman, Bancroft, Rhodes, McMaster, Fiske, Henry Adams, Morison. It is the familiar memoir, the diary, the correspondence, the direct voice from the past that we miss, and which brings to life so much in England and France. This collection is therefore of both immediate and permanent value. The reading of it finished, one muses over that monument in Rock Creek Cemetery. There and thereabouts husband and wife often trotted and cantered together on their horses in the years of their companionship.

OWEN WISTER

SNOW AND SKIS

SKIING, an ancient sport and our newest industry, will lure the multitudes to the hills this winter. For its devotees there are books which will explain the fundamentals to the beginner, give information on advanced technique and equipment to the more experienced, and vicarious pleasure through photographs to the non-participant.

The Wonders of Skiing, by Hannes Schneider and Arnold Fanek (Scribners, \$7.50), does all three. The second English edition of this sturdy book has just appeared. It was Hannes Schneider who developed and, through his famous skiing school at St. Anton in the Austrian Tyrol, gave to the world what has become known as the Arlberg or Alpine technique, whose catch-



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The BOOKSHELF

word is *vorlage* or forward lean, the principle of keeping the body of the runner always perpendicular to the slope. As the Arlberg system is rapidly becoming the universal system, and as Arnold Fanck has translated Schneider practice into lucid theory and detailed description of its application, *The Wonders of Skiing* may be called the complete book on skiing. Its 242 photographs and 1100 cinema reproductions, all taken in the Alps, illustrate every conceivable phase of cross-country and downhill skiing.

For the benefit of those who already own this book, it should be said that this second edition contains only slight changes; Arnold Fanck has written a new introduction mentioning certain refinements, tending toward still greater emphasis on *vorlage*, which should enable the experienced runner to dispense with the stemming operation in the interest of more speed. The text itself remains unchanged, with the single exception of some slight revision in the section on 'bindings.'

But *The Wonders of Skiing* is too large a book to carry about while in the hills. When professional instruction is not available, the American skier anxious to get full enjoyment from the sport will need a terse book simply written and clearly illustrated, explaining the principles and describing the necessary turns. The best of several volumes which I have seen, aimed at this need, is *Downhill Skiing*, by Otto Lang (Holt, \$1.25). Mr. Lang learned under Hannes Schneider, taught last year in New Hampshire, and will this winter direct skiing schools in the State of Washington. He not only knows how to teach skiing, but how to express himself in compact sentences which cannot be misunderstood. 'The most important law, the cardinal rule of skiing, is the principle of projecting the weight of the body always forward, so that the vertical axis of the body is at least perpendicular to the slope. That is what is called *vorlage*. *Vorlage* means standing on your skis, means being always ahead of your skis with your body. The faster you go, the steeper the slope becomes, the more *vorlage* you will need.'

Elsewhere the author devotes a few pages to dynamic principles. 'We control the skis by not allowing them to take the line of maximum speed as it is their very natural tendency to do. And we do this by traversing a slope and by turning.' 'One can change the direction of the skis only when they are unweighted. . . . So in order to make a turn one has either to unweight first one ski, lead it into the new desired direction, and then follow the same procedure with the other ski; or to unweight both skis at a time and bring them around.' Simple sentences, and well worth emphasizing.

This book should find favor among the uninitiated for its emphasis on grace and the perfection of technique, rather than the smashing of speed records. It is solely an instruction book for those learning to ski. It contains no information about equipment or about racing. A word about the admirable photographs. They focus on the skier and the snow immediately surrounding him. They are not spectacular; their purpose is to

complement and clarify the adjacent text. Only incidentally are they beautiful photographs.

For the ambitious competitor, *High Speed Skiing*, by Peter Lunn (Stephen Daye Press, \$1.50), will be found useful more for the light it throws on such controversial topics among racers as waxing, bindings, reinforced edges, and the care of equipment, than for its discussion of the various turns and their application. The author is himself a racer, not a teacher, and in his book pretends to set down only what he has learned from his experience. The racer may profit from what he has to say, but the beginner will find less confusing instruction elsewhere.

Ski Tracks, edited by Charles and Percy Olton (Morrow, \$3.00), is a book of photographs of skiing in America with a foreword by Charles H. Proctor. Many will want to own this book not alone because it so strikingly captures the thrill of the sport and the beauty of winter scenes, but for the shots of American skiing centres, snow trains, and faces familiar to them. Unfortunately the sharp outlines which one associates with snow scenes are somewhat lost by the process of reproduction which tends to blur for the sake of artistic effect.

If you want to know the best places to ski in this country and at what time of year, what equipment to buy and where you may buy it, what association to join if you are a 'joiner,' where downhill races and jumping competitions are held, what American men and women were on our last Olympic skiing team and how they fared, how to patch up a broken ski or a broken leg in the wilderness, or whether anyone cares about promoting safety on skis, you will find it all and much more in the *American Ski Annual*, edited by the United States Eastern Amateur Ski Association. This well-illustrated paper-bound volume, with advertisements in front and back, provides as complete a picture as there is available of skiing activity in America. Its 196 editorial pages were apparently opened to anyone who had a constructive or entertaining thought on any subject pertaining to skiing, and the result is well worth the modest price of admission.

SUMNER PUTNAM



The Late George Apley, by John P. Marquand

[Little, Brown, \$2.50]

'Most people in the world,' George Apley's Uncle Horatio wrote to him, 'don't know who the Apleys are, and don't give a damn.' John Marquand does know, and does care. Mr. Marquand would be the first to deny that his book is a profound sociological study — any more than he meant it to be an attack, or a piece of propaganda. He set out to draw a picture of something he has seen. And he has done it with success, and with high entertainment.

George Apley was born on Beacon Hill in 1866 and died on Beacon Street in 1933. Between these dates a great many things happened. George Apley did no more and no less than was to be expected of him. And he wrote a number of letters and memoranda which,



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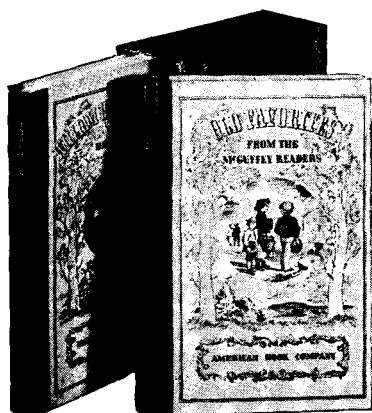
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pieced out by reminiscence and family documents, are the bones of the biography produced at the family's request by one Mr. Willing, an old family friend.

The form in which the book is cast is at the same time its chief merit and its greatest drawback. The biographer himself, seen through his comments on the letters, his narrations to fill the gaps, is the best sustained of all the characters in the book. The faintly literary, wholly timid, socially careful man, whose sole emotion is his loyalty to the best he dimly feels that the Apleys must typify, is a superb characterization. He deplores, praises, extols, and deletes with undeviating perfection.

On the other hand, the biography-by-letter form is a particularly difficult one in which to present an Apley, since many things George writes in his letters he would barely have said, much less written. He would have implied, in one of those involved, faintly adumbrated conversations-by-implication which is Apley art. Although the Apleys have guts, as George's son John said, they are not robust or audacious. Their timidity makes anxious armor against adventure and emotion, and takes form in the driving preoccupation with detail of rose rust, rentals, wrens, ritual, and relations. Satan, say Apleys, finds some mischief still for ungloved hands to do.

George Apley — and there will be many to say so — does not exist in Boston, and never did. Of course not. He is a type, and of its nature no type exists, any more than the 'average man' is a real man. But literary veracity is not malice, unless resentment makes it so. No one but those who admire the Apleys as much as Mr. Willing does can resent the book. There is nothing evil in a precise portrait of Amelia Apley working fiercely on a committee to Save Boston, doubtless her pearls cascading down the flat front of her twice-turned frock. If Catherine Apley collects butter knives, weeps on her wedding trip because New Hampshire is, alas, not Boston, that is her affair. If Aunt Harriet's burial in the wrong (the preferred) end of the family lot is comic to you, very well. It is not comic to George Apley. Mr. Marquand is as kind as veracity permits, and as far as I am concerned he has done a whacking good job.

CHARLES P. CURTIS, JR.

AMERICAN NOVELS

To readers unfamiliar with the work of Anne Parrish there might well be something disconcertingly old-fashioned in the opening chapters of her new book, *Golden Wedding* (Harpers, \$2.50). All the familiar figures of the 'success story' are here: the earnest young man from the country; the rich girl toward whom he has matrimonial yearnings until her country cousin appears and he falls in love with her at first sight; even the charming but wastrel son of his employer whom he saves from disgrace by lending him his hard-earned savings. But it is not long before we become aware of the irony inherent in this conventional opening and realize as the story develops that we are witnessing something quite different from the Horatio Alger story which such a beginning might lead us to expect.

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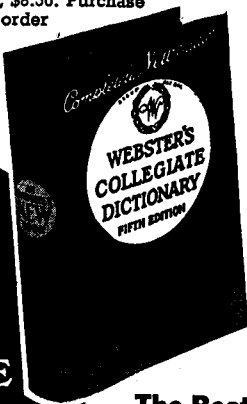
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Dan Briggs, with whose rise to fortune *Golden Wedding* is concerned, is a kind of Dodsworth, but a harder, more ignorant and less human Dodsworth, a man with only one ruling passion in his life: his business. From humble beginnings he rises, in true success-story fashion, to the heights of wealth and power. He is at once ruthless and sentimental, scrupulously honest, yet not averse to evading the income taxes with which the 'thieving pack of Socialists in Washington' is trying to throttle Free Enterprise. At home he forces his will on his family in the same way as he forces it on his employees in his factory and office — sometimes with results which shock and surprise him. He has the Midas touch, and the lives with which he comes in contact harden beneath it. At the end, fabulously wealthy and powerful, surrounded by children, grandchildren, and assorted adoring dependents, he is a lonely and bewildered man, bitter in triumph.

Admirers of Miss Parrish's very marked gifts of subtle irony and neatly malicious wit may be disappointed in not finding in *Golden Wedding* such characters as Christabel Caine, the languishing but intensely practical poetess of *All Kneeling*, or any one of the world-cruise passengers of *Sea Level*. In her choice of a subject, however, Miss Parrish has necessarily set the tone of her book, and, while we may regret the Otis Robinsons and their boys (who always won the shuffleboard competitions on shipboard), it is, after all, the author's privilege to choose his subject and his approach, and not the reader's.

The scene of James T. Farrell's *A World I Never Made* (Vanguard Press, \$2.50) is the same as that of his *Studs Lonigan* trilogy: the Chicago of the Irish, with, on the outskirts, the Dagos, the Hunkies, the Kikes, and the Niggers. But whereas *Studs* was a tough guy, a hard fighter and drinker whose family is, relatively speaking, well off and respectable, the main character of *A World I Never Made* is a sensitive and imaginative little boy, Danny O'Neill, surrounded by a family which is poorer and considerably less respectable than *Studs's*.

Because of the fact that this book is really a collection of sketches rather than a complete novel in itself, one assumes that it is the beginning of a series which will do for Danny O'Neill what the earlier books did for Studs Lonigan. Danny himself, however, is of less interest than the characters which surround him, and it is their stories, rather than Danny's, which give the book its force. There is his Aunt Margaret and her love affair with the married Mr. Robinson; his Uncle Al, a serious-minded shoe salesman who dreams of some day having a store of his own; his grandmother with her fine gift for round and sonorous invective; his father, Jim, a teamster struggling to support a relentlessly increasing family; his slatternly, superstitious, and kind-hearted mother; and a host of little brothers and sisters. Each of these characters has an individuality of his own, but through them all, as a common denominator, runs the fact that they are all Irish. Improvident, sentimental, drunken, laughing one minute and weeping the next, brutal and tender, continually being swept away by



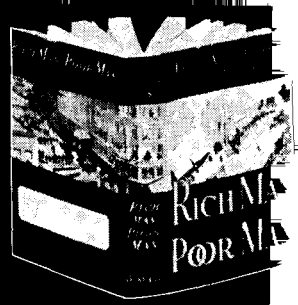
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their own powers of self-dramatization, they could not possibly belong to any other race. They drink to celebrate and they drink to drown their sorrows. They beat their children and they weep when they are separated from them. Grandmother O'Flaherty pronounces her final mother's curse on the head of her ungrateful daughter and, shortly after, makes her a cup of tea because she looks tired. Danny's Aunt Margaret, separated from her lover, desperately unhappy, nevertheless feels an inward glow of pride in the fact that she is being followed by detectives and is a glamorous figure.

This is not a book for the hyper-fastidious. It is filled with dirt and poverty and brutality, and the euphemism, as a literary form, is nonexistent. But in all the cursing and foulness that come from the mouths of these people there is a kind of innocence, and the peculiarly Irish quality of the language touches the coarsest scenes with its own particular beauty.

In writing sympathetically of a man who passionately espouses Naziism in Austria, Kay Boyle is doing a courageous thing, since no profound degree of sympathy with that cause has to date marked the attitude of the majority of our critics. It would be unfortunate, however, if her new book, *Death of a Man* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), were to be judged according to our sympathy or lack of sympathy with the Nazi ideal—as unfortunate, for instance, as if André Malraux's *Man's Fate* were to be condemned by an anti-Marxian because of the fact that its protagonists are working for Communism. Indeed, there is a certain similarity in this re-

spect between the two books, each of them telling of whole-hearted devotion to a cause whose rightness or wrongness is of less importance to the reader than the emotions of the people involved.

Into the life of Dr. Prochaska, Miss Boyle's Nazi, Chance brings the American girl, Pendennis. She is wealthy, hard-boiled, cynical, and, apparently, completely self-assured, but beneath the hard veneer of her surface she is lonely, unhappy, and afraid of life. In her love for the doctor and in his blind devotion to a cause she now finds, for the first time in her own essentially hollow and purposeless life, something to which to give and in which to lose herself.

Miss Boyle is able to give a sense of life and reality to her characters, not only to the girl and Dr. Prochaska, but also to the many minor figures of the book, the Tyrolean villagers, the nurses and the patients in the hospital of which Dr. Prochaska is head. Also, she is able to tell a story which, without ever being over-explicit, is nevertheless a rounded and integrated whole and—strange as it may seem nowadays—runs only to some three hundred pages.

Throughout, there is an admirable feeling for the natural background of mountains and valleys against which the action is set. Miss Boyle has a real gift of observation for the minutiae of nature, and her descriptive prose is sensitive and vivid. There are times when one feels that the unusual word captivates her perhaps a trifle too readily, such as when someone takes up a paper cutter 'to incise the mail.'

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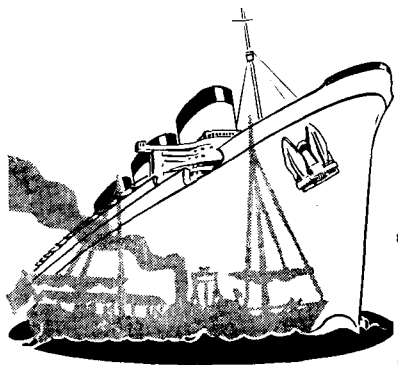
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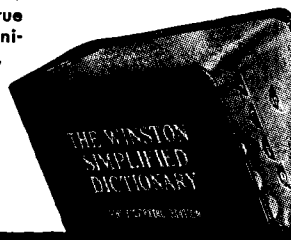
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PEOPLE are talking war and thinking peace today and the paradox is equally to be observed in print and in conversation. Travelers returning from the Continent will shake their heads and wonder aloud if war can possibly be averted for another two years — and then spend the rest of the evening trying to invent some safeguard which will keep Europe intact. Never has hope wrestled harder against the cynical fact. It is petty consolation to think that we may be able to keep ourselves out of the scrimmage, at least for the first round.

This concern may call into being a new crop of books about the Great War, books written with the perspective of twenty years and fired by the determination to check the new pugnacity before it's too late. Such, for instance, is *Sagittarius Rising*, by Cecil Lewis (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), which has the worst title and some of the best descriptive prose of 1936. Mr. Lewis was six foot three and going on seventeen when he entered the R. F. C.; he flew through 1916, '17, '18, had a charmed (and zestful) life, won the M. C. and a captain's commission, and came down after the Armistice with sound nerves, an unscathed body, and a conviction which has grown with him ever since that an international air police is about the only way left to save what we call civilization. 'To-day the voice of no one man or no one country can save Europe. . . . If we cannot collectively rise above our narrow nationalism, the vast cred-

its of wealth, wisdom and art produced by Western civilization will be wiped out. If we really want peace and security we must pool our resources, disarm and set up an international air police force, federally controlled.'

I don't mean for an instant that this thesis is intrusive. For the most part, the book is concerned with the exhilaration of flying, the serenity of the upper reaches, the fine pen portraits of Pip, Bodie the Gadget King, and the aviator's father, the comedy that went on at the airdromes, the cool skill and fierceness of the 'dog fights,' and the steady attrition of one's courage as friend after friend was destroyed. The author caps his war chronicle with a fantastic and lovely account of his flying in China. But at the core of his experience is the molten metal, the philosophy which tells him with increasing heat that this gallant, wasteful life which he so enjoyed will be utterly valueless unless our self-interest can be subordinated to the preservation of others. Fine, vivid writing and the inner truth make this narrative particularly acceptable at the present moment.

The Atlantic will be glad to reprint for individuals or institutions the list of recommended books which appears on the page directly following the Bookshelf.

Edward Weeks

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